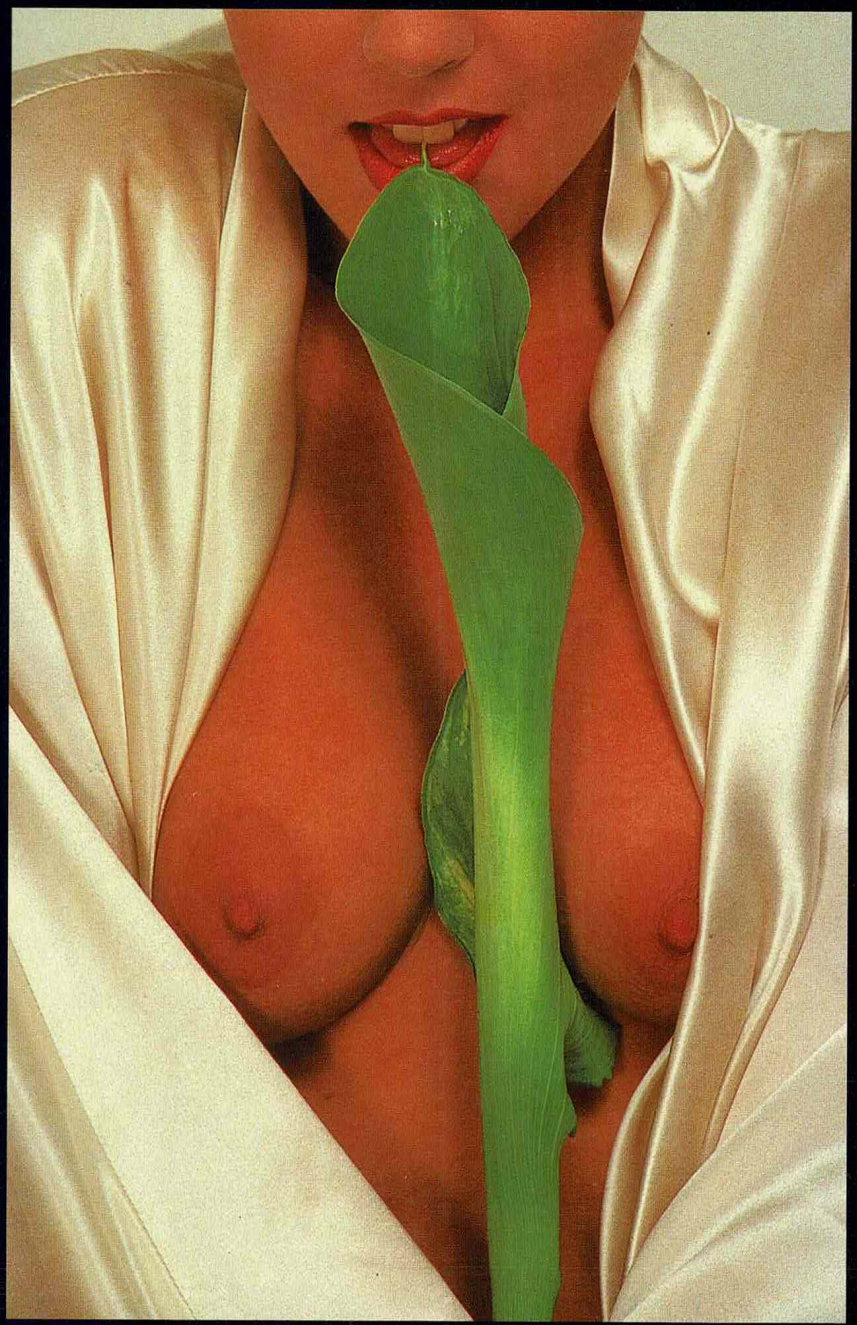
Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1987



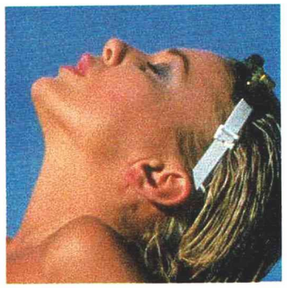
BLACK LABEL

Fresh is Alpine

PHA 123 APB1738-C

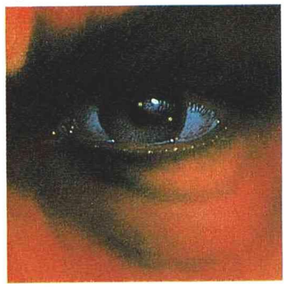
Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 9/September 1987


Heat Treatment

An Unfortunate Life

High Dive


Cokeville Horror

REGULARS

		PAGE
CONTENTS		
COVER	*By Daniel Nolan*	
HOUSECALL		*4*
FEEDBACK		*6*
FORUM		*9*
ANGER	*Opinion by Emily Prager*	*17*
LUST	*Sex by Ellen Hawkes*	*18*
AVARICE	*Finance by David Quicksilver*	*20*
ENVY	*Opinion by Michael Korda*	*22*
VANITY	*Fashion by Jock Cunningham*	*24*
GLUTTONY	*Food and Liquor by Elisabeth King*	*28*
SLOTH	*Travel by Elisabeth King*	*30*
CALL ME MADAM	*Advice by Xaviera Hollander*	*109*
JOHNNY TOPPER	*Cartoon by Gerhart*	*125*
LOOSE ENDS	*Edited by C.J. Mackay*	*137*
SOUNDS	*Edited by Jeremy Cook*	*138*
FILM	*Edited by C.J. Mackay*	*139*

FEATURES

STRANGE CUSTOMS	*David Halpin*	*32*
4WD: ENDANGERED SPECIES?	*Motoring by Peter McKay*	*50*
PERSONAL SERVICES	*Peter McDonald*	*54*
AN UNFORTUNATE LIFE	*Humor by Ric West*	*58*
COKEVILLE HORROR	*Vincent Coppola*	*74*
HIGH DIVE	*Peter Crawford*	*80*
RAJIV GANDHI INTERVIEW	*Russell Warren Howe*	*98*

PICTORIALS

MOTION IN PROMOTION/REBECCA	*Thierry De Hery*	*40*
HEAT TREATMENT/TRACY	*Daniel Nolan*	*61*
NYMPH/LISA	*Hank Londoner*	*88*
HOME TURF/DEBBIE	*Nick Brokensha*	*111*
ON THE ROCKS	*Suze Randall*	*128*

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Graham Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0818-2892.

*Recommended price only

HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE?

Why not put your feet up and enjoy our NEW ½ hour Preview Tape No. 7, starring the world's best erotic actresses including Lois Ayres, Gina Carrera, Vanessa Del Rio, Amber and Ginger Lynn to name just a few.

Due to advertising restrictions we are unable to publish the titles previewed, however this tape features clips from 9 of our latest and greatest adult video releases.

We are the Mature Media Group, Australia's largest distributors of erotic videos, lingerie, magazines and adult products. We offer efficient and discreet service with a seven day moneyback guarantee.

The Mature Media Group

66-70 Maryborough Street
FYSHWICK ACT 2609
PHONE: 062 804643

FREEPOST No. 1
P.O. BOX 110
CURTIN ACT 2605
NO POSTAGE
STAMP REQUIRED

NZ ENQUIRIES:
PHONE 09 788311

☐ Please send me by return mail Preview Tape No. 7 at $24.99 (plus $5 p & h).
☐ Also available Preview Tape No. 6 (2½ hours) only $64.99 (plus $5.00 p & h)

Name: ..... PLEASE PRINT

Address: .....

State: ..... P/code: .....

Signature: ..... (Certifies I am over 18)

Payment by: ☐ Cash* ☐ Cheque ☐ M/Order
☐ COD (plus additional $4)
☐ Credit Card Type of card: ..... Expires: .....

*Send by Security Post

I require a colour catalogue for which I enclose $2.00 ☐

☐ VHS
☐ BETA

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL
Art Director: Doug Finley; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Copy Editor:* Graem Sims; *Assistant Art Directors:* Rosanne Hyndman, Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Contributing Editors:* Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Dr Geoffrey E. Smith, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook; *Office Manager:* Nicky Carnegie; *Typesetting:* Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *NSW Advertising Manager:* Sarah O'Rourke; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Woodside Media Pty. Ltd. 29 Agnes Street, Jolimont 3004. Tel: (03) 63 1811; *SA:* Gary Jaffer, 8/43 Blyth Street, Parkside 5062. Tel. (08) 373 1047; *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069, Tel. (07) 202 6813; *WA:* Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 7 Fore Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 — Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ)

PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman);* Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman);* David J. Myerson *(Chief Operating Officer);* Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer);* John Evans *(Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)*

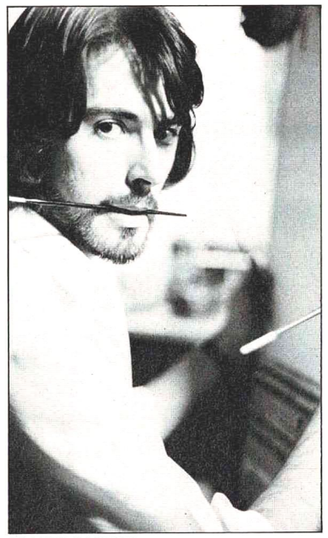
EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino

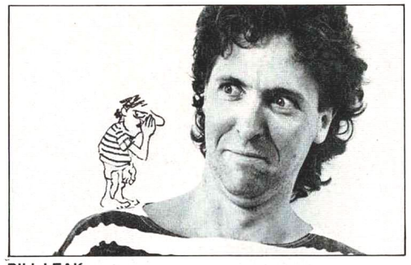
ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice President:* David J. Myerson; *Senior Vice President/Production Director:* John Evans; *Senior Vice President/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Eriko Kusomoto.

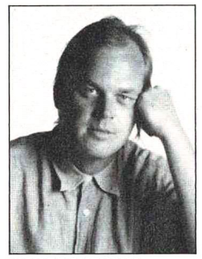
EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824 -9831.

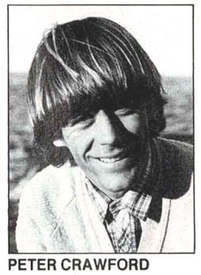
FOREIGN EDITIONS
Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112, *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

SEPTEMBER


FRANTS KANTOR


BILL LEAK


NICK BROKENSHA


PETER CRAWFORD

HOUSECALL

STRANGE CUSTOMS
The Australian Customs Service is an abject failure. Informed estimates put the annual cost of the Service's gross inefficiency and rampant corruption in the hundreds of millions of dollars — and still the authorities shy away from a full inquiry. What are they trying to hide? **David Halpin's** investigation provides some startling answers that will enrage every Australian taxpayer. **Frants Kantor's** illustration starts that story on page 32.

PERSONAL SERVICES
To find out how the movie stacks up against reality, **Peter McDonald** ventured into the Twilight Zone where any and all sexual fantasies can be fulfilled. You don't come cheap at this end of the prostitution business, but as McDonald's in-depth investigation reveals, acting out your darkest fantasy can be more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Peter's Adventures in Wonderland are chronicled on page 54, with an accompanying photo by **Nick Brokensha**.

AN UNFORTUNATE LIFE
When you're a born loser, nothing seems to go right. From the time **Ric West's** mum sent him out to play gangsters with his brothers and gave them all real guns, he knew he was destined to be forever the skidmark on the BVDs of life. If you're one of those people who enjoys laughing at others' misfortunes (aren't we all?), you'll love West's hilarious collection of lamentable one-liners, illustrated by **Bill Leak** on page 58.

THE COKEVILLE HORROR
When David Gary Young realised he wasn't going to get a call from the United Nations to sort out the world's problems, he focussed his crazed and deluded mind on what he called "the Biggie." The result was a living nightmare for 160 innocent children and their teachers in a small American town called Cokeville, Wyoming. **Vincent Coppola** recounts in chilling detail the forces that drove one man to stage a final, bloody, senseless stand against mankind. Turn to **Kunio Hagio's** illustration on page 74.

HIGH DIVE
Brazilian hang-glider Manoel Navarro contacted *Penthouse* photographer **Peter Crawford** and announced he had a project in mind. Little did Crawford know he'd end up bagging a series of awe-inspiring shots that the hang-gliding crowd are calling world firsts. The shutterbug captured the gut-wrenching implications of a head-long dive from beneath a hot air balloon suspended 7000 feet up from terra firma. It sounds impressive and it looks even better. Turn to page 80.

RAJIV GANDHI INTERVIEW
India's Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi leads the world's largest multi-party state. India also indulges in more domestic political violence than any other country. Has this young man of the "nice guy" image the steel to haul his beleaguered and divided country into the Twenty-First Century? Gandhi talked with **Russell Warren Howe** about international politics, non-violent solutions and India's determination to find its own voice on the world stage. The interview, with a photo portrait by **Pablo Bartholamew**, begins on page 98.

Penthouse readers have always enjoyed life at the top.

APB 0919-A HKN0204 Foster Nunn Loveder

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Beyond the pale?

To tell the truth, your latest issue (May) was terrible. I've seen better on the trash heap. You had beautiful girls — and you went and put titles on them like White Trash.

The ladies I am used to seeing and admiring in your magazine are beautiful, to say the least. But to depict ladies as trash and dirty is beyond reproach. If you wish to continue these depictions, you will not have my contribution to an otherwise fine magazine much longer. *Disgusted! — John Keith, Mackay, Qld*

White Trash is *mindblowing*. Nick Brokensha, as usual, presented us with an *excellent, original* study of the nude. His model — *stunning*. Full points everywhere. *Again*. Gratefully. — *Andrew Stewart, Paraburdoo, WA*

Suggestion box

I received your June edition of the Black Label *Australian Penthouse* magazine, and I must say I thought your advertisement of how much higher your sales are than other magazines in Australia very cleverly done indeed. Although I would have enjoyed more women than men advertising their less successful business magazines . . .

Once again, thanks *Penthouse*, for your fine efforts to give us something different and interesting. May you continue to go from strength to strength. I am sure that with more lesbian readers, 200,000 copies is not beyond the realms of possibility within the next six months.

I find it less interesting to see men performing cunnilingus on women than seeing a mature lesbian doing it to a young girl. I am looking forward to a tastefully done series between a matron and a beautiful young lady in her teens. If such things go beyond the laws, then why not a Black And White Label edition, for lesbians only.

I hope you take my suggestions in the good spirit with which they are offered. — *Tai-Yat, Hon Grand Abbess of the Order of Amah Keng*

Revealing

Congratulations on a great magazine, especially the June issue, which had the most beautiful girls ever. As most of the girls have partially shaven pussies to allow easier viewing, how about giving us a real treat? I would like to see a girl with a completely shaven pussy adorn your pages. They frequently occur in your Forum pages, so how about it? — *R. Berry, Grovedale, Vic*

Amazing Melanie Peake

Censorship regulations prevent us publishing such photos. — Ed

Complaint lodged

Many Freemasons are greatly disturbed by the unwarranted attack on Freemasonry in your issue of May 1987, in the article written by Dr Geoffrey Smith. We entirely disagree with the inaccurate and distorted interpretation of much of our ritual and ceremonies and of our Craft, which provides homes for the elderly and the Freemasons Hospital for the community. The article states that we do not like anyone investigating Freemasonry; on the contrary we welcome it and any person is welcome to do so.

Amongst many eminent men who have been members during the 100 years of Freemasonry in Victoria are Sir Dallas Brooks, The Rt Hon Sir Robert Menzies, and the list would include the names of many distinguished and prominent Church leaders of various denominations, all with one view: to assist their fellow men and women.

I think it is quite inconceivable that men such as these would be associated with any organisation which would participate in "devil-worship", as implied by your correspondent. I think you would agree that any organisation which demands of its members an avowed faith in God, a diligent reading and study of the *Bible* and an injunction to endeavor to live by its teachings and principles, and an encouragement to be members of a Church of their own choice, must have a tremendous spiritual and moral impact on the life of a community. Such are the standards of Freemasonry. — *R.A. Chamberlain, Acting Grand Secretary, The United Grand Lodge of Victoria*

Keeping abreast of taste

This is just a suggestion from one of your readers. Instead of gracing your magazine with naked female backsides and "twat shots", try a few more breast shots. Far more attractive and far more arousing, which is of course your line of business. Also, try a few photographs with your girls in either negligee or sexy underwear: far more feminine, far more alluring — not to mention arousing.

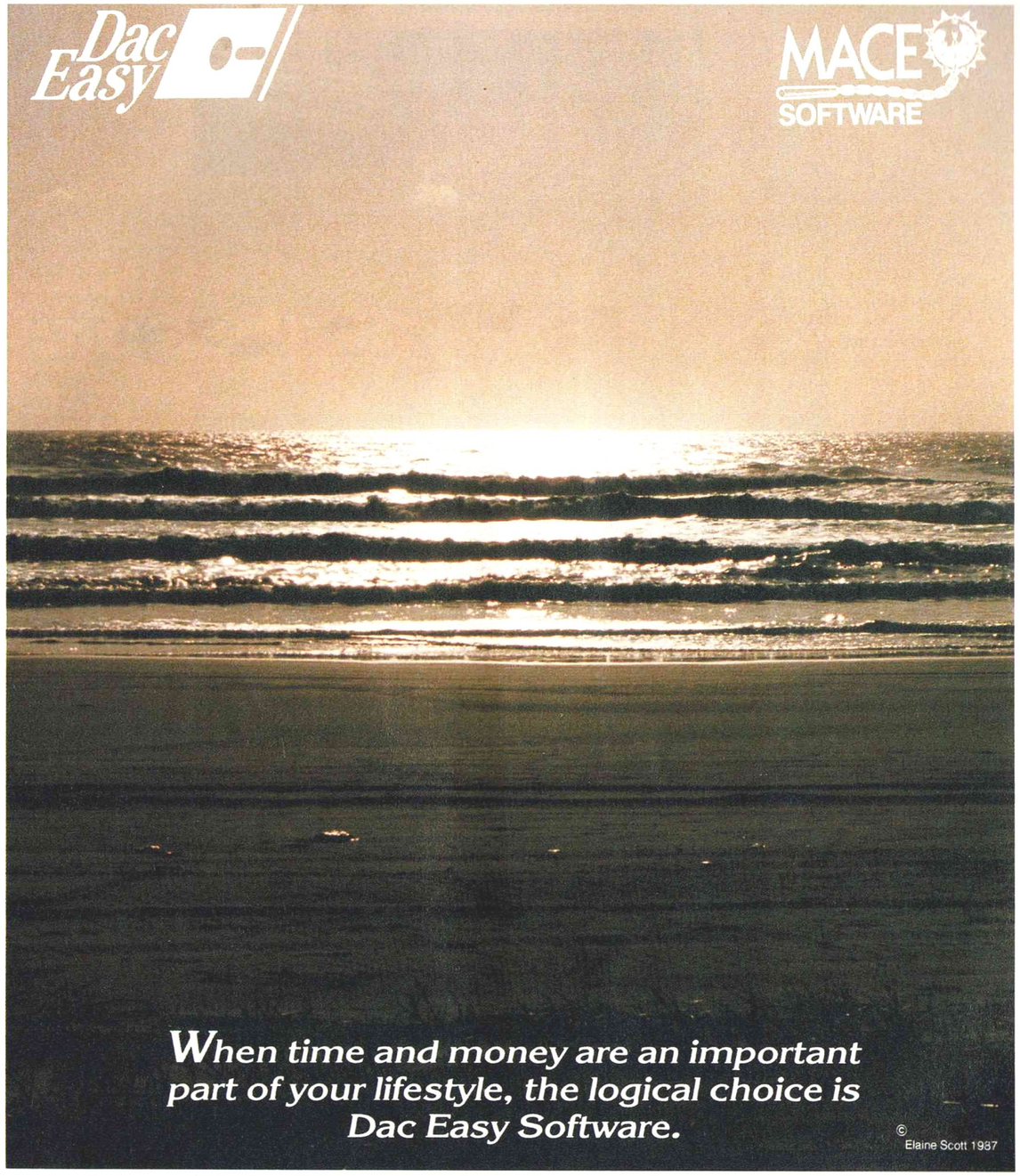
I understand you have to cater to *all* tastes. Fair enough. But just think over what I've said if you will, and get back to me when you've come to a decision. — *Name and address withheld*

Changing times

Some years ago, the pictorials in *Australian Penthouse* were quite tame. Today, they are much more aggressive, powerful and extremely revealing. Don't get us wrong — we love it. But what has brought about this change?

Your June 1987 edition was superb. Centrefold Melanie Peake was captured amazingly by Stephen Hicks; the Wild Child Christina Amphlett feature was as hard-hitting as it was interesting; and newly recruited Johnny Topper gave us some laughs. However, it was the stunning Brittany Morgan who delivered the knockout punch. She left us breathless, among other things . . . Her long, artistically-painted fingernails were glamorously eye-catching and incredibly sexy.

Keep up the highest A-plus standard, and to all at *Penthouse*, thanks. — *Steven Milne and Con Patoulidis, Brunswick, Vic*


Dac Easy
MACE SOFTWARE
When time and money are an important part of your lifestyle, the logical choice is Dac Easy Software.
© Elaine Scott 1987

☆ Dac Easy Accounting $200
☆ Dac Easy Base $110
☆ Dac Easy Word II $110
☆ Dac Easy Port $70
☆ Dac Easy Mate $100

NATIONAL AUSTRALASIAN DISTRIBUTORS

MACE-SOFTWARE

Land St & Sylvan Rd Corner
Toowong (Brisbane) Qld 4066.
Brisbane Enquiries
(07) 870 3600

122 Arthur Street,
North Sydney, NSW 2060
Sydney Enquiries
(02) 922 4344

MACE-SOFTWARE Land St., & Sylvan Rd., Corner, Toowong (Brisbane) Qld. 4066. Phone (07) 870 3600
Simply send in this coupon with your credit card number, money order or cheque for the correct amount. Plus $7.50 for Courier.

☐ CHEQUE ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ BANKCARD ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Account No. _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____ Postcode _____

City _____ State _____

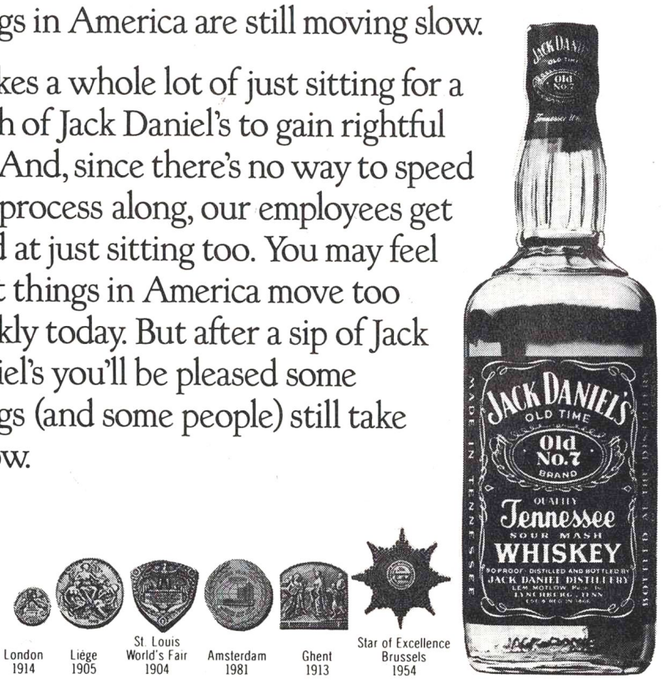
Phone _____ Signature _____

MAIL ORDER PRODUCT REQUIRED (TICK APPROPRIATE BOX)
☐ Dac Easy Accounting $200 ☐ Dac Easy Word II $110
☐ Dac Easy Base $110 ☐ Dac Easy Port $70 ☐ Dac Easy Mate $100

30-Day Money Back Guarantee: MACE-SOFTWARE provides a 30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE that all claims and features listed in this ad are true.

WE'RE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that some things in America are still moving slow.

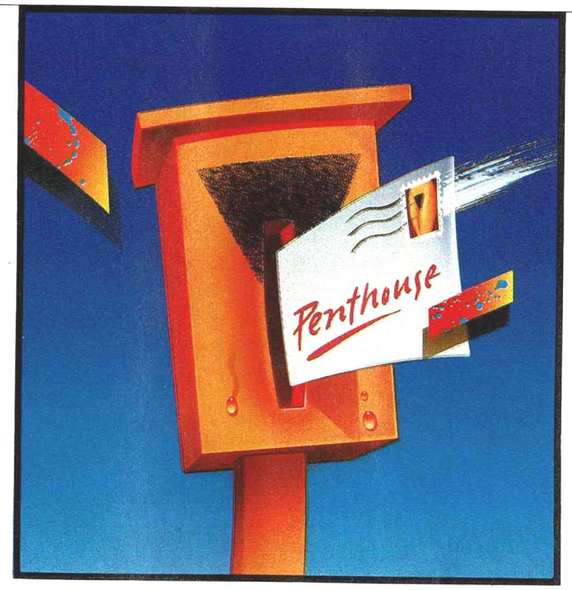
It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4152/85 JWT644.P285K1

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



Party time

Last year, just after the end of year exams, our class had a big party. It was held at a close friend's house, as her parents had gone away for the weekend. It all ended at about four in the morning, and I offered to help clean up just in case her folks got back early. To tell the truth I was totally exhausted, but I couldn't really leave with the house in that state.

I can remember what I was wearing — a yellow tank-top and black footy shorts (I'm what you call a footy fan). Michele, my friend, was wearing a netball skirt and a T-shirt, with a jumper on over the top.

When we had nearly finished, I went and got both of us a drink, even though we were both still pretty drunk at this stage.

"Jeez, it's hot," said Michele, and with that she attempted to take her jumper off. Her T-shirt rode up with her jumper, exposing her gorgeous breasts. I laughed at first, and mumbled something about doing the same thing. I did. There we were sitting topless beside her pool, looking at each other's tits.

"Well, I'm going to go one better," Michele said, taking off her thongs and her skirt, revealing her high-cut panties. I walked around to where she was sitting and slowly began massaging her tits.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I don't know," was all I could think of saying. I don't know why, but all of a sudden I felt extremely horny. Michele undid the buttons on my shorts and took them off; my panties also came off, letting my blonde pussy breathe. She then pulled my tits into her mouth and started sucking and licking them.

I slid a finger or two under the band of her panties and slowly removed them, and started to massage her beautiful wet pussy. Michele placed us in a 69 position and we licked each other's cunts. I was playing with my tits until I eventually came in her face — but she didn't stop, so I didn't. She came twice in my face. We both collapsed.

A little while later I got up and jumped in the pool to cool off. Michele's face lit up. She jumped in and we French-kissed underwater. We rose to the surface, climbed out, and went to sleep in a 69. When I woke up, Michele was sucking my clit and playing with herself at the same time.

We eventually got the yard cleaned up, but not without some more well-deserved breaks. — *Name and address witheld*

Hot lunch

I thought your readers might find a recent lunch I had at my office interesting. I work for a large private concern and am head of a small, ten-person division. The people in my office are all pretty progressive, open, and fun to be with. We do more than our share of partying when birthdays or holidays roll around, and it was one of my staff members' birthdays that provided me with my Forum experience.

We usually go out after work to celebrate each staff member's birthday. On this particular occasion, the birthday girl was Joanne. She had just turned 32, though she had a body any 20-year-old woman would envy. Joanne has long blonde hair and a frame honed sleek from years of aerobic exercise. She has long legs, a cute little arse, and boobs that were just the right size for your hands.

Joanne's birthday started out differently from most of the others we had celebrated. Because of the nature of our business, most of the staff was out of town on field assignments. The only other staff member in the office was Elyse, a lithe 24-year-old brunette. Elyse has beautiful brown eyes that are distracting when you talk to her, and a luscious olive complexion. She often wears dresses with plunging necklines that reveal a pair of tantalising round and firm breasts — a nice complement to her beautiful and perfectly shaped legs. Elyse doesn't do aerobics; she keeps in great shape through softball, tennis, and other sports. During office hours, Elyse seems somewhat shy and coy, but out on the field she is very competitive, demonstrating speed and agility that would match many a man.

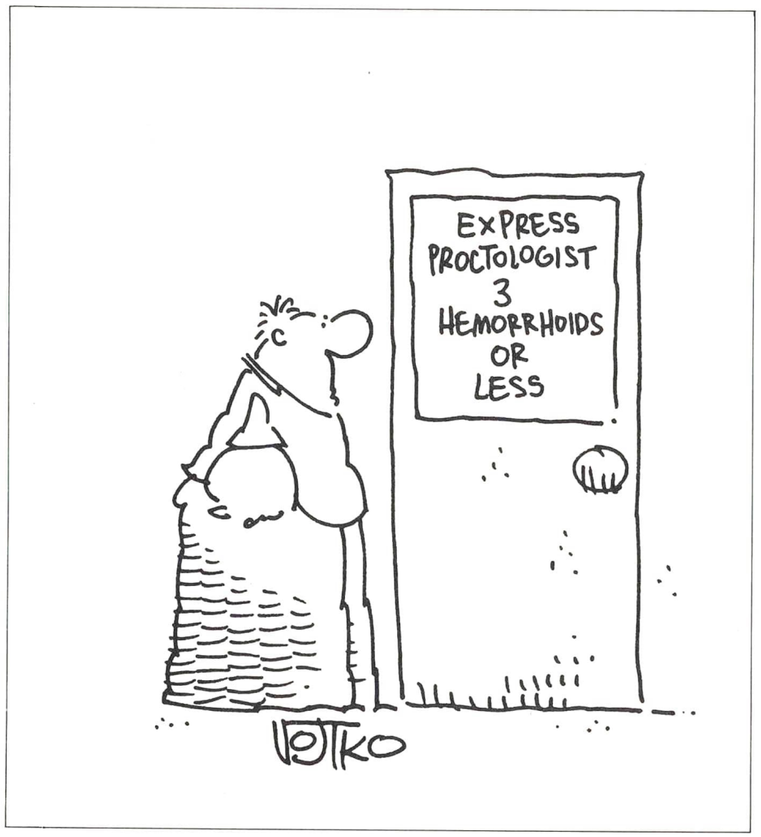
With the rest of the staff out in the field and our office phones covered by one of the firm's secretaries, the three of us trekked off to celebrate Joanne's birthday. We stopped at a local club and drank a birthday toast. Our conversation turned toward sex and things started to get a little interesting. The highly charged sexual atmosphere that developed led us in one direction. Joanne made the first move. She said this year she really wanted a birthday she would never forget and maybe we could help. She said she had a flat nearby and suggested we go there and begin some close-contact partying. I said it sounded good to me and turned to Elyse to see what her reaction was. She said she thought we'd never ask.

We made the short drive to Joanne's place in eager anticipation of what was in store for us. Her place had a large master bedroom featuring a heated king-size water bed. Judging from the lush, sensual decor of the bedroom, I surmised Joanne knew far more about this kind of get-together than I had given her credit for. While I have had considerable experience with women, I'd never had a threesome. As a result, I was a little unsure about what to do, or who to do, first. Joanne didn't let me ponder the dilemma long. She reached for my belt, unlatched it deftly, and unzipped my pants — slowly, so that I could feel the zipper slide down. With my belt and zipper undone, she reached around behind me and slipped my pants down to my ankles. I turned, sat on the bed, and slipped my

pants the rest of the way off.

Elyse, meanwhile, was not to be outdone. She already had stepped out of her skirt and removed her silk blouse, revealing a shape even more curvaceous than I had imagined. So when Joanne stopped undressing and began to slip out of her dress, Elyse joined me in the middle of the bed. I reached around her, unsnapped her white lace bra, and let it fall. Her rock-hard nipples looked like they were just waiting to be sucked. Elyse began moaning softly as my tongue played with her tits. She finished undressing me while I helped her slide out of her matching white lace panties, which revealed a dripping, succulent pussy covered with a soft mound of dark brown hair. Joanne, in the meantime, needed no help getting out of the rest of her clothes. I looked up as she unsnapped her bra from the front to show her perky upright breasts. She raised her hips slightly to take her panties off, baring a beautiful blonde pussy that just glistened with love juice. She sauntered over to the bed and slid my bikini underpants off, moaning just slightly at the sight of my manhood. I still had my mouth full of Elyse's young tits, so I was in no position to complain, even if I'd wanted to. Joanne slid down on the bed and began caressing my throbbing dick with her warm lips and mouth. The combination of the cool room air and her hot mouth on my rod was unbelievable, and if that wasn't enough, she used her tongue like a master, continuously sliding it up, down, and around.

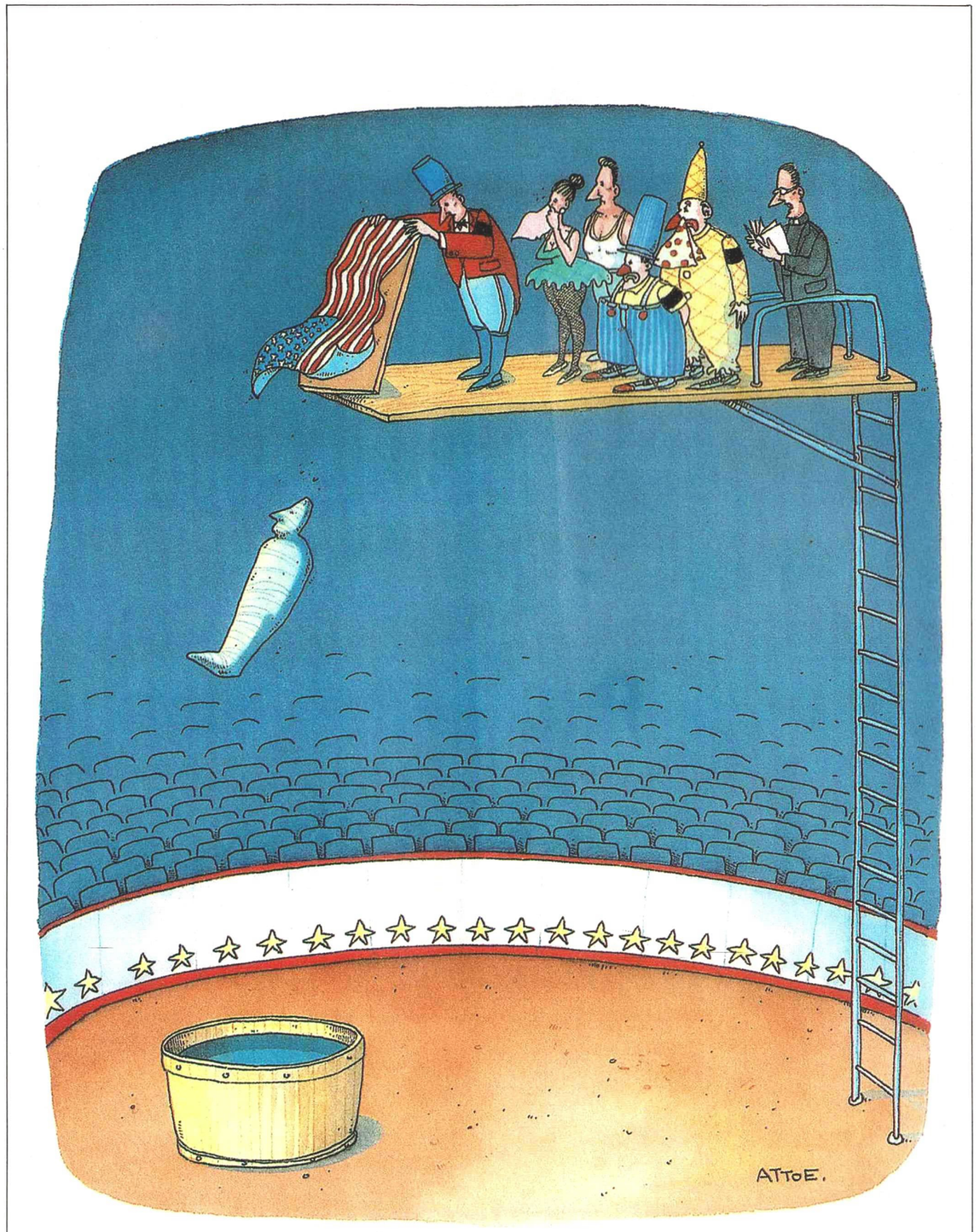
While Joanne was driving me to ecstasy on my lower half, I decided it was my turn to start dishing out the same to Elyse. Because I had no intention of asking Joanne to stop what she was doing, I decided to remain on my back. I gently lifted Elyse's leg across my chest and brought it to my shoulders so she was above me, her wet pussy just above my mouth. She immediately leaned back and lowered herself to my lips, at which time I let my tongue do some talking on her lower lips. She tasted great and the sight of her pussy and bouncing boobs, coupled with Joanne's excellent head work, produced sensations in me that were indescribable. Elyse must have been enjoying it to the max, because after only about a minute of my eating her, she came in a body-shuddering explosion of pleasure. I could feel the vibrations of her deep moans all the way down to her pussy. The sounds of Elyse's ecstasy really had an effect on Joanne, as she worked her tongue and lips in a frenzied passion on my dick, bringing me to a titanic orgasm that seemed to last forever. The fact that she hungrily licked and swallowed every drop of come in the process helped make me even more eager and anxious for what was to follow.



Elyse said she was ready for some heavy artillery if my cannon was ready for a second round of firing. If I had any doubts, they disappeared when she switched places with Joanne and wrapped her warm sensuous lips around my still-smoking gun. I could tell that Joanne was more than ready herself when she placed her knees on either side of my shoulders; all I could see was a dripping wet cunt ready for my anxious tongue. Joanne liked to talk about what was happening, as long as her mouth wasn't full of something that would prevent it. Performing oral sex on her was no exception. She liked it and she said so, over and over again. Joanne was enjoying my hot tongue in her snatch so much that it took her only a short time to come. Just before she did, I pulled her slightly to me so I could place her whole clit in my mouth. As she came I reached up and grabbed her swollen tits. She pressed them forward even harder into my warm hands, her nipples still hard and erect.

Elyse had since climbed on top of my dick and was moving her hips in a sensuous, snaky rotation. She seemed tireless, and though she wasn't talking, it was clear she very much enjoyed having my rod up her tight, juicy cunt. Once it slid inside her, it was like it had found a new home. As she moved up, down, and sideways, she never once let it come out. Her movements became more rapid, and I reached down and massaged her clitoris with one hand while I played with her boobs with the other. The contrast of her white tits with her highly tanned body brought me to a second momentous orgasm. She moaned loudly as I pumped harder until we both virtually collapsed in exhaustion.

A minute later, I looked over at Joanne, who was lying on her stomach next to me. I didn't think I had anything left to give — Elyse had nearly drained me — but the sight of Joanne's beautiful arse sticking curvaceously up from the rest of her body brought my spirits up for one more round of revelry. Incredibly, my engorged, reddened dick came back as rock-hard as when we had begun. I got on top of Joanne and gently slid my rod into her still very wet and very receptive cunt. She sighed and immediately began responding to my long probe between her legs. She began moving her hips in a circular motion to get the full feeling of my plunging deep inside her. After a few minutes of this ecstasy, I moved back on my knees, reached under the front of her hips, and lifted her up so I could fuck her doggie-style. I played with her firm, full tits while we both moved back and forth forcefully. She began to vocalise our action, only this time I joined in. The pace of our action became furious. I reached around her and began massaging her clitoris, at which point she began crying and pounding her arse back even harder against my pelvis. Her love sounds brought both of us to powerful, screaming orgasms.

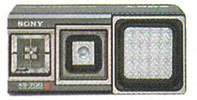


SONY®

Sit back. Buckle up. Turn on your Sony stereo.

And take your mind off things. Forget the traffic snarls.

Ignore the successive red lights.



Relax behind the Hillman Hunter driven by a woman wearing a bowling hat.

You're listening to the ultimate car stereo system.

Developed by the same Sony engineers

who brought you the revolutionary Walkman and the portable CD, Discman.

Sony are unsurpassed at getting big hi-fi sound out of small

systems.

And with 38 audio components available, it's not difficult to piece together a system worth more than some cars.

From only $300 to over $3,000.

Hop in your car and lose yourself.

Sony Car Audio

SSBISI SNY 009

ARMOR ALL®
PROTECTANT

Makes dashboards, tyres and bumpers look brand new again

Look for the specially marked bottles of ARMOR ALL and mail-in the label for your big cash refund.

Available from variety, department, grocery and hardware stores, service stations and auto accessory outlets.

HAWKER PRODUCTS

CIA 493

FORUM

After a few minutes, we all got up, showered, and headed back to the office to finish what remained of the day. Fortunately, business was slow and we weren't really missed. As it turned out, we've all been good friends since the experience, though we've had no repeats. I guess I'll just have to wait for the next birthday to see if any encores are called for. — *Name and address withheld*

Ego booster

I am a student of communications and just thought I'd share an experience that totally changed my life. I am six foot one, with dark eyes and hair and a moustache. Although I never considered myself too attractive, I knew I had a good personality. Thanks to Marie, I have regained my self-confidence.

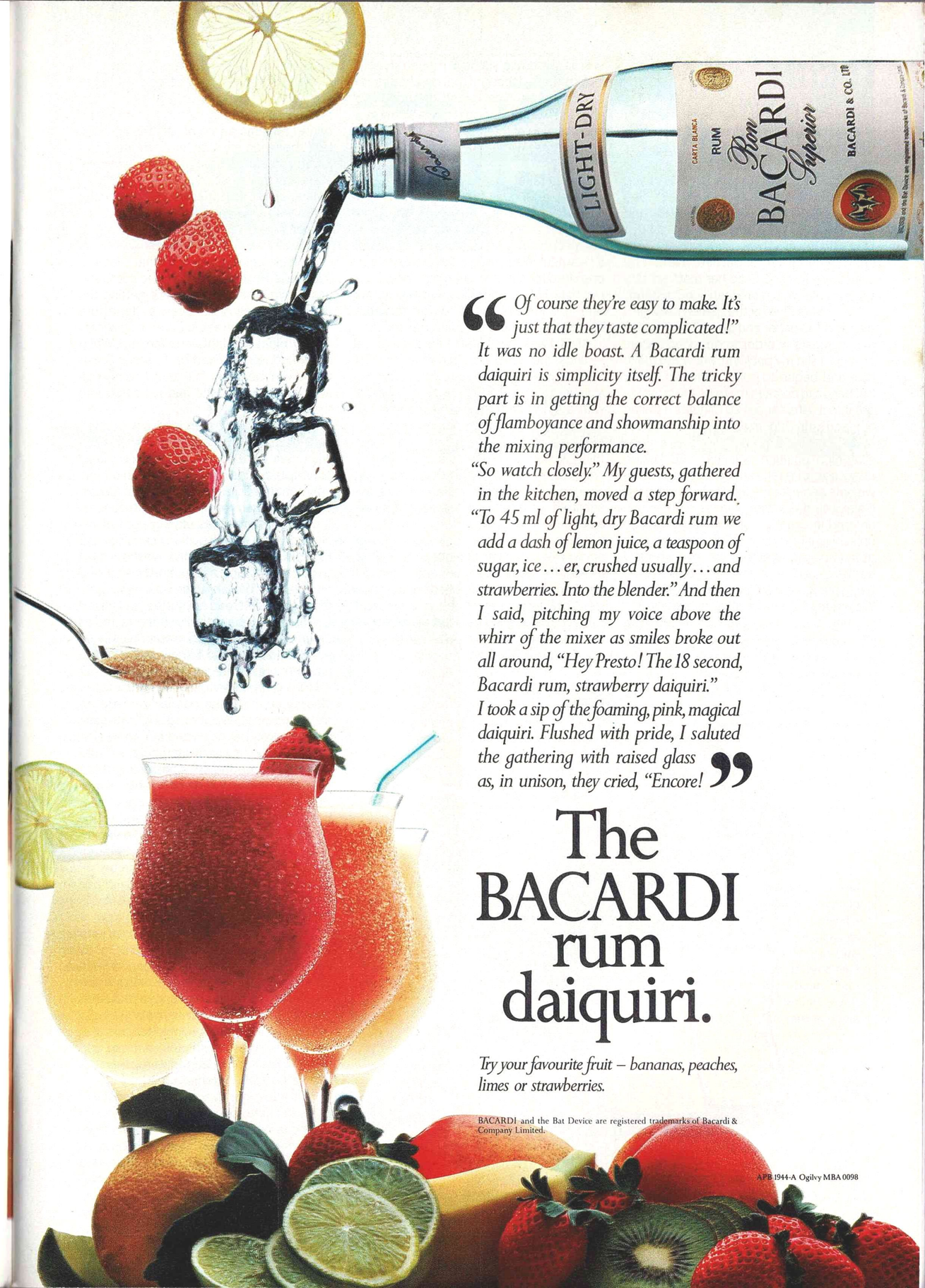
I met her in one of my classes. It was then that I noticed how incredibly attractive she really was. She had dark hair, inviting brown eyes, and a body that would turn on any normal man.

The next time I saw her was in class the next day. I tried to get her attention by making a few witty comments about the lecture, but got little, if any, response from her. She seemed to feel I was acting immaturely and that I should pay more attention to the lecture, but I just could not help myself from undressing this beauty with my eyes. Later on that night, I couldn't believe it when Marie walked into the local bar where I work as a part-time barman.

Marie ordered a vodka and orange, and we made small talk about ourselves. Marie told me that if I would like to continue our conversation I should stop at her place after work. The rest of the evening seemed to fly by, as I was so excited at the prospect of seeing her.

When I got to her flat, I felt like a teenager going to pick up his first date. Marie greeted me and asked me to come in. We sat down and began to have one of the most open conversations I'd ever had with someone I'd only known for a few hours. We talked for what seemed like hours when something inside me told me to make a move on her. We kissed long and hard and began to rub each other's bodies.

We began to remove each other's clothes until we both stood in front of each other totally nude. I picked her up and took her to the bedroom, slowly caressing her body with my hands. I laid her down on the bed and began to kiss her, starting from her neck and working down to her perfect 34-inch breasts. I had never eaten a girl out because of the smell — it always turned me off — but with Marie there was no smell except for her cologne. I began to explore her, darting my tongue in and out of her until she began bucking. She grabbed my head and pushed it deeper into her steam-



"Of course they're easy to make. It's just that they taste complicated!" It was no idle boast. A Bacardi rum daiquiri is simplicity itself. The tricky part is in getting the correct balance of flamboyance and showmanship into the mixing performance.

"So watch closely." My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward.

"To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice . . . er, crushed usually . . . and strawberries. Into the blender." And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, "Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri."

I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, "Encore!"

The BACARDI rum daiquiri.

Try your favourite fruit – bananas, peaches, limes or strawberries.

BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

APB 1944-A Ogilvy MBA 0098

ing hole. After a few intense moments of this, her whole body relaxed and she came like a burst dam. All her beautiful juices flowed out of her, and I lapped up all of it. I came up and gave her a very soft kiss and she told me that it was now my turn. She started to kiss her way down my body and then found my hard eight-inch tool. Beginning with the tip, she kissed and licked my shaft with great expertise. Next she swallowed me and used her teeth so very gently that it was more than I could stand.

Now it was time for the games to begin. I rolled on top of her and placed her legs on my shoulders in order to get deeper penetration. I slid my prick into her warm moist hole and began to pump. I started slowly but began to quicken my pace the more we got into it. After about 20 minutes, I pulled out and squirted my come all over her body. The next thing I knew we were in the sixty-nine position, sucking and licking every part of each other's love tool. After we both came for the third time, I asked her if she would like to try it in the shower. We entered the shower, and with warm water splashing all over each of us, I lathered her up and began to caress her lovely body. I bent her over and entered her from the back, pumping like there was no tomorrow. We made love for about 30 minutes in the shower, then dried each other and got dressed. I couldn't believe it when she it up a cigarette — I thought that only happened in the movies. She kissed me good-bye, and I left with the biggest smile on my face and a feeling of total satisfaction. — *Name and address withheld*

Give and take

It was a Monday night, and there were four of us on duty at the Coast Guard emergency desk. Our sole duty was to respond to any general call, but it had been a beautiful, clear winter day and we were prepared for a boring evening. The station consisted of a front office and two rooms, one for males and one for females, equipped with cots for overnight shifts.

At 24, I was the oldest of the crew on call — Jack, the senior watch-stander, was 23, and Drew and Sarah were 22. Sarah had always been a favorite of mine. She was tall with a long, lithe figure and thick blonde hair. She's a very open person, one of the guys really, and can discuss almost anything without so much as a blush. In fact, she was a lot less uptight than Drew and Jack, who seemed to believe that many subjects were best discussed in the privacy of one's own home.

This particular night, Jack was called out on a major repair call at eight o'clock. After he left, the desk was quiet and I was getting bored with TV, so I pulled out the latest issue of *Penthouse* and began to peruse it. I must have laughed out loud at something because Sarah asked me, "What's so funny over there?" She came over to me and leaned over my shoulder as I read aloud an amusing letter from Forum. Suddenly I became aware of an "arising problem" between my legs, and the feeling of Sarah's chest pressing into my back was aggravating my condition. At first I was embarrassed, but then figured what the hell, Sarah was open about sex, and this wouldn't be the first time she'd seen a hard-on.

As luck would have it, at that moment Jack called in and asked Drew to come and assist him. The commotion of getting the equipment ready fo Drew's departure unfortunately distracted Sarah from what I hoped might be a fantasy come true. When Drew had left, I looked up to see if Sarah would join me again, but found, to my disappointment, that she had retreated into the bathroom.

I was pleasantly surprised when Sarah came out of the bathroom and asked me where we were before we were so rudely interrupted. She came back behind me and continued to read over my shoulder. This time Sarah made no effort to conceal the fact that she was staring right at my crotch. I stole a peek over my shoulder and found myself looking right down the front of Sarah's shirt. She had unbuttoned it and removed her bra while she was in the bathroom. I couldn't read any further as I gazed at the most beautifully firm, rounded breasts I had ever seen. Her nipples were at full attention, and I knew that I had to have her right there and then.

I turned around and looked right into her blue eyes. It was so natural the way we came together. We moved into the back room, locked the door, and began kissing passionately. As our excitement rose, I sat Sarah down on the cot and removed her shirt while she worked on my pants. I knew we could have been caught at any time, but I refused to hurry, and I had to convince Sarah to slow down and enjoy the experience to the fullest. When we had undressed each other, I lay her down on her back and began kissing her neck and nibbling on her ears as I caressed her breasts with my hands.

Sarah wasn't one to just sit back and take and not give, so she began by lightly massaging my rock-hard member while returning my kisses. I moved down the shoulders, working my tongue over the curves of her breasts until finally taking a nipple into my mouth. I could tell this was driving her crazy, as she took a firmer grip on my shaft and began directing me toward her love mitten.

But I had other things on my mind, and I lay by her side so that we could enjoy each other's taste. I probed her with my tongue, concentrating on her clitoris, while Sarah worked at the other end, eagerly sucking and caressing my tool. The joys of giving

Continued on page 118

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Ambassador, this is quite a thrill. I've never been wooed *by the administration before. . . ."*

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE MADDENING MUNDANE

What do you do in a consumer society when you've sold everything you can sell? You create new selling points for the same old merchandise. You make the mundane into the magical and resell it as futuristic, the must-haves of the ultramodern hipster. Recently, a whole new crop of annoying gadgets has popped on to the market — ostensibly to streamline our tawdry lives and make them the stuff of science fiction. We should have known there was trouble when our cars were talking more than Members of Parliament.

The Magic Key Ring. "It finds itself," an illustrator friend of mine told me. "You lose your keys in the apartment, and all you do is whistle and it beeps and tells you where the keys are. It's incredible." He then placed his keys under a chair seat and stood in the centre of the room and began to whistle. Ten minutes later, he stopped whistling and said, "You have to get the tone right." I nodded. He continued whistling. Finally, just as I was about to tell him that if you put your keys in the same place every time you come in you might not even need the magic key ring, he pursed his lips, blew hard, and a faint beeping sounded from beneath the chair seat. "See!" he shouted, beaming. "It's amazing. It's changed my life. What will they think of next?" He expected an answer, but I kept my lips together and blew.

The Servile Lamp. "Wait till you see this," my bachelor friend said as he dragged me into the darkened dining room. "You won't believe it!" He stood by the table and clapped his hands twice in the manner of a colonial Englishman summoning a servant. A lamp on the sideboard came on. "Isn't that amazing?" he exclaimed, bowled over. "I've got the TV hooked up to the same sensor. No more touching knobs. Come! Look!" He rushed into the living room where some other friends were gathered waiting to watch the Oscars. "Okay, kids," my host screamed out, "watch this!" He clapped his hands twice and the TV came on, but the picture was twisted and in need of adjustment. "Believe me," my host muttered as he fiddled with the horizontal, "this never happens when I'm alone. It's fantastic, this thing. It's the wave of the future." We settled down and enjoyed ourselves until the award for best actor. The tension was building. There was a close-up of the envelope, then a hand tearing it open, and suddenly, the host's girlfriend let out a whoop. She clapped her hands together in excitement and cried, "Newman! Let it be Newman!" and the TV snapped off. There was panic, but the host would not allow us to touch the ON-OFF knob. He sat stoically on the couch, teeth gritted in determination, clapping his hands together like a seal.

The Perfect Jeans. First there were regular jeans. You had to shower with them on to get them to fit, and it took years to wear them in — or, more accurately, out. By the time they were perfect, soft from years of washing, bleached of all color, they fell apart. Like an American presidency, they only had a short period of pure glory. Then there were *prewashed jeans.* Designed to shortcut the aging process, they were for pretenders only. Europeans loved them. Then there were *stone-washed jeans*, an even more rugged treatment, as if they'd been scrubbed in rivers by Indian squaws. Now you can buy *your own stones* for the washing machine, and do the stone-washing all by yourself! Wow.

The Outraged Auto. The other night I heard a siren in the street, which I thought was a car burglar alarm. I looked out and saw a Ford backing into a parking space behind a Toyota that was flashing its lights and squealing in outrage. What was its problem? The Toyota had been bumped. After listening to it scream for an interminable time, the Ford drove away in shame. The Toyota went on whining piteously until I felt like smashing its windshield and really giving it something to whine about.

Given the choice between a world dominated by Soviets or by inanimate objects expressing their feelings, I'd have breast implants. — *Emily Prager*

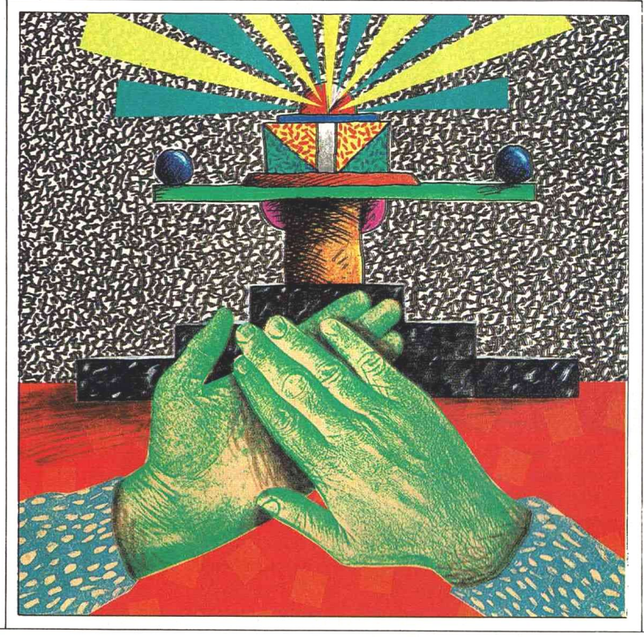
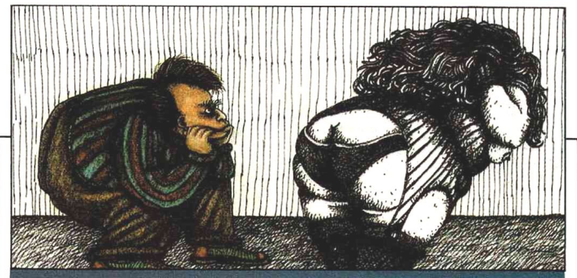


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

LUST



THE QUEEN OF FLASH

Jackie Collins hits the best-seller list every time she publishes a novel. And she adores it, so much so that she doesn't mind being called the "Queen of Flash and Trash." She does object, however, when her action-filled and sex-packed stories, like her latest, *Hollywood Husbands*, are dismissed as "dirty books."

"That comes mostly from men," she says. "They're shocked that a woman writes four-letter words and sex scenes. If I were a man, they wouldn't think my books so terribly racy."

"Terribly racy" — her English upbringing still shows. She was raised in a "strict" London family, her father a theatrical agent, "very conservative and an out-and-out chauvinist," she adds; her mother, now dead 20 years, "a traditional housewife but a wonderful mother." Jackie was free-spirited and rebellious even at an early age, taking her cues from an eccentric Mame-type aunt she'd visit in the south of France. "I already looked older than 13, so I'd put on a bikini and have these wonderful adventures." She'd also buy all the "dirty books" banned in England and smuggle them home. "My favorites were Mickey Spillane and Harold Robbins, except that I decided if I ever wrote, I'd let my women have as much fun as the men instead of just waiting around to get married."

In school Jackie was selling off pages of her diary to classmates who clamored for her sex fantasies and ribald limericks. That proved the final straw, since she'd already been caught smoking and making jokes about a flasher in the park. "So my 'veddy' proper girls' school expelled me, and at 15 my parents packed me off to America to stay with my older sister Joan."

Yes, *that* Joan Collins, now of *Dynasty* fame but then already a movie star in Hollywood. Jackie followed in her footsteps. Although she never got much further than minor roles, she came away with an insider's view of Tinseltown, providing her with material that she would later use in both *Hollywood Wives* and *Hollywood Husbands*. At 19, she returned to England, married, had her first daughter, and continued to act. Those were difficult years, she recalls. Her husband became a methedrine addict, and eventually killed himself. "My mother was dying of cancer, I'd just had a baby, my career was unpromising, and I was deep in debt." Thanks to a loan . . . from Anthony Newley (Joan Collins' then husband and still a good friend of Jackie's), she paid her bills and got back on her feet.

She didn't launch her writing career, however, until the mid-Sixties, when she met Oscar Lerman, the American businessman and owner of the London and LA disco Tramps, to whom she has now been married for 20 years and with whom she has two daughters. "Oscar persuaded me to let him read the manuscript I'd kept hidden in my closet. He liked it and urged me to finish it. From that moment on he gave me the confidence to stop worrying about not knowing the rules of writing, and he encouraged me to spend the summer alone in Montauk on Long Island. Like all the English, I'm mad for the sun, but I forced myself to stay inside until I'd written five pages every day."

In 1968 *The World Is Full Of Married Men* was published, and Jackie was on her way, with her next ten novels selling over 60 million copies worldwide. But Jackie seems unspoiled by success. Neither aloof nor arrogant, she is as entertaining as her novels and spices her conversation with juicy tidbits about last week's party or a prominent actor's latest affair. While she keeps you laughing with her quips ("A Hollywood husband — poor guy, he's had to slave over a hot secretary the last ten years") she's serious when she talks about her writing.

She has a theory, she says, that women read her books because they like her strong female characters. "In a way I *am* a Harold Robbins for women, just as I wanted to be when I was young. In each book I try to have at least one female character who has all the freedom a man usually has."

Nevertheless, Jackie is not one to take herself too seriously. For all the importance of her strong women characters, I remind her that fans read her for her sizzling sex.

"I should hope so," she agrees with her throaty chuckle, "and I'm always glad to hear that women get off on my books. Some have even written to say that my books have improved their sex lives because I'm so out-front about women liking sex as much as men."

Does she worry about portraying women as sex objects? "Not at all," she insists. "When I show the exploitation of women, or even violent sex — and I hate violent sex; I will not tolerate rape jokes — it's to indicate what a sleaze that male character is, or how screwed up our society is. But most of all, I'm writing against the double standard. A man can brag about all his sexual conquests, but a woman who admits to liking sex is called a slut or a nympho. For me it's important to show a woman enjoying sex, because I think that has to be a measure of her freedom as well as her political and economic liberation."

Critics may sneer that Jackie's books are just "trashy, lightweight entertainment." Jackie, shall we say, laughs all the way to the bank. "They're meant to be entertaining," she says cheerfully. "I don't condescend to my readers, and I know how to tell a good story. So I'll just go on ignoring the critics and writing what I enjoy writing and what I know my readers enjoy reading. I still want to be No 1."

About that there should be little doubt. Combine her wit and spirit with her ambition, self-confidence, and nitty-gritty perceptions of society, and you have someone very like her favorite women characters. And when all is said and done, they indeed seem to get what they want. — *Ellen Hawkes*

Illustration by COLLIDE

electric BLUE 25

electric BLUE

ELECTRIC BLUE 25 presents more titillating adult entertainment . . . COPENHAGEN — an inside look at Europe's sex centre, its live sex shows, pleasure palaces and massage parlours . . . SEX MANIAC'S BALL — sexual deviants turned out in force and our roving camera unmasks some of life's extroverts . . . SEXY HOTELS — a through the keyhole look at what's going down behind the closed doors of London's sexy hotels . . . Topless detective spoof . . . Breast of Britain . . . and much, much more . . .

Please send me a free Electric Blue catalogue ☐ I would like to order ELECTRIC BLUE 25 ☐
Price $59.95 Postage $2.50 I use a VHS ☐ Beta ☐
Name .....
Address ..... P/C .....
I declare I am over 18 years old and enclose a cheque/money order or please debit my Bankcard, Visa or MasterCard No.
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Signature .....
Telephone orders accepted on credit cards
ELECTRIC BLUE, Private Bag 15, Neutral Bay. 2089
Telephone Orders: (02) 908 4422
R Restricted exhibition Not available to persons under 18 years

AVARICE

THE JOYS OF SMALL BUSINESS

You've got to laugh. It's either that or cry — or rage impotently and end up worse off. Because, you see, you just can't win. Against the banks, I mean.

For instance: I have this overdraft that from time to time I try to get lifted to yet higher limits — part of my get-rich-or-go-bust-in-a-big-way plan for international recognition and comfort in my old age. So the other day I managed to sweet talk the manager into adding another 10 grand to the limit — sweet talk nothing, I gave him power of attorney and possession of assets worth about 15 grand so it's a straight commercial deal; I take all the risks and they, along with the Taxman, take all the profits.

Ah, the joys of small business.

Now this manager of mine is a new bloke. He does peculiar things like actually sending out a letter stating the terms, charges and so on of whatever deal you have just negotiated. That's unusual, I have found. Surprisingly, a lot of banking business is done on a nod and the back of an envelope — which they keep. So that when you say, "But you said I could keep the money until next April," they pull out this scrungy scrap of an old deposit slip with some scrawl scratched on it and, referring to it, reply: "No, we agreed that it would be repaid this week", and you vaguely remember mumbling your half-hearted assent to that proposition but you always thought the matter had not been settled and glossed over. Wrong.

Anyway, I get this letter from the bank manager setting out the terms of the overdraft and, hullo, the interest rate has gone up half a point. Which is funny because that very day I was in the bank rolling over a term deposit (which the bank uses as part security on the overdraft) and noted that, gee whiz, interest rates have gone down half a point.

You with me?

The money I lend them they pay me less for; the money they lend me I pay more for. One set of interest rates (the one they get) goes up and another set (the one they pay) goes down. Don't you just love it?

To add to all that I've just realised I've done a silly thing. A stupid thing, in fact. I rolled over that confounded term deposit.

What's dumb about that? I'll tell you. The interest I receive on the TD is 14 percent. The interest I pay on the overdraft is 20 percent. The TD is, as I said, part security for the overdraft. That is, if I can't pay off the overdraft when they ask me to they just take the TD.

What I'm doing, therefore, is lending them my money for a fixed term at 14 percent and then borrowing it back on terms which are completely at their mercy and paying 20 percent.

I must be crazy. I'm paying the bank the difference, 6 percent, just to use my own money. You can't really blame the bank for that. If there's a clown out there who wants to pay them to use his own money, why not?

Possibly he could have alerted me to my stupidity but, well, he doesn't know that I might not have some incredible piece of logic going on; some cunning corporate ploy which will work it all out; some brilliant piece of financial finangling which will more than pay for the whole damned exercise. Like pay off the overdraft. (Ha! Until he suggested that very thing I thought the money was mine forever — I didn't know you had to pay it back.)

But wait a minute. It is quite possible that the bank manager *does* think I've got some fancy trick up my sleeve. He does seem to think I'm pretty cluey. Like he does smile at me when I'm waiting to get service, he calls me Mister and so on. So maybe that 6 percent I pay for my own is just another charge, like the line fee and establishment fee, levied to get the big dough out.

Obviously, he doesn't believe that I'm really so dumb that I pay 6 percent for my own money month after month, year after year, simply because I'm too stupid to borrow less and use the term deposit instead. Surely, he thinks, Mr Quicksilver could not be so dumb. Of course not, he's got something up his sleeve, the crafty dog.

What? Where? I have just removed my shirt (to give to another parasite on the means of production, the landlord) and believe you me there's nothing up the sleeve: just a piece of lint and an old bus ticket.

But don't tell Mr Bank Manager.

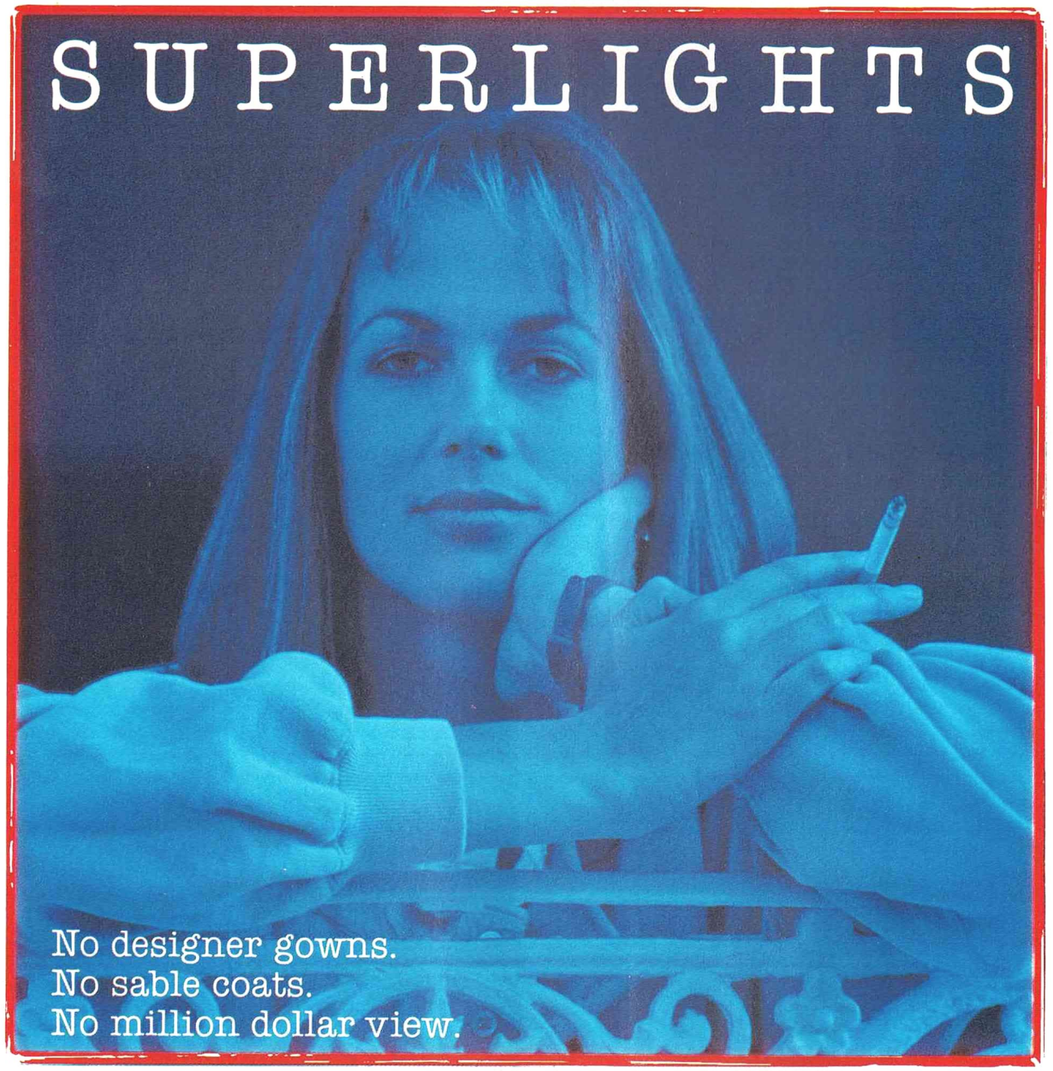
Every so often I get asked by some not-so-foolish person how they can invest in a property or equity trust of their own choosing and not pay some useless bludging investment adviser the four or five percent up-front management fee.

You see, out of that four to eight percent the fund manager takes of your original investment in up-front fee, most is paid back to the investment adviser as a commission. Which is pretty crappy if all the adviser does is give you the form to fill in and maybe, big-hearted that he is, posts it for you. Total cost, 36 cents. His return, four percent of your investment.

The trick is to have a broker for a friend who will rebate the commission. But they're hard to find — they don't believe in giving up money, even though they get it for nothing. That's because they're used to getting money for nothing.

Otherwise, go through Pont Securities, which has branches in Sydney and Melbourne. Pont will rebate 75 percent of the up-front charge, keeping only 25 percent. Keep 'em in mind. At least it's only a quarter of what the other blokes charge for doing the same thing: nothing. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Ray Condon



Nothing but taste.

SUPERLIGHTS 30's

SUPERLIGHTS
KING SIZE FILTER
30
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*
Health Authority Warning
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

Leo Burnett PML P 5231 APB5098-C

ENVY

THE PRICE OF PUNCTUALITY

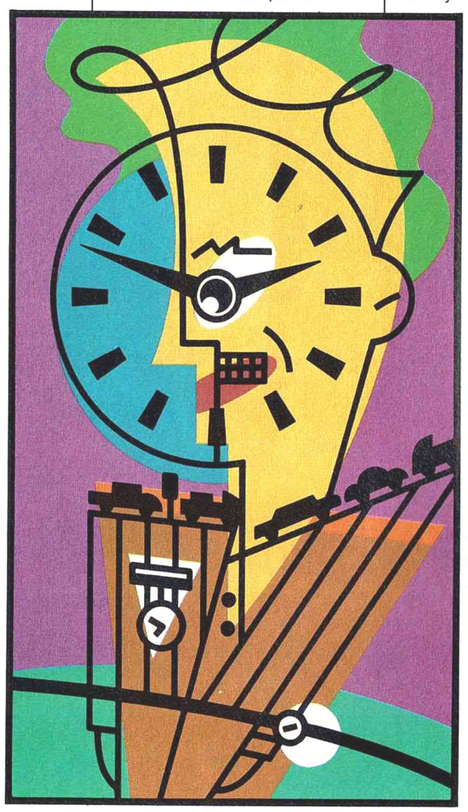
I was brought up to believe that "punctuality is the politeness of kings," in addition to which I have a phobia of being kept waiting — so naturally nothing makes me feel more guilty than the undeniable fact that I seem to be late for everything these days. (Oh, I can *rationalise* it, all right — I'm a busy, important man in the publishing business, as well as a successful author, so most people are likely to forgive me if I'm a few minutes late.) Anyway, many people don't suffer from my fear and probably don't even notice or care, while other people keep *me* waiting.

All the same, put me on Madison Avenue on a rainy afternoon when there are no empty taxis in sight, knowing that it's 2.30 and there's no way I'm going to be back in my office in time for a 2.45 meeting, and you've got a candidate for cardiac arrest — heart pounding, mouth dry, so burning with pent-up guilt that it's amazing I don't burst into flames.

Let's face it — we *all* know that keeping people waiting is just about the worst thing we can do to them, the one unforgivable sin. For most of us, however, being on time *matters*, and it's a problem made more acute by the fact that almost everything in the modern urban world conspires to make us late. Look at New York — no matter how much time you allow yourself to get from Point A to Point B, it won't ever be enough — what between gridlocked traffic jams, train failures, stalled buses, delayed flights, and the fact that whatever street you take will inevitably turn out to be blocked off by construction work or a garbage truck.

What makes me even more guilty is that I'm seldom — if ever — late for things I *want* to do, or that are important to me in some way. Some mechanism gets me to the "plane on time" when I'm on my way to the sun. In short, I'm just like everybody else. Most people, when their own interests or pleasures are at stake, are punctual: they aren't late for lovers, their mechanic, doctors, or the boss. Lateness, we can therefore conclude, is a *selective* mechanism.

Knowing this, we can reach a certain understanding of the role that lateness plays in our lives. People are, in general, late only to the extent that their power is superior to that of the person who is being kept waiting. The more power somebody has, the more he (or she) is likely to keep you waiting, the extreme being reached by doctors, since they have the power of life and death.



Very important people (stars, celebrities) operate in their own time frame as a matter of course, on the assumption that nothing worthwhile is going to happen until they get there. Elizabeth Taylor has been known to turn up for dinner as dessert is being served. Howard Hughes used to keep people waiting for days. Rock stars and politicians are habitually so late for appointments that their staff send out bulletins to those who are waiting for a scheduled meeting ("He's just about to leave the hotel"; "He's in the car"; "He had to make a stop, but he asked me to tell you he's definitely on the way").

Always remember: when somebody is late they are telling you that, in their opinion, *their* own time is more important than yours. Being late, except by some genuine accident, is never a casual or meaningless event; it is a statement about the nature of the relationship between the person who's late and the person who's waiting.

Lateness, particularly when it's not explained or apologised for, is a form of social aggression — maybe the most common form. For this reason alone, it's worth cultivating a reputation for punctuality. You can't, after all, get angry about lateness in others if you're habitually late yourself.

Then again, punctuality is a form of aggression, too. The French have a proverb that bears thought: "Men count up the faults of those who keep them waiting." Punctuality is an exercise in one-upmanship. Nothing makes most people more uncomfortable and guilty than the sight of their lunch partner waiting for them at the table as they enter the restaurant — particularly if their guest has already had a drink and is busy working his way through the basket of breadsticks. Confusion, apologies, blushing, tales about traffic jams or almost getting mugged do no good. You're late, and therefore in the wrong.

I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that there are only two ways to deal with time. One is to force yourself to the strictest punctuality. That's difficult — it means actually *wasting* time by acknowledging that you really *can't* leave your house at 8am, realistically, and expect to make an 8.30 appointment 10 kilometres away, or that you can't expect to make that "one last phone call" and still get to the restaurant for lunch at one on the dot. Still, at least it's simple. You're on time, and if the other person is late, so be it.

The other solution is to become the kind of person who simply doesn't *think* about it, or feel guilt. You arrive when you arrive, and the hell with it. This works for a surprising amount of people, if only because the whole subject of punctuality is so guilt-ridden that many people even feel guilty for expecting others to be on time.

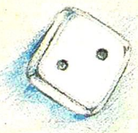
The majority of us, alas, fall into the miserable middle ground, unhappy at being kept waiting 50 percent of the time, unhappy at making someone else wait the other half. If *only* we could convince ourselves of the simple truth — in an imperfect world, it's impossible to be perfect, and nobody expects it — how much happier we'd be. — *Michael Korda*

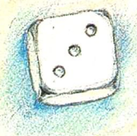
Illustration by Ray Condon

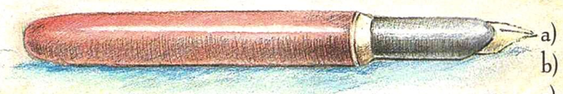
HOW TO SPOT
A MAN WITH SPIRIT.

1. His most attractive feature is definitely –

a) His eyes.
b) His face.
c) His smile.
d) His investments.





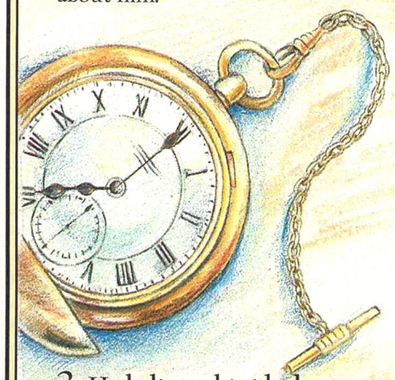


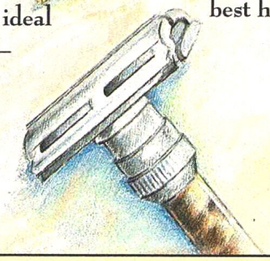
2. If he knew a rival had started a terrible rumour about him he would –

a) Ignore it, knowing it will pass.
b) Tell him he'd better stop.
c) Get him to publicly admit it's not true.
d) Start an even worse one about him.

3. He believes his ideal woman should be –

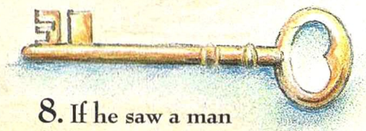
a) Attractive.
b) Intelligent.
c) Career minded.
d) At his place around 7.00.





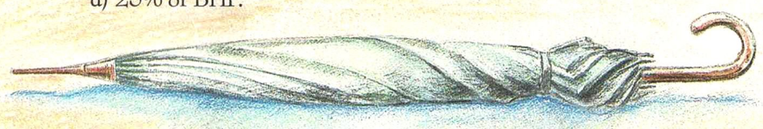
4. He always keeps his top right hand desk drawer locked, because it contains –

a) A mess.
b) A photo of another woman.
c) His list of personal goals.
d) The key to the bottom drawer.



5. If he had some spare cash, the first thing he'd buy is –

a) A new suit.
b) A new car.
c) Something for you.
d) 25% of BHP.



6. He believes women get better with –

a) Time.
b) Education.
c) Experience.
d) Champagne.

7. He believes men who make the best husbands are –

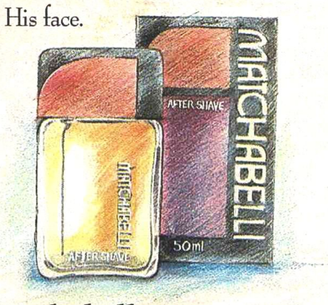
a) Labourers.
b) Office workers.
c) Professionals.
d) Married.

8. If he saw a man rush out of a bank, dragging a woman hostage with a gun to her head and backing down the street toward him, he would –

a) Run for his life.
b) Pop into a shop to avoid danger.
c) Stand perfectly still and do nothing.
d) Wait until the robber was one foot in front of him, poke his umbrella in his back and say "Drop the gun or I'll fill you full of lead."

9. He always wears Matchabelli on –

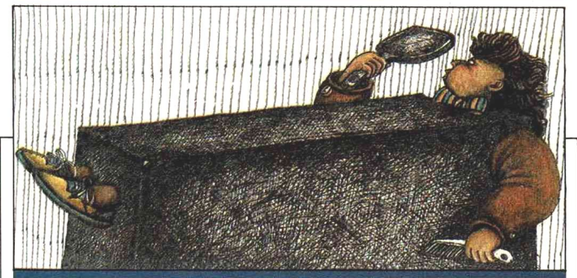
a) Special nights only.
b) Weekdays.
c) Weekends.
d) His face.



Matchabelli.
For men with spirit.
Available in new Musk and original fragrance.

Ogilvy CMM0008

VANITY

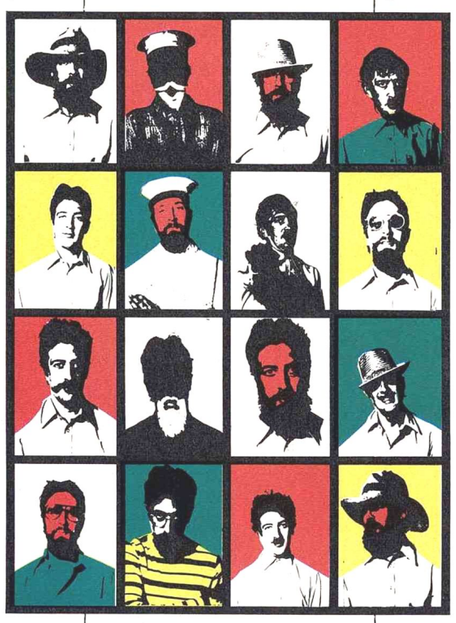


GRIN AND BEARD IT

The most obvious secondary sex characteristic in the adult male is the growth of facial hair. While breasts in the female are both practical and aesthetic, beard growth seems to have no purpose other than keeping the razor blade and after-shave industry in business.

Until the turn of this century, shaving was as risky as it was uncomfortable. The cut-throat razor could easily live up to its name, and it needed a steady hand and a great deal of concentration — particularly during a hangover. In 1903, however, a man with the unlikely name of King Camp Gillette launched his new patent safety razor, which greatly reduced the incidence of nicks, scrapes and shortened ear lobes. Since then there have been further developments — swivel head razors, twin blade ejectors, and disposables. The Australian market in razor blades alone is worth $50 million a year — and when you add shaving creams, after-shaves and electric razors, you are looking at an industry with an annual turnover of around $100 million.

Estimating an average of five minutes spent shaving every day over a 50-year period, it is calculated that you are going to spend 65 days of your life dragging a cutting instrument across your face. However there *are* obvious alternatives: permanent depilation or growing a beard.



Why do men grow beards? Reasons vary. from being cast away on a desert island to getting fed up with shaving — or just the sheer curiosity factor.

Usually it is a combination of the latter two. The bristles are given a run on a long weekend of drinking or a sojourn into the wilds. People remark on the unusually heavy five o'clock shadow and ask whether a beard is being grown. This can provoke a rebellious streak which might prompt: "Yes I am. So what?"

Once this is disclosed, you are then committed and duty bound to go through with it. The trouble is that the first few days' growth is the easy part . . .

Although in recent years people like Don Johnson of *Miami Vice* and Bob Geldof have made the unkempt look slightly more acceptable, the budding beard-grower generally has to become used to all the social status of a derelict wino. Efforts to maintain a businesslike presentation are automatically thwarted. The fact is that most of us *don't* look like Don Johnson of *Miami Vice*. The fact is that with affected stubble we look like something the cat would hesitate to drag anywhere. Those of frail disposition generally consider it necessary to go on an isolated holiday to continue the growing process.

The problem is that the damn stuff fails to grow in a regular texture all over the face. And it can also differ in color from the hair on the top of the head. You can be sure that if you have a tendency to grey it will be exaggerated in your beard. You might have developed the beginnings of a fine goatee — yet it will be surrounded by peculiarly adolescent bum fluff. Others might find that the moustache does not keep up with the chin, or a strong line around the jaw bone gives the face a V-shape quality — with all the appeal of a pop-Satanist. Some men have more difficulty than others, but this is usually more to do with heredity than virility. A good rule of thumb is that if you don't grow heavy sideburns you are very likely to end up looking like a badly sown lawn of mixed grasses — complete with pas-palum infestation.

Not only do these weeks of incubation eat at the self-esteem, but they can be physically uncomfortable too. Some hairs, particularly those under the throat, seem to take one look at the outside world and then start to grow in the other direction. The itching and irritation of this, especially when trying to sleep with the chafing hair wedged between face and pillow, can send a man screaming for a razor — preferably the cut-throat variety. This has been the end of many an attempt.

Having endured about a month of frenzied scratching, the inhibitions of an outcast and the doubts about whether it is actually going to cover the face, you may eventually have what is beginning to be a beard. Then you can get serious and contemplate that most elusive of properties: style. The permutations are endless — perhaps a van dyke, a goatee, the full nautical look?

Unless you are going full-on for the wild and woolly look, you will still have to spend some time on routine beard maintenance. You have to trim it and comb it and make sure that coagulated soup and biscuit crumbs do not become a regular feature of your face. All in all it should not take much more looking after than a houseplant, but there are a few points worth mentioning.

Watch out when trimming that you don't leave a lot of repulsive pubic-style goolies lying around the handbasin. Use small scissors also, to avoid going overboard on the trim.

Another tip is to watch out when eating things like cream eclairs, lamingtons or large hamburgers; if you have never believed in napkins, start.

Sooner or later, the time will come when you will have forgotten what you look like underneath the thing, or it becomes irritatingly warm and sweaty during summer. In the latter instance, it is not advisable to shave it off all at once unless you desire a pale lower face to contrast with the tan around your eyes and cheekbones. Besides, it can be a lot of fun shaving it off progressively and trying out a whole load of face shapes.

This method of instant disguise can be particularly valuable if your work involves flying from country to country with hollow-bottomed suitcases and several passports. Whatever the reason, there is little doubt that most people look a few years younger when they have taken off their beards. And there are all those beard-hating women — the ones who have been ignoring you — to consider . . . — *Jock Cunningham*

LE MUSÉE DE WATERLOO

PRESENTS

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO CHESS SET

This handsome pewter chessboard and fitted presentation case will be provided at no extra charge, as part of the set.

Richly detailed portrait sculptures honouring the heroes of history's greatest battle — in solid pewter, solid brass and fine enamels.

An heirloom chess set to be enjoyed for generations.
Created by the world famous craftsmen of The Franklin Mint.

Available only by direct subscription.
Please enter your subscription by 30th September, 1987.

Le Musée de Waterloo is proud to announce that it is about to issue its own Battle of Waterloo Chess Set. A dramatic tribute to the heroes of both the Allies and the French in the fierce battle that many consider the most decisive ever fought. And a work all the more intriguing because the playing pieces include richly detailed, three dimensional portraits of the great generals of the two sides.

Each of the thirty-two pieces in this extraordinary chess set will portray a different figure — a general or, in the case of the pawns, an ordinary fighting man from one of the units that covered itself in glory at Waterloo. And the scrupulous historical authenticity of each portrait sculpture is assured, for each piece has been created for Le Musée de Waterloo by Philip J. Haythornthwaite, who is one of the foremost living authorities on nineteenth century military history.

The complete set is a masterpiece of precision and artistry. A powerful and endlessly fascinating tribute to the gallant warriors of Waterloo.

Every sculpture, moreover, is rich with authentic detail. Indeed, every nuance of facial expression, uniform and weaponry — right down to the buttons, braiding, sabres and muskets — is depicted with uncompromising accuracy.

The handsomely crafted pewter playing board also serves as the cover for the case which houses all 32 playing pieces.

The Battle of Waterloo Chess Set may be obtained *only* by direct subscription, and there is a limit of one set per collector. The chessmen will be issued to you at the very attractive price of $27.50 each (subject only to any changes in duty or sales tax rates). As a subscriber, you will receive two sculptured pieces every *other* month. You will, however, be billed for only *one* chessman at a time. You will also be given the option to complete your set earlier, if you wish — but you will be under no obligation to do so.

Figures shown approximately actual size of 5 cm in height.

To acquire The Battle of Waterloo Chess Set, no advance payment is required. But please note that the Subscription Application Form should be returned postmarked by 30th September, 1987.

Order by Telephone —
☎ 008 033 733 (Toll Free).

© Franklin Mint Pty. Limited (Incorporated in Victoria), 742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave 3170. Phone: (03) 560 1711.

HONDA *Progress with Distinction.*

A formula for success.

In any motor vehicle class there's a formula for success.
With sports cars the formula requires a manufacturer to produce a model that outperforms its competitors, looks distinctively different, yet retains the features and comfort of its contemporaries.
Such a car is destined to become a classic …such a car is the Honda Integra SX16.
A car designed and engineered around the serious driver.

Born on the F1 Circuits.
As the only Japanese company to enter, and win, in the hi-tech world of Formula One, Honda took what they'd learned and designed a performance sports car. The specifications speak for themselves. 1.6 litre, four valves per cylinder. Programmed Fuel Injection (PGM-FI). Double overhead cams. All of which develops a very responsive 90 kW @ 6,500 rpm.
Transmission is a choice of a crisp, short throw 5-speed manual or a silky smooth, 4-speed automatic with lock-up torque converter.
Then there's power assisted rack and pinion steering. Anti-roll bars front and rear. Four-wheel power assisted disc brakes. A drag co-efficient of only 0.34.
All running on high performance 195/60-14 low profile Michelin tyres.

Don't be misled by the sleek appearance.
The Honda Integra will carry four adults in comfort. And while ignoring the gimmicks and add-ons of over-competitive manufacturers, Honda have built in the sensible features that the enthusiast driver needs.
There's an analog instrument layout designed for the business end of motoring.
There's a Pioneer sound system – AM/FM stereo cassette. And luxury trim levels.
The total package is a sports car developed for people who know how to drive.

How safe is a car manufactured by a company that races Formula One?
How safe is a car designed by a company that performs structural crash tests on hundreds of vehicles every year? How safe is a car that rides on advanced suspension, brakes and handling geometry components? It's Honda safe. Because when Honda build a classic, they want it to be around for a long, long time.

Honda Integra. A formula for success.

HONDA
INTEGRA SX16

24 MONTH 40,000 KM WARRANTY
36 MONTH BODY PROTECTION PLAN

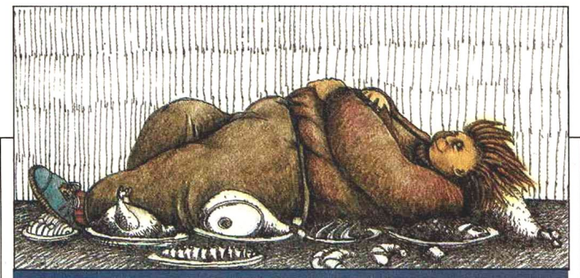
For further information contact Honda Australia Pty. Ltd.
Melbourne 330 1222,
Sydney 684 2399,
Perth 458 9811,
Brisbane 275 2011,
Darwin 81 3827

GNA-H1055/R

In 1986, Williams/Honda won the Formula 1 Constructors' Championship.
In 1987, Honda's Formula 1 engines power both Williams and Lotus.
Thus, we continue to polish our expertise at the pinnacle of automotive technology.

POWERED by HONDA

GLUTTONY



BIG TIME MEALS

One of the most infamous meals in the history of gourmandism was eaten by Craig Claiborne, the food critic of *The New York Times*, in 1975. The American Express Company rashly agreed to buy him a meal at any restaurant he chose. Claiborne selected Chez Denis on the Rue Gustave Flaubert in Paris.

"We asked Monsieur Denis, offhandedly, how much he would charge for the most lavish dinner for two he and his chef could prepare," wrote Claiborne of the experience. "He suggested a dinner of 31 dishes and nine wines . . . at a price of $4000. This, we must hasten to add, included service and taxes. We accepted."

A fusillade of criticism followed. *Times* columnist Russell Baker satirised the affair in a column entitled "Francs and Beans." Claiborne levelly replied to his critics who found the dinner "obscene or decadent or a symbol of contempt for the hunger that exists in the world today," by asking "those who were not amused if they seriously believe that as a result of that evening I have deprived one human being of one mouthful of food." Yeah, let 'em eat cake, Craig.

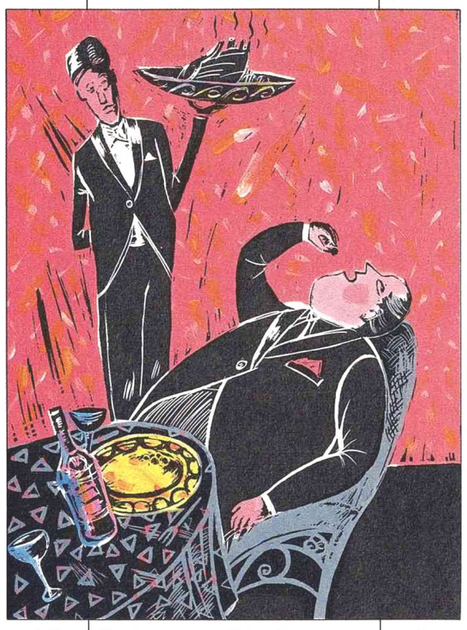


Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

Yet, perhaps the ultimate privilege of writing about foods *is* to be asked to share meals so splendid; otherwise you could never afford them without becoming a pickpocket at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo. What follows here is a self-indulgent, biased, entirely personal account of the meals that have impressed me during the past five years. Some memorable for romance, others for grandness. None for restraint. All for gluttony.

The Hotel de Crillon is the most fabulous hotel in the world. Period. An 18th Century palace, smack on the Place de la Concorde in Paris, it also boasts the most romantic and ravishing restaurant in this quadrant of the galaxy — Les Ambassadeurs. The food and service are so good, it's almost spooky.

Panelled with ten different varieties of deeply veined marble, reflected by inset mirrors and Bohemian crystal chandeliers, Les Ambassadeurs is sheer court-of-Louis XV excess. You can't get rid of the feeling of being inside a beautiful picture. The two star Michelin food sensualises the brain wave with laser blasts of taste and color. Chef Jean-Paul Bonin serves nothing else.

Oh, there was goujonnettes of sole with basil-scented pasta, duck foie gras in sauternes jelly, grilled sweetbreads, kidneys and foie gras (and it didn't seem a slab too much) with truffled gnocchi. I fell in love with the waiter. He proceeded to serve me a chocolate charlotte richer than Kerry Packer.

The most exciting food in New Orleans is served at K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen. People describe meals here in terms usually reserved for religious or sexual experiences: "Awe-inspiring", or simply, "O-h-h-h-h." It looks like somebody's rumpus room. The chairs and tables look like another somebody gave them away. "It's simply," says owner Paul Prudhomme, "very old New Orleans, a dump."

The cuisine is best described as haute Cajun — sauces, peppers, magical herbs, shucked oysters all in a row, file gumbo, blackened prime ribs with horseradish and garlic sauce, hot sausage and sassafras — heaven, chased with a Dixie beer. For pure emotion, the blackened redfish — seared at the highest heat, loaded with jolts of pepper and turned buttery in the process — has no rivals. Hip and chic, K-Paul's is the preserve of families, tourists, artists, cops and out-of-town journalists who don't mind the half-hour wait. No bookings.

There may have been a more perfect night in my life than the one I spent last summer at the Villa Cipriani, but I really can't remember where or when. A Tuscan villa transported to the Veneto, this 15th Century definition of high romance looks out over the "hundred horizons" hills.

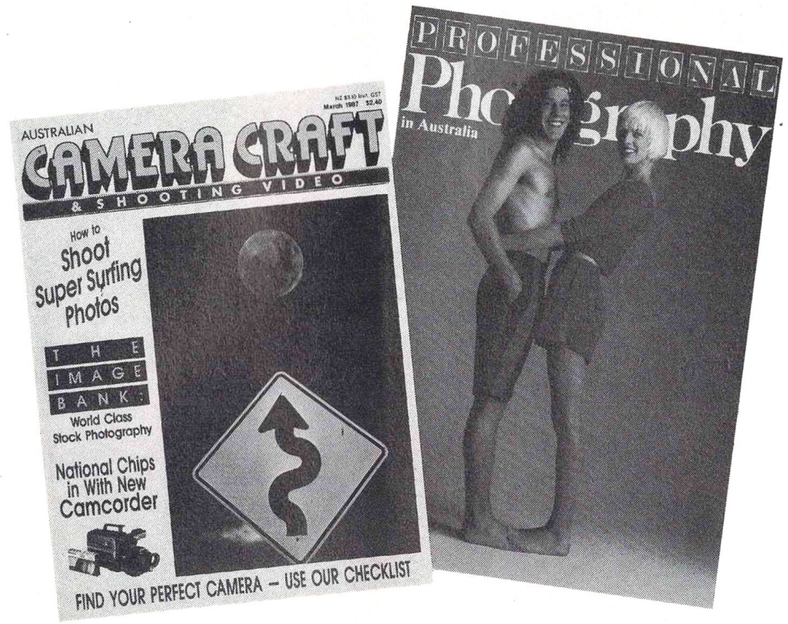
A Bucintoro came first — half champagne and half fermented grape juice extracted from a jug with an eye-dropper. The risotto asolana was the best I've ever eaten — rice fattened with wine, rich with the flavor of Parmesan cheese and studded generously with the fat Montello mushrooms so thick they squeak when you cut them. The *fegato alla veneziana* was slim rounds of calves' liver sauteed very quickly and floated in a satin sauce laced with onions. Eating the cherry meringue tart, I had to keep my mouth closed to avoid squirting the heavy black juice of the fruit all over the white damask cloth.

Something keeps the decor at La Cote Basque in New York — a wraparound mural of the harbor of St Jean de Luz — from being kitsch. Ah, but the food! A black-bordered plate with bold red and yellow petunias was a visual foil for pristine salmon roe, golden and pearly black caviar, and slices of buttery smoked salmon and sturgeon, translucent poached cabbage wrapped around just-cooked shrimp and lobster swimming in a satiny beurre blanc. The lamb was roasted rosy rare, not timidly pink going into beige; the sauce was fragrant with herbs.

It's often the meals you aren't prepared for that turn out to be among the most unforgettable. A friend who had Made It Big Out West took me to Corzino's, an Italian restaurant in the very untrendy Perth suburb of Highgate. We knocked on the door and Joe let us in.

There's no menu, as Joe Corzino makes you an offer you can't refuse. Serious gourmets lunch here to have their palates teased and their ideas challenged. In the eight course line-up I got a risotto barely coated with squid ink and tossed with a treasure of mushrooms, fried Ligurian fish with a one millimetre thick, full-flavored batter, buttery rich fish and a zabaglione that was everything it should have been and more — a warm cloud of beaten egg-yolks and Marsala. Close your eyes and imagine how good that can be. — *Elisabeth King*

Photography Exposed!



Camera Craft
Australia's popular magazine published monthly for the photographic enthusiast.

Professional Photography
News and views for professional photographers.

Post to: Iris Publishing Co., PO Box 64, Dee Why NSW 2099

Yes I wish to subscribe. Please send me the following:

☐ Camera Craft ..... 12 issues $25.00
☐ Professional Photography ..... 12 issues $48.00

I enclose a cheque/money order for $ .....
or please charge my Bankcard/Mastercard/Visa Card.

..... Expiry date:____/____
SIGNATURE

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

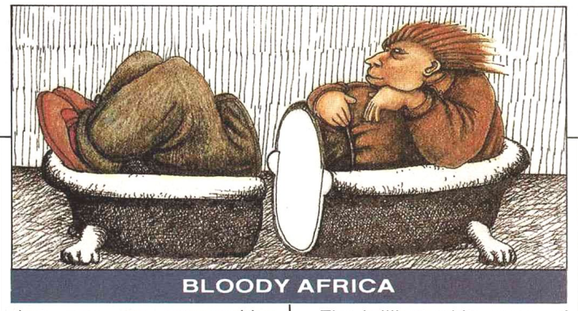
Please begin my subscription(s) with the next issue.

Name .....

Address .....

State ..... Postcode .....

SLOTH

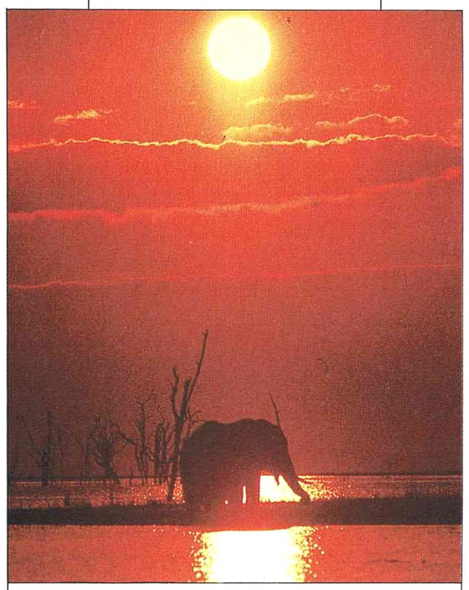


BLOODY AFRICA

Welcome to Africa" intoned our Qantas pilot with the full theatrical flourish the phrase deserves. If there was a person on the plane who didn't shiver at the mere thought of the Dark Continent, and all the mystique the term vibrates with, he was lying up the back with a blanket over his face. Touchdown Zimbabwe. Welcome to Ernest Hemingway's "million miles of bloody Africa."

Africa hasn't changed much — not in the essential things — in 80 years. Zimbabwe has it all — elephants getting erections at dawn just outside the compound (not on my account, I hasten to add); the "angels' breath" that Dr Livingstone saw at Victoria Falls hasn't developed halitosis; and men who might have been lifted from old re-runs of *Where No Vultures Fly* stride manfully through effete modern hotels looking for a "bee-ah." Plus the luxury and comfort of five-star hotels and huts, all the food a lumberjack can put away at one sitting, a heartbreaking blue sky, and a landscape that stirs an equally intense palpitation.

Apart from a few government buildings, Harare looks, and mostly is, brand new. A capital city as safe and exciting as Taree. But at 10am we left the recherche Meikles Hotel, driving past a parade of flame trees, en route to the Inyanga Mountains (three hours' drive away) — holiday playground to the country's 100,000 whites.



Teeming Lake Kariba at sunset

The eastern highlands stretch from Harare to Mutare on the Mozambique border. The lead-up landscape to the violet mountains looks unnervingly like NSW. Only the roadside kraal villages and native women balancing mammoth bundles on their heads tell you that you are approaching Marondera, not Cessnock. Past that is European facsimile virgin territory with only pockets of human interference — mostly of the holiday getaway variety. Cool, green with pines, and criss-crossed with fast-flowing rivers and plunging gorges.

Old colonial hotels crop up at regular intervals. Most of them have the time-slip air, menus and manners of Indian hill stations. The Montclair casino is an exception — "Some of our biggest punters are African," gushed the PR, as the pokie machines clattered relentlessly in the background. No, give me somewhere like Troutbeck Inn where little, except new coats of paint, seems to have changed since bewhiskered old Colonel McIlwhaine built the place nearly 40 years ago. As we arrived people were tucking into cucumber sandwiches and Chelsea buns.

The brilliant white curve of Troutbeck overlooks a scene more suited to Austria than Africa. A small lake teeming with trout is encircled by a ring of vast pines. In the background are the Conomara Lakes, surrounded by houses with names like Leprechaun and Ballynahinch.

A short drive away is World's View, where the ground falls away 1000 metres to the Penhalonga Valley. To wheel out the creakiest of travel metaphors — you can't see forever, but for 100 kilometres at least.

Cecil Rhodes would feel right at home at his old experimental farm (now a hotel) in Nyanga National Park. At the risk of repeating myself, very few things have been altered. The old stables now house a museum where the name Rhodesia has been inked out in favor of Zimbabwe on the brochures. The hotel dining room serves roast beef, toad in the hole and sherry trifle, of course.

Lake Kariba throbs, not with drums but with life. For a start, 33,000 crocodiles live in it. But the islands in the world's largest man-made lake teem with lions, elephants, kudu, leopards, zebras, impalas and the meanest animal in Africa — the Cape buffalo.

A ten-minute flight by Cessna 206 takes you to Fothergill Island Safari Lodge. Dead centre is a sprawling double-storeyed super-hut that covers the bar and dining area. Twenty seven Batonka twin-bedded huts are scattered throughout the compound — open at the sides to let in the sounds and smells of the bush.

Richard, our laconic guide, herded us into the ex-Rhodesian army Landrover for the crack of dawn game drive. The veldt is awesomely quiet just before the lemon-peach sun shows up. It took five minutes to discover some impala and zebra chasing each other through the scrub to keep warm. Seventy-six elephants ambled down to the water's edge for an early morning drink.

In the thin clear air of the Zambezi valley, the sun plays astounding tricks as it drops over Victoria Falls. Rainbows shoot like videos over Mosi-oa-Tunya — the smoke that thunders, as the Africans call it. The 1700-metre wide Zambezi River dives into a 108-metre chasm over five cataracts. Livingstone's "breath of angels" is actually jam-packed water in the bottom of the gorge — aggravated and seething like dry ice.

The Victoria Falls Hotel is the Raffles of Africa. "Snooker, croquet, putting, outdoor chess, darts and bridge." Built in 1904, it's aqua-colored exterior is unadulterated colonial. White-coated waiters dart from the rose-covered interior courtyard to the I Presume Bar (no denims, no T-shirts, no Tackies [thongs] or sandals) and out on to the sprawling terrace, complete with Falls spray.

Every night the hotel features "The African Spectacular", showcasing dances of the Shangaan (an offshoot of the Zulus) and Makishi tribes. Zimbabweans are, of course, completely Westernised, but the show manages to by-pass caricature. It may be only make-believe now, but the drums, the energetic leaping of the "warriors" and the almost designer costumes give you a lasting memory of bloody Africa. Bloody marvellous.

Qantas flies from Sydney via Perth to Harare every Thursday. For more information, contact the Zimbabwe Travel Bureau in Sydney. — *Elisabeth King*

Photo courtesy Zimbabwe Travel Bureau

ALSO AVAILABLE
IN VIRGINIA AND MENTHOL

THE BIGGEST 30'S BEAT THAT!

APB4558-C JWT1669K1

Bureaucracy,
cover-up and corruption
in the Australian Customs Service make a
mockery of Federal censorship initiatives
and The Drug Offensive

STRANGE CUSTOMS

BY DAVID HALPIN

How does the average Australian view the Customs Service? As a dedicated band of eagle-eyed men and women, ever vigilant at our ports and airports, holding the line against drug smugglers, porn peddlers and fraudulent importers? Guiding sniffer dogs through ships' holds, probing containers for concealed heroin and cocaine, tracking down the Mr Bigs on the wharves through contacts in the Painters and Dockers? Punching data into the giant mainframe, FBI-like, to coolly assemble the evidence that will send down the gurgler any crooked importers who try to dodge millions in import duties?

If that's the case, the average Australian had better be prepared for the shattering of another illusion. The reality is that most of the 5000 customs officers who police the convoluted rules and regulations and by-laws and tariffs that are supposed to form our customs policy are ordinary public servants saddled with an impossible task by the mandarins of the bureaucracy. These mandarins — members of the "Phantom Government" — apparently spend much of their time creating loopholes in the very policies they expect the

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

CUSTOMS

officers at the front line to carry out effectively. And their collective mastery of the whitewash/cover-up/duck shuffle technique would turn the entire cast of *Yes Minister* green with envy.

The Customs Service has been the subject of more inquiries, Task Forces, internal audits and so on than the NSW police force and government combined — and with much the same results. And yet, in spite of this profusion of mini-inquiries — 11 of them in the past 14 years — there has never been a thorough Royal Commission into all aspects of the Service. Repeated urgent requests for such a commission from the Customs Officers' Association — the union representing the people who are trying to make the system work — have been systematically ignored by the rigid senior bureaucrats. And so to the perennial question, as relevant to the Customs Service as it is to the failed inquiries into corrupt police, crooked politicians and organised crime: "What are they trying to hide?"

Early this year the Sydney *Sun-Herald* published serious allegations made by Frank Duggan, who worked as the central accountant for a major drug running group in Sydney known as The Organisation. However, Duggan was an important witness for the National Crime Authority, so the promised series of illuminating articles was quickly curtailed. But before Duggan was effectively gagged by the NCA, he revealed that "the Organisation had people everywhere . . . We've got people in customs and we'd get them to turn a blind eye when a consignment of drugs was coming through. We'd pay an officer something like $5000 for something like that."

The bureaucratic blanket soon descended over Duggan's allegations — the old public service trick of shooting the messenger because no-one wanted to hear the bad news. It was very bad news, since everyone involved in law enforcement recognises that infiltration of the Customs Service is vital to the Mr Big Enoughs who control organised crime in this country. That's especially true of the drug-running business, since heroin and cocaine do not originate in Australia. They are imported drugs.

The mandarins have been trying to shoot the main messenger for many years. He is Bob Spanswick, a former customs officer and now Federal Secretary of the Customs Officers' Association. Spanswick has caused more media probes into the Service and more headaches in the corridors of power than a dozen Ombudsmen.

He must be upsetting other people as well. Spanswick says he's received numerous death threats against himself and his family over the years, particularly during the Williams Royal Commission into drug trafficking.

As an introduction to his tirade against the Service, Spanswick showed *Penthouse* a letter he'd recently received from a former customs officer. In it the writer says: "I get upset when I think about hours inside a surveillance van or high up in a building or following smugglers in trucks throughout the night non-stop and then to find out we have been sold out from within the Department. I have many examples but I will keep it to this one rather than waffle on. The incident involved pornography and the seizure from three Sydney premises.

"On the day of the seizure I was able to have all the books identified by experts as imported. This was by way of texture of paper, printing methods, dyes used . . . The defendants, as they were at that stage, were told that if they could produce the import documents they could have the goods back. Our main concern was how a room full of books and films could be imported from overseas. Two of the shops concerned said they couldn't [produce the documents] and the main one said he would contact us later. After a few days all the items were placed in Queen's Bond.

> "Customs investigators were suspicious about Nugan Hand long before the scandal became public. Narcs were told by senior people to leave it alone."

"I was instructed to go to a certain pub at Centennial Park [in Sydney's eastern suburbs] and there I would be given a statement. I was not to question the person, but just write down exactly what he said. This I did. Some days later an official spoke to me at my desk and told me that if I went to Queen's Bond I would find all the material from one shop had been returned. I established this was correct. I of course couldn't understand what was going on, as we had planned to follow through to establish how the goods were imported. I spoke to the Inspector, who couldn't give me an answer."

The writer goes on to explain how he was carpeted by senior officials and then "some stories were leaked to the press and I was the target." Later on, he found that several pages of his report to Internal Affairs were missing. Eventually three senior officials from Canberra asked the writer and his partner to reconsider their resignations over this affair. They refused, but did "give an undertaking we wouldn't go to the press."

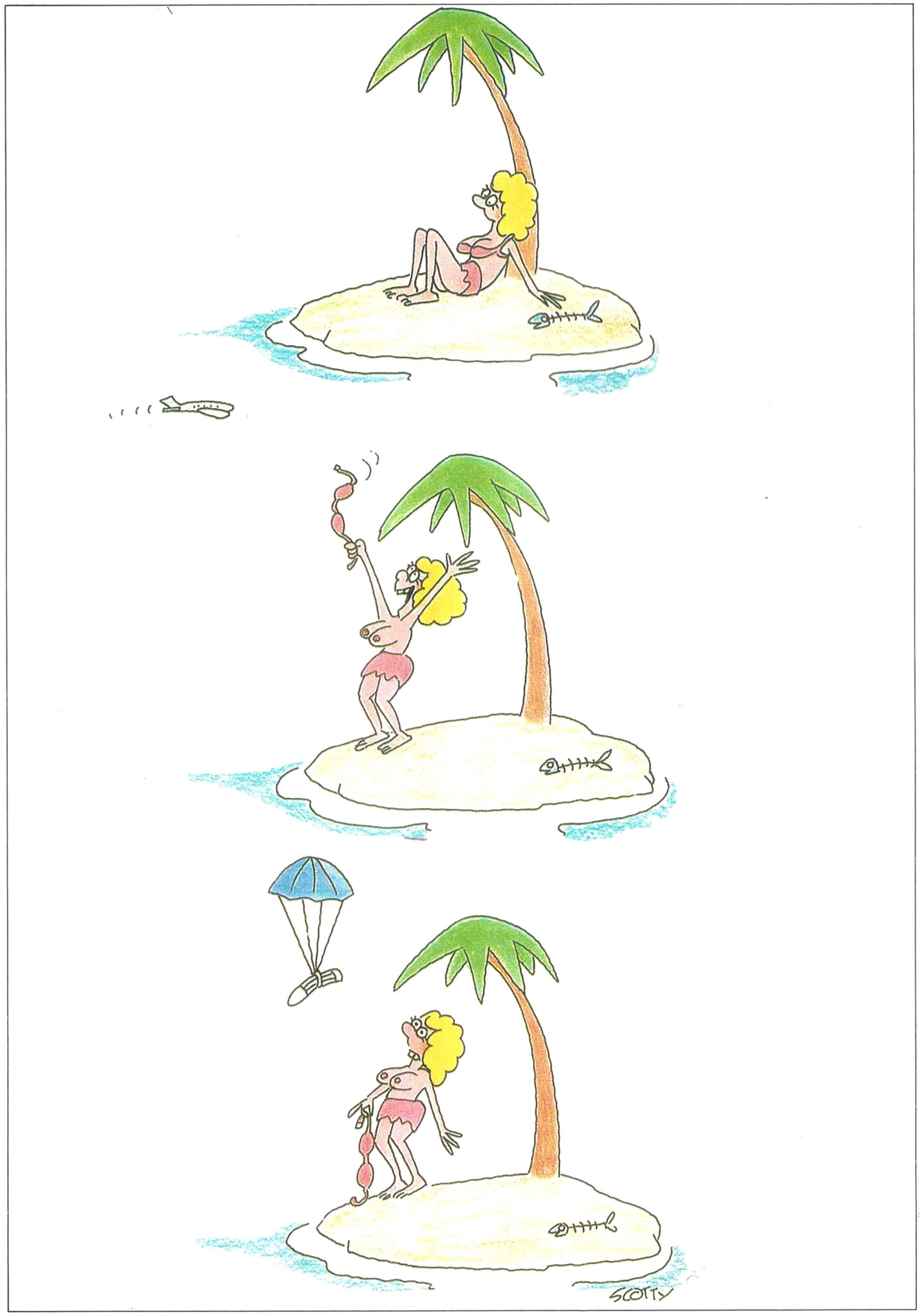
Spanswick explains that this sort of cover-up involving "heavy" criminals is not at all unusual in the Customs Service. The company in question was owned by one of Sydney's most notorious organised crime figures.

Spanswick also claims to have inside knowledge of customs "dropping off" on significant inquiries into a notorious container repair company and the Nugan Hand Bank. "Customs investigators were suspicious about Nugan Hand long before the scandal became public," he says. "Our boys were well on to them, but the Narcs [the Narcotics Bureau, since disbanded] were told by senior people to leave it all alone. We were told at the time the order came from a senior Country Party politician in Canberra.

"It's cases like this which stop honest customs people trying to clean out the crooked ones because they don't trust the senior officers enough to talk to them. These days we take our suspicions to the National Crime Authority, but they are limited too because our complaints have to fit into the 'references' on different issues made to the NCA. The main trouble is that when we make complaints about corruption it's the old story of Caesar investigating Caesar — nothing ever happens. The knife comes out for the bloke who complains, just like this recent case of Frank Malkoun, who's now getting the treatment."

Malkoun, a customs investigator for 12 years, claimed in March this year that he was asked to drop his investigations into allegations of corruption and malpractice in the service. The request, he claims, came from senior sources. His inquiries bypassed the Internal Affairs Unit, and later, after publicity about the issue, NSW Collector of Customs Paul Murphy said no officers were being investigated because the Malkoun report was based on "hearsay, rumor, and unsubstantiated comments." This kind of reaction to attempts to hold proper inquiries is nothing unusual. The Federal Opposition at last report was trying to probe the issue in Parliament.

Spanswick is highly critical of senior policy changes over recent years which, he claims, enable hard core pornography to flood into Australia. The pornography can be used as a vehicle for the smuggling of hard drugs. "Customs officers have been directed to have a policy of 'See it but don't see it' in relation to imported porn, from videos to printed material. No longer can officers detain such material to check it. We can't check to see if there are microdots of LSD or crack on a videotape, or whether heroin is hidden in printed porn. There are no barriers, and I'm convinced drug smugglers are using this policy to get stuff into the country."



CUSTOMS

Spanswick recalls a curious incident which took place in the early Seventies. Some officers tracked down two rooms full of hard-core porn in a Wynyard (central Sydney) newsagency, but before they could examine it the order came from above to put it back and forget about it. The officers told Spanswick they later learned that the motive behind this directive was that the then Minister for Customs had a half share in the newsagency. Their attempts to complain had led nowhere.

The container repair company scam was perhaps the most disturbing of all. "Back in 1978–79," Spanswick recalls, "we had undercover men on the container job. They found containers had been repaired and filled with heroin. But nothing ever happened — the whole thing fizzled out, just like Nugan Hand. It seems as though someone high up designs policies to create large loopholes for the smugglers and the drug runners to walk through."

A case in point: last year airport customs officers were given new policy instructions not to body-search children below the age of 14. It's standard practice in the US to use such children as drug couriers, either by strapping the heroin or cocaine to their bodies or concealing it internally. If this is the case overseas, it's almost certainly happening in Australia. The Customs Officers' Association asked the departmental heads to change the new policy but they refused. According to Spanswick, "Since this policy came in — complete with a 28-page handbook on dos and don'ts — body searches generally have dropped by 80 percent. No wonder the drugs are flowing in." The regulations on prohibited imports have also been loosened so that bongs, bubble pipes, scales, gold razor blades and other drug users' paraphernalia have free access into Australia. This "open slather" policy seems ironic in the context of a $100 million Federal Government Drug Offensive.

Another, equally baffling case in point: recent changes to the regulations covering commercial fraud. Now, importers fined for smuggling goods or failing to pay sufficient duty are no longer subject to jail sentences. Those who are convicted and fined (say $500,000) usually contrive to strip all their assets so the fine can't be collected. Until three years ago, a jail penalty was prescribed for recidivists, so that there was some deterrent against repeated offences. But since the Customs bureaucracy deleted that penalty, according to Spanswick, "it's pointless proceeding against a company if you know they've stripped their assets. The company just goes under and they start again. This is very big money — millions of dollars that Australia is losing because of this loophole."

Yet another area open to abuse, and costing taxpayers millions in lost revenue, is the system of Tariff Classifications Orders which are issued to importers as a kind of self-regulatory scheme. When TCOs were introduced two years ago the book listing those goods which could enter the country duty-free was about a centimetre thick. Now it has ballooned to two volumes, matching the thickness of the Sydney telephone book, and it has become such a standing joke within the Service that officers refer to it as "The Irish Tariff."

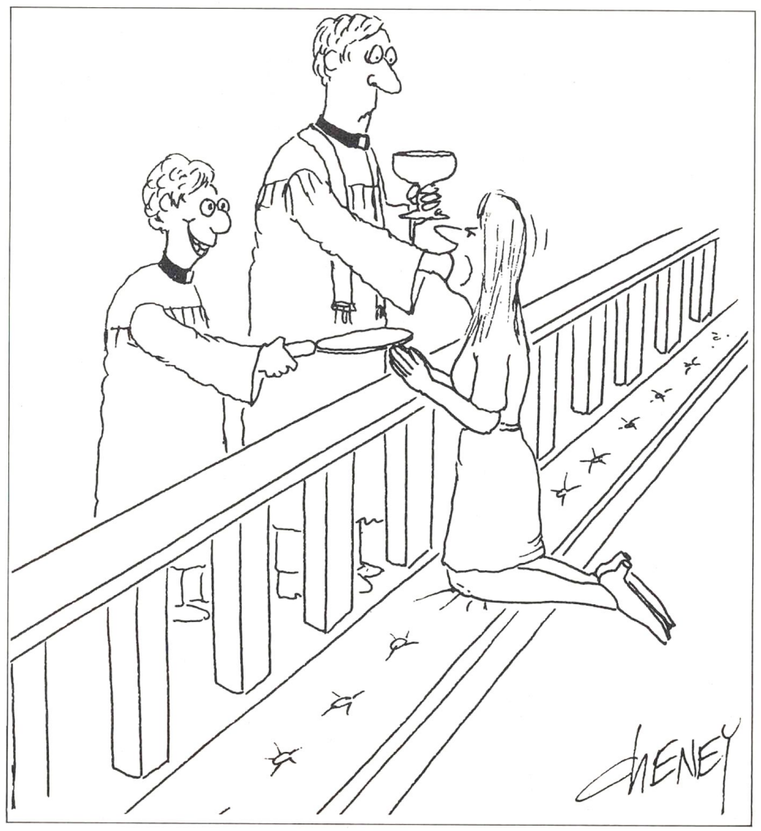
According to Spanswick, "The Service just takes the word of the companies themselves that imports come under the description of TCOs, and they're allowed in free except for a two percent administrative duty." Customs officers are appalled at this development. They regard it as a blueprint for fraud.

These problems regarding importers could hardly be more serious. Customs revenues account for $13 billion — more than 22 percent of our country's consolidated revenue. And apart from the enormous financial losses, the free ride given to importers makes a mockery of the government's latest "Buy Australian" campaign. Local industry is being smothered by people who favor the easier, more lucrative importation of goods. The remaining domestic manufacturers are then unable to compete with these importers and are forced to sack their employees and join the bandwagon rush to import. The consequences for the Australian economy and employment situation are disastrous.

The Customs Officers Association is not a lone voice in the wilderness. The other major customs union, the Administrative and Clerical Officers' Association, has often slammed the Service for its lack of resources to cope with tariff evasion and fraud. Even though it is a rival in the union field, the ACOA has backed many of Spanswick's attacks on the bureaucracy. And the Amalgamated Metalworkers' Union — one of the major unions whose members are losing jobs because of customs fraud — told the government last year it was very concerned about the high level of evasion of duty and tariffs to the detriment of local industry.

The lack of customs staff was severely criticised in a report to the ACTU last year. The report said evasion of duty had mushroomed since the devaluation of the dollar, customs staff could not cope with the flood of cases, and organised crime was becoming increasingly involved.

It's hard to come up with a rational explanation of all these clearly counterproductive policies and directives to officers — apart from corruption at a high level. Since the Internal Affairs Unit is viewed cynically by customs officers, who generally regard it as a puppet of the Ad-



PAB 2
Special Blend
COLLECTOR'S COLLECTION
Martins Filter
30
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning
THE ONLY 30'S WITH THE STYLE OF THE EIGHTIES.
RMF 172
APB 4275-C

CUSTOMS

ministration, a Royal Commission seems to be the only way to sort out the mess.

Mr Ted Pickering, Liberal Leader in the NSW Upper House, is one of the few politicians to have attacked customs corruption. Mr Pickering has repeatedly supported the Customs Officers' Association's calls for a full inquiry into such issues as customs fraud, importation of pornography, and importation of material for drug use. He claimed recently that fraud and failure to prosecute offenders "now costs Australian taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars a year."

"My informant told me that around 75 percent of shipping documentation contains an 'error', of which about 50 percent are really attempts to defraud," he told the NSW Parliament. "In New Zealand, the same problem has been totally eradicated by a system whereby after a third offence the company incurs a large mandatory fine. For a fourth offence all imported goods are seized by the Crown. Now there is no such fraud in New Zealand."

Mr Pickering told Parliament early this year that cargo theft on Sydney wharves had reached a scandalous level, but much of it went unreported. Yet, he said, the number of Customs officers patrolling the docks had droped from 39 to 12 during the past ten years.

Pickering has also made similar allegations about the removal of seized pornographic material from Queen's Bond for return to the premises. "When illegal, so called X-rated, or unclassified pornographic videos are openly on sale at Kings Cross — illegal videos which this Parliament specifically legislated to protect us from — and when diligent customs officers are not permitted to complete their investigations because of 'mysterious' removals from Queen's Bond, how can the Government seriously claim that they are making any meaningful effort to clean up the cancer of corruption in NSW?" he asked.

The Customs Service, like many government instrumentalities run by rigid bureaucrats, doesn't handle the repeated media attacks very well. Last year, Deputy Comptroller General Frank Kelly, defending the Service's record, said that in 1986 it prosecuted 56 commercial cases. Kelly said only cases involving more than $25,000 were prosecuted.

Kelly disagrees with many estimates that customs fraud rivals the notorious bottom-of-the-harbor schemes in magnitude, and that it is costing the country billions of dollars. "I don't think it's anywhere near the extent of the bottom-of-the-harbor schemes which have been uncovered. If it was, there'd be a lot more squeals from the marketplace," he says.

But Kelly has said nothing about why a customs officer convicted of narcotic offences in 1985 was allowed to keep his job, despite calls for his dismissal from his own union and senior officials; nor anything about the eventual fate of the customs officer suspended in 1985 for arranging the illegal import of Japanese cars for friends and colleagues; nor anything about an internal customs report which stated that more than two tonnes of prohibited imports, including huge amounts of pornography, were smuggled into Sydney over a period of 18 months because of the infiltration of organised crime into Sydney bond stores.

The Service's most recent attempt to persuade the public that it is willing to investigate serious allegations came early this year, when Mr Reg Benson, a senior legal officer with the Australian Government Solicitor's Office in Sydney and a former senior customs employee, wrote a savage 200-page report on the grave failings of the Service.

Because of the nature of the allegations in what came to be known to alarmed customs bureaucrats as "The Paper", a Task Force made up of senior officials from the Customs, Attorney General's and Finance Departments was set up to investigate the allegations and the numerous recommendations Mr Benson made for reform.

This inquiry had a *Catch 22* piquancy about it, for very few people had read the secret "Paper" and the bureaucracy made strenuous efforts to suppress it in Service circles. *Penthouse* had no access to Benson's report, but managed to obtain the final Task Force report published last March, which admits that The Paper made a "number of disturbing, even sensational claims of fraud against the revenue." It adds: "The author claims that the Customs Administration was unwilling or unable to combat these abuses . . ."

It concludes that "the revenue losses involved in the various schemes of avoidance or evasion described in The Paper are not of the magnitude alleged. However, we find that very large sums — many tens of millions of dollars annually — are involved . . ."

The report concedes that many of the inquiry's legislative recommendations to combat this huge fraud "accord with The Paper's recommendations" and that the relevant legislation is in "urgent need of a complete revision." The report also "expresses deep concern about the level of security on wharves and container terminals. We find The Paper's statements about missing containers is true, and it is quite possible for the number of containers that enter Australia illegally to be significantly higher."

The Task Force report says that The Paper contains no specific or general assertions of corruption of customs officers, and "accordingly the Task Force did not investigate, nor did it become aware of, or uncover any cases of corrupt actions by ACS [customs] officers."

It seems extraordinary that a so-called "review of customs" decided not to look into corruption when the Frank Malkoun allegations about being forced to drop an investigation into corruption were featuring in the ABC news and the major newspapers while the Task Force was actually sitting.

Although the Task Force report is another case of the top public service mandarins investigating themselves, with all the cronyism inherent in this practice, it does cautiously support much of what Spanswick has said about the Service's deficiencies, and makes many recommendations for reforms in policy and legislation.

Its major failure is admitted in the report's Summary: "We did not view the terms of reference as requiring us to undertake an inquiry such as might be required of a commission of inquiry . . . It did not undertake any formal investigation on its own initiative, as it was not equipped nor had the time to do so . . . It had no power to take or compel the giving of evidence."

And significantly, while it held discussions with senior officers of the Customs Service in Central Office, the Attorney General's Department, the Australian Bureau of Statistics and the Industries Assistance Commission, it failed to interview the Federal Police, who work alongside customs officers in the fight against drugs, smuggling and fraud. This reflects the hostility between customs and the Federal Police on the job, but it seems a peculiar way to properly investigate serious charges of fraud and evasion by an officer of Reg Benson's standing.

But Benson's frustration paid off to some extent. The Task Force report did at least concede that "there are significant problems with the prevention and detection of both evasion and avoidance of Customs and Excise duty and the punishment of evasion."

Now it's a case of waiting to see what reforms, if any, are put in place. But Bob Spanswick, Frank Malkoun, Reg Benson and half the Australian Customs Service won't be holding their collective breath. They've seen their best intentions shot to pieces many times by those who apparently listened but failed to act.

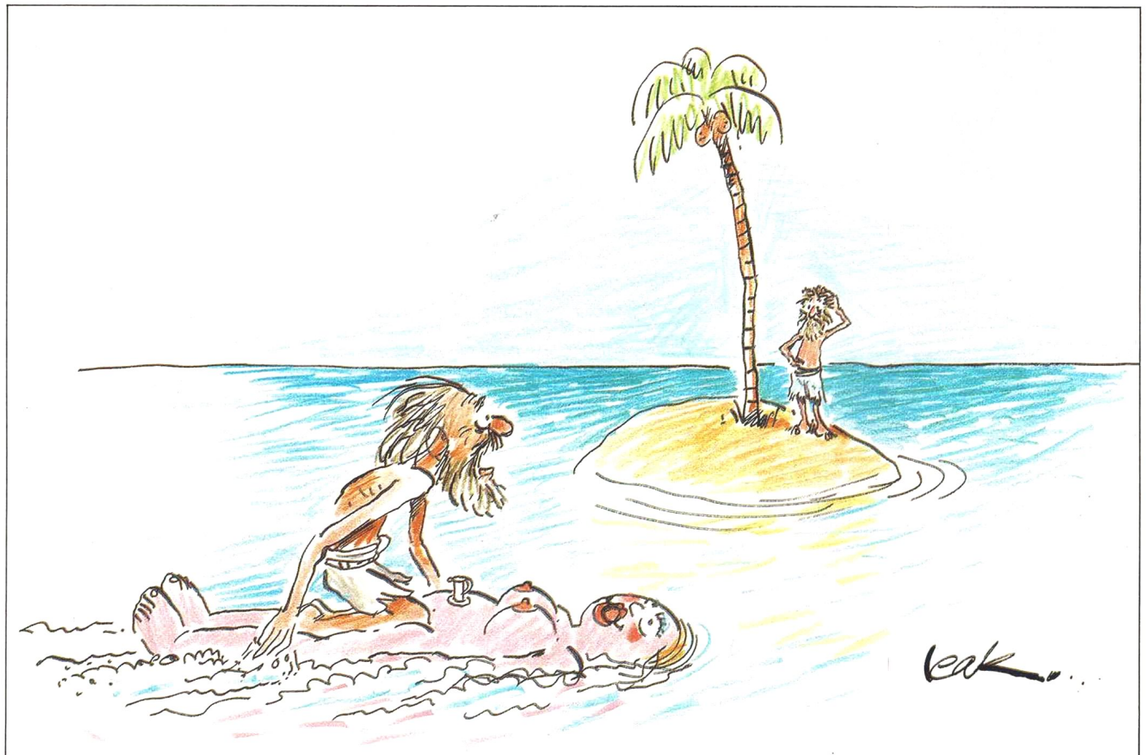
The duck shuffle performed last year on Spanswick by NSW Premier Barrie Unsworth was a classic example. Mr Unsworth asked him to prepare a confidential report on the Service's problems and promised he would urgently pass it on to Prime Minister Hawke. Spanswick happily listed many of the major areas in a lengthy document which he delivered to Unsworth on August 8, 1986, anticipating rapid action when Labor Premier and Labor Prime Minister alike read the indictment.

"I waited and waited, but then I found out that Unsworth didn't have the influence I thought he had, and I was wasting my time," Spanswick recalls.

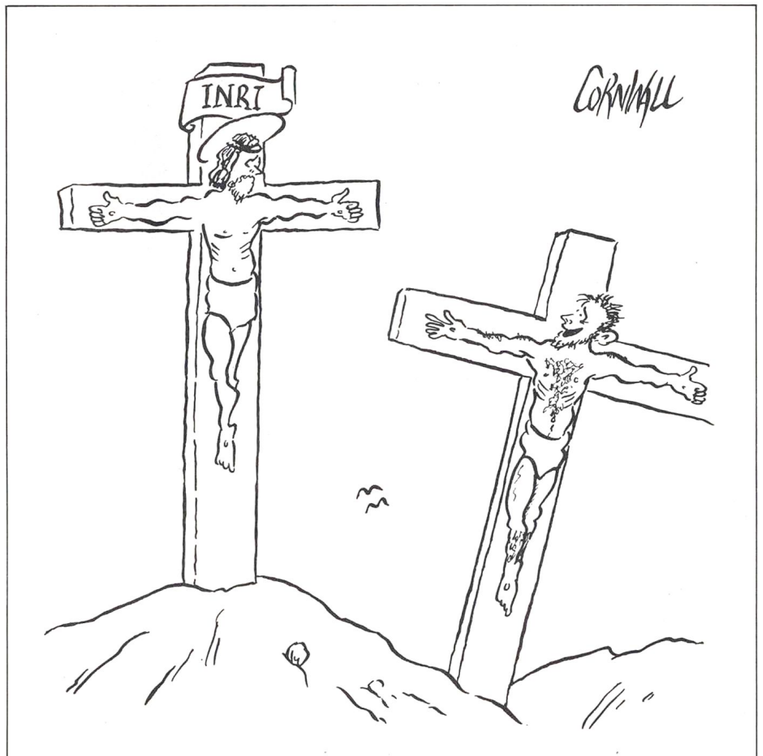
Now he has given the confidential document to *Penthouse* in the belief that media exposure is the only way the Service will ever face a real clean-up. In it he details all the areas of fraud, failure to collect revenue, mismanagement or deliberate ignorance of prohibited imports, staff shortages and corruption, and concludes: "While the Service has had some . . . successes, it has failed to create an aura of effective control. It is not seen by commercial importers-exporters or purveyors of harmful goods as a threat."

While that situation persists, the damage to our country's financial welfare is almost incomprehensibly great. To put it in some sort of perspective, consider these projections: "If the excise being evaded by illicit spirit production was collected and put back into customs, then the Service would be self-funded . . . If all the revenue (duty, sales tax) which is being evaded on car imports alone was collected the national deficit could be reduced by 12 percent. If penalties were imposed on that evasion the deficit could be reduced by almost 33 percent."

While the Australian taxpayer foots the bill for these horrendous losses, the public servants will investigate themselves yet again and the villains will laugh all the way to the pub for a customary drink with their corrupt mates.



". . . Actually I was looking for something a little more isolated."



"Cheer up. They got me for parking fines."

MOTION IN PROMOTION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THIERRY DE HERY

With energy to burn, Rebecca Northing has her eye on the fulltime pursuit of a career in theatre and film. Along the way, she says, she'd like to become known as the next Meryl Streep. "Of course, I've got a long way to go, but I thought a great way to kick things along would be to do a Streep for *Penthouse*."

With wisecracks like that, would she ever consider a career in stand-up comedy? "No, I'm too laidback to be a stand-up. Though once when I was singing for a rock band I got so worked up that when I made a leap my feet went through the floor of the platform I was on. But that was just a stage I went through . . ."

Singing, theatre and commercials have been Rebecca's proving ground. Now she is fixed on the notion of putting motion into her promotion — and realising her ambition of being directed by a Fellini or a Weir. "Playing opposite Harrison Ford, if you please."

Skyrocketing price tags and dwindling playgrounds have bogged sales of recreational four-wheel-drives

4WD: AN ENDANGERED SPECIES?

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

Now you see them . . . now you don't. It's no magician's sleight of hand. It's real. In the good old days, just a couple of years ago, four-wheel-drives were a red hot auto item. Lately, though, sales have stopped dead in their tracks. The off-road fad is officially over. Bogged.

Supply isn't a problem, not by a long shot. Paying for them is. Recreational 4WDs are a luxury item, not a necessity. They're the first to go when times get tough. In two years the prices of all vehicles have leapt 35 to 50 percent in the face of the Aussie dollar's not-so-graceful bellyflop against other currencies, notably the yen.

Other factors have affected the market. Unleaded fuel hurt the performance of many models. And governments are legislating to rob us of the opportunity of making whoopee in the great out-

PHOTO BY BILL FORSYTH/OZSPORT

4WD

doors . . . It has been an amazing change of fortunes for the purveyors of 4WDs. Let's re-cap . . .

The year, 1985. Boomtime. More than 70,000 4WD machines of all sizes and applications are sold nationally.

Twelve months on and it's 1986. Crunchtime. Sales plummet to 46,500. The sound of engines revving enthusiastically is drowned out by the noise of worry beads rattling in anguish. And '87. The picture remains bleak. Sales will sink below last year's modest tally. Projections suggest mid 30s. The shell-shocked industry, all out of ideas, is busy in search of painkillers.

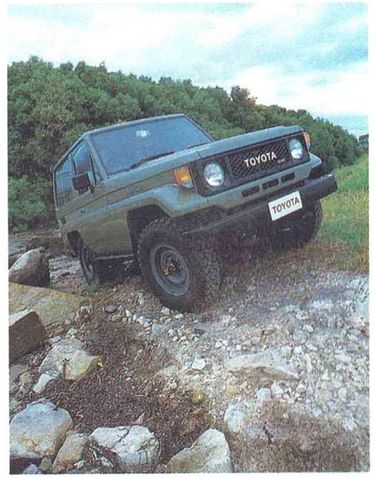
In a country such as Australia there will always be a demand for a rugged go-anywhere vehicle. In rural Oz, the symbol is not a sheep, but a LandCruiser . . .

But the fun side is going . . . going . . . The recreational 4WD market has almost done the disappearing trick. A *Picnic At Hanging Rock* routine. Sales figures haven't so much dipped but plunged into an abyss. Thiess Toyota's Margo Johnstone explains the problems in one word: price.

Recreational 4WDs — are they driving into a dead-end?

Most recreational 4WDs were traditionally a family's second vehicle. Mum used it to go shopping while dad drove the Falcon to work. And on weekends the family went pioneering in their macho machine. This was the way it was when Mitsubishi Pajeros and Nissan Patrols and Toyota LandCruisers were a reasonable $25,000.

Now, though, the LandCruiser is heading towards an insane 60 grand, and the Pajero and Patrol are 40-ish. That's a heap of disposable income to be found for a spot of fun with the kids. Suddenly a pre-owned Laser becomes mum's runabout and on dad's days off the kids learn the joys of Luna Park. The discovery tour of Mother Nature's wonderland is put on the backburner.



It's ironical that in empty Australia, a land of incomparable vastness, huge slices of the country are off limits to the motoring adventurer. No Trespassing. Keep Out. Piss Off.

No longer is the off-roader free to roam. Every state has legislation of varying impact for the protection of the environment. Every square metre of the state of NSW (with the exception of four proclaimed areas) is, by law, secure from any imagined or real ravaging by motor vehicles.

However Ms Johnstone rejects the suggestion that falling sales of recreational 4WDs can be partly blamed on environmental pressures. "It's too soon to reflect the recent legislation," she says. In any case, a surprising proportion of rec vehicle owners rarely venture off-road. Urban cowboys in their Turramurra and Toorak tractors abound.

Toyota has enjoyed a dominant share of Australia's 4WD market. Roughly half. It has concentrated on holding, even increasing, that percentage through the hard times.

Hardest hit are the mid-priced Japanese brands. Seemingly immune from market reaction to pricing are the inexpensive (Suzuki) and luxury models (Range Rover).

Suzuki's toylike Sierra has retained its popularity because, relative to a small passenger car, it's still a good buy. The top-of-the-line four-seat soft-top is priced around $12,500. That's cheaper than a low-spec GL Laser.

Says Russell Burling, from Suzuki im-

Continued on page 108

THE STATE OF PLAY

Four-wheel-drive owners who actually get their tyres muddied are in the minority. But despite the proliferation of urban cowboys who own four-wheel-drive vehicles for image rather than function, there are many Australians — usually city folk — dreaming of freedom and a landscape bereft of man-made contributions. They ache for the opportunity to swing off the beaten track in search of the great outdoors.

Finding large tracts of interesting terrain is becoming hard work in many parts of Australia. While recreational vehicle (RV) users are largely environmentally-aware, there is an increasing amount of legislation and bureaucratic interference to insure against the abuse of nature. Often, though, it comes back to common sense and the off-roaders' adage: Take nothing but photographs, leave nothing but footprints.

NEW SOUTH WALES

An almighty hue and cry went up in October 1985 when NSW introduced the seemingly repressive *Recreational Vehicles Act*, which defined the whole state as "restricted space." Taken literally, it means RVs are banned from all areas of NSW except public roads and tracks.

The government took up a club to swat a mosquito. Setting out to ban a few irresponsible kids on trail bikes, it instead produced an Act which threatened civil liberties. The reality is that the Draconian Act has never been properly enforced. It's so much hot air. The provisions and penalties are so oppressive, so contentious, that the government is studiously avoiding the inevitable outrage of a test case. Few if any people have been charged under the Act even though, technically, thousands break the law every weekend.

Four areas (one privately-owned) within NSW have been earmarked for RV use — Stockton Beach, near Newcastle, Wentworth, Crookwell and the Toyota-sponsored sand dune and trail park at Kurnell, Sydney. The rest of the State is out of bounds to all 4WD vehicles . . . in theory.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

From overkill to enlightenment . . . South Australia has no laws specifically restricting 4WD use. John Bannon's government is prepared to allow existing, more general laws to protect the environment.

Present laws protect crown land, national parks and private property from ill-treatment by 4WD RV people. Still, these laws are likely to be supplemented by new legislation carrying the working title *Sensitive Areas Act*, which, if passed, would allow the state government to protect environmentally sensitive parts of SA. The Act is expected to cover such actions as the seasonal bans on the collection of firewood and is not specifically targeting 4WDs, although controlling or prohibiting vehicles is possible under the framework.

SA's Environment and Planning Department has identified three distinct categories among recreational vehicle users. There's the enthusiast who gets a kick out of driving. And there's the transport-dependent user who drives a 4WD merely to get to an interesting destination. Finally, and this is where the most concern lies, there are those whose usage is scenery-oriented. Potential bush-bashers.

The government proposes to cater for the first type of RV enthusiast by establishing vehicle-use areas, sufficiently challenging to satisfy the primal urges of those who extract some odd satisfaction in pounding vehicle and kidneys to the point of destruction and driving into and out of regions that Burke and Wills feared to tread.

NORTHERN TERRITORY

Given the inspirational effects of Mick Dundee, it comes as no surprise to learn the Northern Territory is a popular spot for visiting 4WD-mounted explorers. Lots of uninhabited land up there.

However, much of the NT is off limits to the casual holidaymaker in search of adventure; 50 percent of the territory is Aboriginal land, and entry is forbidden without the all-important permit. The attitudes of the two land councils responsible for administering the Aboriginal land does vary. Getting official access to Arnhem Land from the Northern Land Council is virtually impossible. But the Central Land Council people say yes more often. Organisers of this year's Wynns Sydney-to-Darwin Safari were delighted to receive approaches from the Aboriginals to take the safari route into their area.

In the Territory, land that isn't Aboriginal is probably pastoral. Many stations are closed to outsiders and zealously protected following unpleasant experiences with incursors from the south.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

One in four new vehicles purchased in WA is a 4WD. Obviously the RV movement on the west coast is not insignificant so the government is probably in no hurry to take any unpopular moves against such a large lobby group.

Already in place is a *Control Of Vehicles (Off-Road Areas) Act*, the interpretation of which is beyond the capabilities of most mere mortals. What is clear, though, is the list of prescribed penalties for contravention of this very unclear Act. They range from $5 for minor infringements up to more sobering amounts above $500. Catch 22: ignorance of the law is no defence.

TASMANIA

The lot of the Tassie RV user is much less complicated. The law on vehicle use on public land is dead simple. They can be driven on made tracks and in proclaimed areas.

And the proclaimed areas are not the handkerchief-sized lots commonplace in other states. Huge tracts of proclaimed land have been set aside on the west coast. These will remain for RV use (on tracks or off) unless environmental effects — land damage, primarily — are a problem.

Another source of RV land is that earmarked for logging. The Forestry Department allows in 4WD vehicles for up to two years before the tall timbers start biting the dust. There are absolutely no restrictions. Bloody typical, say the greenies . . .

VICTORIA

Victoria's *Land Conservation (Vehicle Control) Act 1972* keeps the RVers in line. "A person shall not cause or permit a motorised vehicle to be within any area of public land other than on a road, in a parking area, or in an area declared to be a free access area." A fine of $500 awaits those who do otherwise but generally there is a spirit of co-operation with the authorities and a commendable affection for the environment. Four-wheel-drive associations agree that it's accepted that members just don't go off the made tracks.

The off-roaders recognise that conservationists are waiting to seize on any indiscretions; they're the unbadged policemen. The Victorians reckon they've got the best 4WD country in Australia and they're working hard to ensure no-one whips it away from them. They toe the legislative line and rarely buck the system.

Sometimes it isn't easy. The free access areas mentioned in the Act are hard to find. Make that *impossible* to find. There are none, according to the Department of Conservation, Forests and Land.

Driving on a Victorian beach requires a permit. Again, getting one is unheard of in the RV movement.

QUEENSLAND

Lo and behold, Sir Johannes' troops have taken some measures to protect the terrain from those who use and abuse. And we thought anti-environmental behavior was obligatory north of Tweed Heads.

Nope. A powerful and effective anti-4WD campaign, based on the deterioration of some national parks in the north of the state, has created a mood of conservation.

Lately, too, the RV people have demonstrated greater responsibility for preserving the balance of nature. (Conservationists and 4WDers have in fact joined forces to fight land abuse perpetrated by the Queensland government.)

Freedom for 4WD RVs has been progressively constricted in recent years, although the government has stopped short of a complete ban. Access to some areas has been controlled rather than halted. Biggest blow to the RV movement came with the Fraser Island legislation. Suddenly, the free and easy lifestyle of wild weekends at fragile Fraser was over.

Now you virtually require a permit to breathe, and that's not necessarily a bad move.

Traditional 4WD territory — the forestry areas — is also being legislated out of reach. Permits are necessary to enter the state forests within easy reach of Brisbane. Actually, permits have always been required by law — it's just that the regulation wasn't policed until recently. And six months' notice is often demanded.

The wonderful southern beaches are still accessible, although again a permit is needed ($50-60 yearly fee). In Queensland, indiscriminate mining and development is okay, but heaven help anyone dislodging soil or bruising a twig . . .

You are now entering the Twilight Zone of sexual fantasy

PERSONAL SERVICES

BY PETER McDONALD

I can hear footsteps. She's coming down the hall. This is it.

She enters the bedroom — and yes, just as I'd hoped, still in her school uniform — crosses the floor (I could almost reach out and touch her now) and sits at her desk with an air of grim determination. There is homework to be done. Introduction To Algebra, *Exercises 37 and 38A: Simultaneous Equations. It's hard, Angela, I know. I'm the one who set it for you.*

Hot inside this dog mask. Too bad. She might recognise me in anything less. Starting to hyperventilate — can she hear me breathe? No. The gun feels slippery in my hand. The handcuffs clink expectantly in my pocket. Time to make a move. Time for Mr McDonald, high school maths teacher and after-hours rapist, to come out of the bedroom closet. Now or never . . .

That's how my sexual fantasy begins. You will notice, as it unfolds, that it is riddled with cliche and self-indulgence. Sexual fantasies are like that. They have one other vital characteristic: they are invariably rooted in past experiences. I used to be a Maths teacher in a small country town. One of my students was a wide-eyed 15-year-old virgin (so I presumed) named Angela. I wanted her so badly it hurt.

PHOTO BY NICK BROKENSHA

SERVICES

Years later, the wreckage of a failed teaching career long since behind me, I *still* wanted her so badly it hurt. Sexual fantasies cry out for self-expression. Denied an outlet, they fester into a cancer of the psyche. I needed to expiate the demon by acting out my fantasy in living color. But how? My girlfriend had failed to evince any interest in playing the part of another (younger) female in order to be defiled by a gun-toting maniac. Who could blame her?

At the expensive end of the prostitution business there is a parting of the ways. The main branch is the high-class bordello: generally straight sex bathed in champagne and jacuzzi bubbles. Swimming pools, movie stars. The other branch — much smaller but growing rapidly — embraces the murky Twilight Zone of heavy bondage and discipline, sadism and masochism. Its stock-in-trade is black leather and lurid latex. It delivers the sting of the lash and the mark of the stiletto. It can accommodate those who want to be tied up and spat on or pissed on or shat on or threatened with surgical castration or buried alive. It comprises mostly small, unpretentious establishments that come and go, but there are exceptions.

At The Kastle in Chippendale, Sydney, run by a rather daunting character who calls herself Mistress Emma Peel, you can be hung, drawn and quartered in real Spanish Inquisition style, right down to the gold-plated shackles on your feet. Most of the equipment is hand-made on the premises to Mistress Peel's exact specifications and is available nowhere else in Australia. The Kastle boasts theatrical accoutrements for all sorts of erotic fantasies and claims to cater for any conceivable taste in both dominance and submission. But even here, as in many of the less prepossessing "B&D houses", the bottom line is: *No sex please, we're deviants.*

Salon Kitty's, in Potts Point, Sydney, straddles both of these specialised branches of the business. It makes the somewhat grandiose claim that within the constraints of safe sex practises it will construct *any* fantasy around you — including the copulatory bits — exactly as you'd pictured it in your mind, as realistically as is humanly possible. It also claims to be unique in Australia in providing such a comprehensive service. I can't vouch for that, but Salon Kitty's seemed the logical place for the villainous Mr McDonald to make his long-awaited acting debut.

As I stood behind the door which opens on to the spacious, dimly lit bedroom on the top floor of this salubrious den of iniquity, brandishing a replica of a 17th Century pirate's pistol and preparing for my attack on a mature large-breasted woman who was not by any stretch of the imagination a 15-year-old virgin, it occurred to me that on any budget short of a Cecil B. de Mille epic there would always be a significant gap between fantasy and reality. But no matter. As Hamlet said, the play's the thing.

Before you condemn me for my sordid little indulgence, imagine for a moment that you've been given the key that unlocks the door to all those desires you hide from yourself. Let your mind wander on to some of the less-travelled paths, the ones clogged and rutted with neglect. You might come across virginal schoolgirls or submissive French maids, lascivious nurses, mysterious harems, sadistic nuns, ruthless fraulein interrogators, a Cleopatra for your Antony, a Catwoman for your Batman . . .

Now imagine you've been given another key — the one that brings your darkest fantasy to life. Remember, you can take as long as you like. Time is no object. And you can do anything your evil heart desires.

Anything?

> He'll do anything he's told, but mostly he just likes to be abused by everyone who walks past.

Anything . . .

Now. I gently ease open the closet door. No sound. The gun like soap in my hand; my sneakers waterlogged with sweat. I creep across the floor — just four steps and I'm there — and now, suddenly, I snake out my arm, press the flesh of my hand into the flesh of her mouth as she tries to scream, hold her struggling body against mine, press the cold steel to her temple, and (half-choking on my own adrenalin and the guttural growl of my fake German accent) I find the words: "Ziss gun iss loaded. Make no sound. If you utter vun vord, I vill kill you. You vill do exactly as I say. Do you understand?"

A captive bird, her body flutters against mine, then falls still. She nods as the tears well in her eyes. I release her mouth, very slowly, still holding the gun to her head, then reach down to unzip my fly and unleash the bulging sceptre of my passion . . .

Before you begin a guided tour of Salon Kitty's you need to check in a few prejudices at the door. This is not a madhouse, as much as it may appear to be; it's more like a club for gentlemen who understand themselves and their own requirements very, very well.

Over here you'll see a man dressed in a slinky black lace outfit, heavily mascaraed and dripping with jewellery, lashed to a staircase so he can't escape. He's one of the house slaves. He'll do anything he's told, but mostly he just likes to be abused by everyone who walks past.

Here we have the doctor's surgery. No detail has been overlooked: the examination table, the eye chart, the surgical instruments, the specimen bottles, the hospital gowns, the enema . . . You'd be surprised, or perhaps you wouldn't, at the number of clients who fantasise about being a gynaecologist.

Adjoining the surgery is the schoolroom. There's a little red car for the schoolboys to ride around in, there's a dirty magazine under the desk for them to be caught with, a blackboard for writing lines on — and it's amazing how often they get their places wrong on the wall map, and so have to be taken down to the dungeon for some discipline.

Upstairs, in the wrestling ring, a client dressed as the Iron Sheik is about to be pinned by two vicious Amazons; on the count of three he will achieve a spontaneous orgasm. In the playpen, a beefy, hairy-chested man is playing with a rattle and sucking on a dummy as he soils his outsized nappy. He'll have to be cleaned up.

The goal, for everyone, is release. *Emotional* release. Usually the sexual aspect is secondary; sometimes it's non-existent. But in every case, the unknown is breached; the spellbinding drama of another life and another time unfolds; and as in all the modes of playacting, a catharsis is reached.

Ah, the terror in her eyes! If only she could see the terror in mine, hidden behind the absurdity of the dog mask, as I slap the cuffs on her, still pointing the barrel at her head. "Now, you vill get down on your knees und open your mouth . . ."

"I'm a virgin. Please . . ." The tears streaming down her face but she can't talk any more. Her mouth is full.

Sheer bliss. I'm losing control already — knees trembling, gun hand quivering like jelly, reaching the brink of orgasm and little Angela is doing such a fine job now under my professional tuition, almost eagerly caressing my rod with her small fingers as she gulps down the head, in and out and any second now I'm going to . . .

A knock on the door. "Angela . . ." *In that frozen moment all the world seems to cave in upon itself. The body swoons, the brain panics, the hands are in the air and the gun is on the floor . . . Angela seizes it and points it straight at my glistening cock and goes to cry out to her mother but the words don't come . . . and then, as if possessed by another voice, calm and self-assured, she turns her head to the door and says simply: "Yes, Mum?"*

"Would you like a cup of cocoa?"

"No thanks." Then, turning almost languidly back to the man in the dog mask, eyes glinting with anticipation and the hint of an evil smile on her lips, she whispers: "Everything's under control."

There are ten mistresses at Salon Kitty's, each with their own specialities. I can offer no opinion on all of them, but the three who were introduced to me were all reasonably attractive, very intelligent, and theatrical in temperament. They understand their own needs and they understand the psyche that needs to play. They will tell you that the essence of the game they play is *contact* — mental contact. It's ad lib theatre constructed around a thin plot line, and the quality of the fantasy — for both the client and the prostitute — is determined largely by the empathy between the players.

Most of what goes on in this esoteric field of prostitution falls into the general category of dominance and submission (D&S), played out within the parameters of a fantasy. The majority of the mistresses at Salon Kitty's (unlike their counterparts in most other "B&D houses") are prepared to play the game on both sides, walking the old fine line between pleasure and pain.

The dynamic in D&S (which embraces "B&D" and "S&M" but more accurately describes both those behaviors, as well as a whole range of sexual role playing games including my schoolgirl fantasy) involves the conflict between two powerful personalities. In heavy D&S the submissive has a codeword — "red" — which means: "I've had enough. I can't take it any more." It might be used after a period of intense humiliation; it might be used after continual arousal almost to orgasm, without release; or it might be a response to unbearable pain. Refusal to say "red" casts the submissive as more potent than the dominant partner.

We wince at the memory of pain, humiliation — and even titillation. There's a charge, an adrenalin hit, when that synapse is bridged. In real life the charge is magnified to the max, which raises the body's pain threshold to extraordinary levels. But how is it that everything that should be felt as pain and fear and helplessness returns to the brain as unmitigated pleasure?

A clinical psychologist answered that question this way: "The experience is heavily associated with recall of previous behavior. You might have the memory of being hit — and that was painful — but it's so heavily intertwined with the reason *why* you were hit, so you may be half-smiling at the pleasure of the event you were punished for. That's what makes for a person's strong pleasure in masochism — having in their mind the memory of something they feel very guilty about, even if they never acted it out."

What about the notion of "catharsis"? Why is it that the mere acting out of an erotic fantasy produces a profound emotional release? "Again, it will always be connected with an earlier experience. To act out the fantasy based on that experience is to confront the fear, and the thrill — followed by the catharsis — is just the same as the feeling when you jumped into the water from a high bridge when you were 14. It scared the hell out of you, but you did it anyway. You've raised the level of anxiety and stress, and anything that cranks up the brain to 7000 revs will leave you feeling tremendously relieved that you got through it."

When the chemistry is potent, when the pain/pleasure is exquisite, or when the release of tension is profound, the result can be the ultimate in safe sex: spontaneous climax. The hands-off orgasm!

Stupid mistake! Why didn't I cuff her hands behind *her back, instead of in front? "Please don't hurt me. Let me go. No-one will ever know . . ."*

"Shut up," she barks, rising to her feet. "Now, take off the mask — slowly."

Ruin! The end of a fine career! But what choice do I have? With trembling fingers I lift the mask, bracing myself for the shock of recognition.

"Mr McDonald! It's you!"

"Please try to understand, Angela. I . . . wanted you so badly. This was the only way I could have you . . . It's an obsession. Do you understand what that means?"

"Take off my handcuffs. Don't try anything. Now show me how to put them on — behind your back."

She pushes me on to the bed. The cuffs bite into my wrists. Denied its long-awaited release by a twist of fate, my cock stands at attention, jerking at the thin air in a useless quest for contact. Finish me off, Angela! Please!

No. She prefers to do a delicate little striptease, all the while fondling herself with one hand as she waves the gun barrel airily in my direction. I can't stand it!

Now, naked, she strides coolly over to the dressing table, pulls out a Polaroid instamatic (You can't do this to me!) and click! brrr, click! brrr, *snaps off a whole cartridge of the writhing handcuffed naked erect Mr McDonald . . .*

"You know what these photos mean, don't you?" she postures.

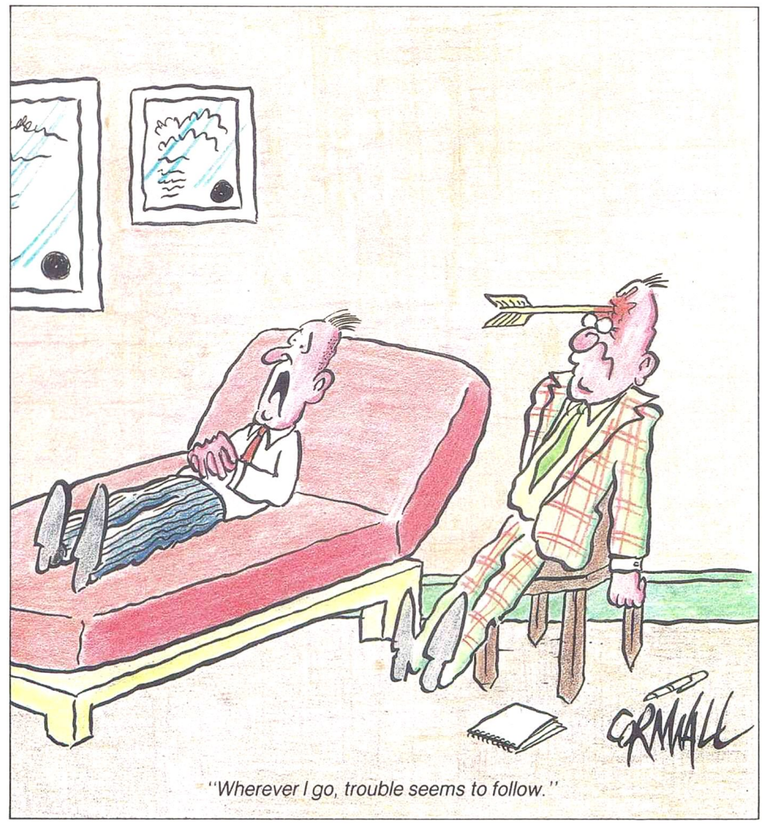
"Anything. I'll do anything you want!"

"They mean I get an A in maths . . ."

The women who cater for erotic fantasies reckon that their clients are normal people who have reached a high level of self-awareness — in other words, liberated men who are only doing what *all* men would do if they could overcome their inhibitions. This rationale allows the ladies to cast themselves as "therapists."

Our clinical psychologist concedes that we all have fantasies based on past experiences, and that "anything which takes

Continued on page 144



"Wherever I go, trouble seems to follow."

Life's tough. Then you die.

AN UNFORTUNATE LIFE

HUMOR BY RIC WEST

I suppose you could say I've had a very hard life. I was born in Sydney in 1950. Australia was a very different place then. Paddington was still working class, the ALP was called the Labor Party and it wasn't considered trendy to shoot crocodiles.

My mother wasn't married and she didn't know what to call me. She nearly named me *HMAS Melbourne* after my father.

It was tragic really. She came from the bush and she didn't understand how she had gotten pregnant. She had taken precautions. She took an oral contraceptive every morning, even though she reckoned the rubber used to taste revolting.

It took her a long time to figure out what was going wrong. By that time there were ten of us, all boys. Imagine that. A whole community where everyone else was your brother. It was like being in the BLF.

My mother tried all sorts of jobs to support us, but she never seemed to have much luck. She'd always fancied herself as a psychic so she set herself up as a medium, but she could never earn enough to keep body and soul together.

She had a number of jobs and she suffered endless sexual harassment. She just

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK

LIFE

couldn't seem to get away from it. The only boss who didn't try and take advantage of her went bankrupt, and my mother inevitably ended up in the hands of the receiver.

Privately I think she was her own worst enemy. When I was a small boy I went curtain shopping with her. I remember the salesman asking her what sort of material she wanted and her telling him she'd really like to get felt.

I think she found it a struggle feeding us all, and there were times when we felt she was trying to get rid of us. Like the day we all went into the garden to play soldiers and she gave us real guns.

We lived in a very rough neighborhood. The kid next door even shot his own parents so he could go on an orphan's picnic.

Another girl was raped in the street. She was deaf and dumb. The bloke cut her hands off so she couldn't call for help.

My mother was afraid how us kids would turn out without someone to keep us in line. She told us what we needed was a father so she started looking around for a husband. Finally she married a man she met in night school when she was learning Spanish Dance, Intermediate. He was her castanet teacher and they just sort of clicked.

It was all right for a while but then they started fighting. She used to complain about him always bringing his work home with him.

He was an undertaker.

They finally split up when he had an affair with one of his clients.

A few months later my mother married again. His name was Jock and he was from Glasgow. When he came to live with us he treated us kids as if we were his own — beat us up every night, screamed abuse at us, that sort of thing.

Jock was a dreamer. He had all sorts of crazy money-making schemes. He tried to patent a design for pay bedpans, and a pre-dented car for women drivers. He once had high hopes for an air-conditioned sauna bath.

He was a very vain man. I don't know how my mother stood it. He loved the sound of his own voice. Even when he was making love, he had to talk to my mother the whole time. By telephone.

His conceit led to his downfall. One day he finally struck on a money-making scheme that actually worked. He managed to perfect a way to forge twenty-dollar notes, but police tracked him down after only two days. All the notes had his own picture on them.

He was Scottish right to the end. He died soon after he came out of jail and his last request was to be planted within sound of the pipes. So we buried him under the sink.

I was never a good student. Once our teacher asked us to write an essay on the reproductive organs of a frog. I tried but I just couldn't manage it. The damn thing kept hopping away.

Then when I was 12 I got into glue-sniffing. We started off on the soft stuff . . . you know, sticky tape, paper clips, that sort of thing. Then we graduated to Mister McGloo and Blue Tack. I ended up with a three tile adhesive a day habit.

Then one of my mates suggested we get on to exhaust fumes. I did it for a while but I gave it away. It was bloody exhausting chasing after cars on your hands and knees.

My mate got addicted and ended up with brain damage. A Kingswood reversed over his head while he was having a toke.

Soon after I left school my mother disappeared. It was strange really. She was working for the Missing Persons Bureau at the time. The police think it might have been an inside job.

> The sarge was a cruel man. The sort of bloke who'd take Stevie Wonder to a Marcel Marceau concert

My first job was as an errand boy for ABC television. On my first day there I had to rush down to the shops and get two pounds of potatoes for Molly Meldrum. I thought it was a pretty good deal but the greengrocer wouldn't swap.

I got sick of the job pretty quick — they were always telling me to run out into the street and get another program planner — so one day I saw an ad in the paper for a trainee yoga instructor. I went along and told them I could do the job standing on my head.

It worked out well for a while but then I got sick of that too. Yoga students expect you to bend over backwards for them. In the end I told my North Shore class to take their lotus position and shove it. They did and half of them ended up in hospital.

After that I joined the Railways. They gave me a job as an arc welder, which I thought was pretty strange as the railways don't have boats. I ended up in the canteen, soldering the crusts on the Chiko Rolls.

Then the government introduced conscription. They asked me if I wanted to go and kill the nation's enemies. I said sure, give me a gun and a couple of grenades and I'd be glad to.

I thought they were sending me to Canberra. I couldn't believe it when I got out of the plane in Saigon. I didn't know there was an ALP in that part of the world.

They told us we had to kill Vietcong. To put it in its historical perspective, you have to remember this is back in the early Seventies — when the Vietnamese were still in Asia.

Our company sergeant major was a real hard case. Ate Vegemite with a spoon. Shaved with his fingernails.

He was a cruel man. You could see it in his eyes. The sort of bloke who'd take Stevie Wonder to a Marcel Marceau concert.

Ugly bastard too — rumor had it that when he was born they threw away the baby and kept the afterbirth.

Vietnam was a crazy place. Sometimes I used to lie in my tent at night and listen to the groaning and screaming coming from the hospital. It was terrible. The doctors just never left those nurses alone.

There was nothing to do in the camp. Occasionally we used to play cards — Dolly Parton pontoon. You needed 52 to bust.

It was in Vietnam that I first got introduced to drugs. The whole American army was stoned. They didn't just snort cocaine. They put it on grenade launchers and fired it up their noses. On patrols they used to deliberately walk into trees . . . "Hey medic, I stubbed my toe. Gimme more of that morphine!"

One guy melted down his helmet and smoked it with a bazooka. Three-time veterans used to snort napalm.

I mean, the heroin over there was just incredible. It was so pure it still had bits of stalk and petals in it.

The food was something else. The Vietnamese made this stuff called *nuoc nam* — it was like a really pungent fish sauce. Actually it was just ordinary white sauce but they let their women bathe in it.

I lost my virginity in Saigon. It was in a bar. I got picked up by this really big Chinese bar girl. She took me upstairs to this dingy room, took all her clothes off and said "Ten dollars."

I got out a 50. "Jesus," she said. "Haven't you got anything smaller?"

"That's a coincidence," I told her. "I was about to ask the same thing."

Every two weeks they sent us out on patrol. It was bloody murder. We had this American negro with us. A real cool dude. One day we were walking through the jungle and a machine gun opened fire. "Everybody get down!" the sergeant yelled. And the negro started dancing.

The sergeant. Well, he was something else. Didn't know what fear was. Christ, he had guts. He used to volunteer us for every dangerous mission, take us on the oper-

Continued on page 134

TRACY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN

HEAT TREATMENT

Even against the backdrop of these winter shades, 20-year-old Gold Coaster Tracy Wynters hopes to kindle a little heat for *Penthouse* readers — thus turning the winter's Big Chill into a bigger thrill. "I'm happiest when I'm trying to make other people happy," she says, "which is what modelling's all about. Only I think you have more opportunity for giving pleasure the *Penthouse* way . . ."

"Nude work is far more creative than other fashion styles," says the impossibly sweet Tracy, who's now experienced in both. "And both are more exciting than PR work. It's hard to explain to someone who's never done it how tiring smiling can be. But I really enjoy myself in front of a camera."

Tracy's never been the sort of person to sit at home all the time. She's a down-to-Earth go-getter who's gone and got it. Yet the conventional round of social fixtures is not for her. She'd prefer a quiet restaurant or dinner party to the Gold Coast nightclub scene.

"I haven't had too many relationships," she says, "though I'm convinced they are the way to go. Still, there's no rush for me. I'm content mixing and meeting for a while. I'll be biding my time."

Whatever happens, she'll be keeping busy. Tracy will be found either riding or training horses, enjoying a flutter at a casino or at the races, or dancing to one of her favorite female rock stars' music. Or, you won't find her — she'll be out on some secluded beach giving herself the heat treatment.

BY VINCENT COPPOLA

THE COKEVILLE HORROR

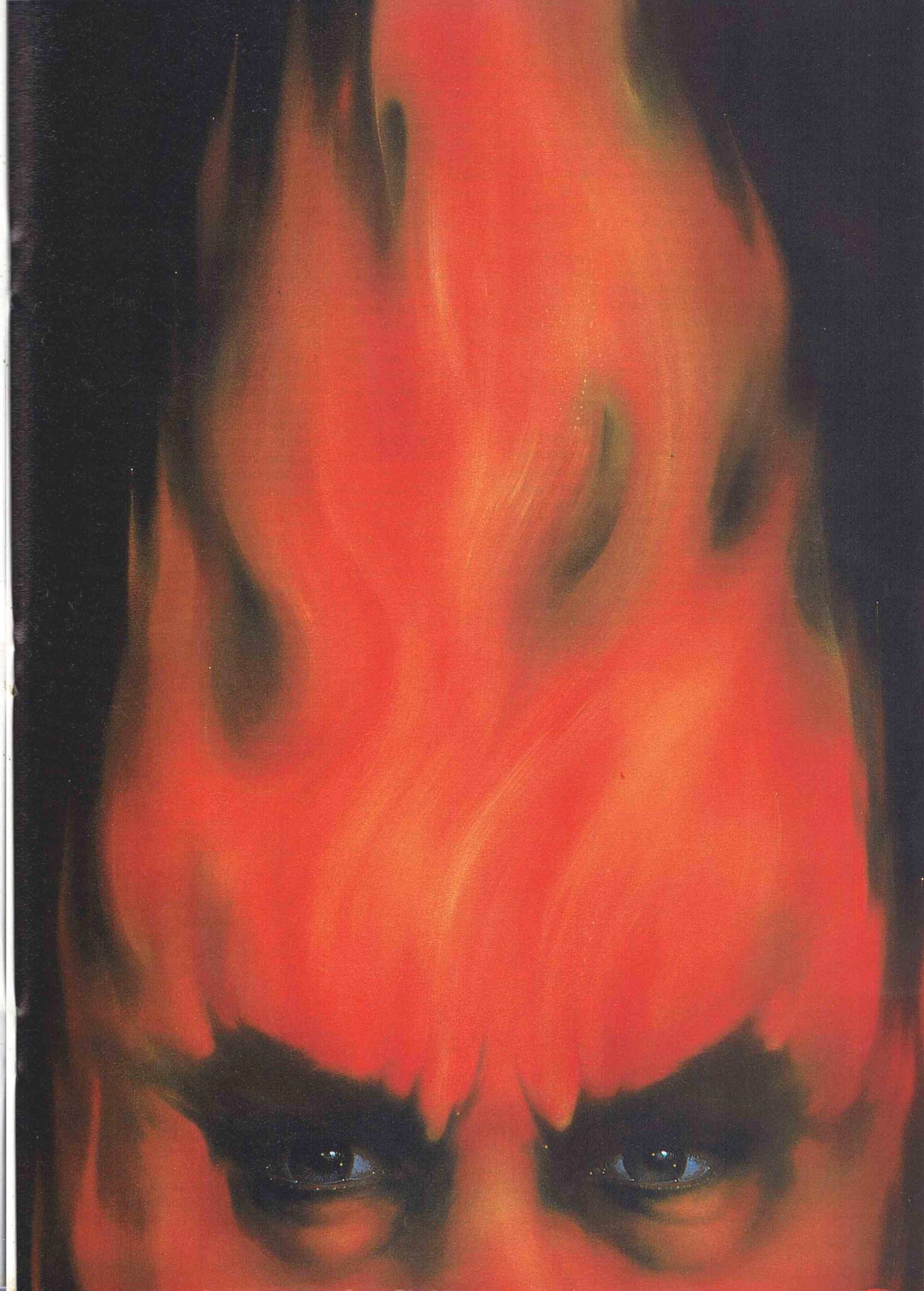
One man's vision of redemption and revenge became a small town's nightmare

At night, the children of Cokeville USA dream of fire and smoke. By day, they ride their bikes down Main Street in the bright Wyoming sunshine — until the shadow of a stranger crosses their path. Then they are carried back to that crystal-clear day in May of '86 when the Stranger walked into their school and changed their lives forever.

They are quiet children. And secretive. They look at outsiders with darting, feral eyes. This is the work of the Stranger, David Gary Young. He was a thief. He came to rob Cokeville of its only treasure: its children. A pied piper of terror, he planned to kill them all. He died instead, but he ripped from every child a precious innocence: the notion that the world is sane and orderly . . . that grown-ups are to be trusted, not feared.

Like all terrorists, Young believed he served a higher cause. A self-styled philosopher, his life's work was the reduction of all knowledge to one equation: "Zero equals infinity." Nothingness was the key. He believed in reincarnation. Death was a portal through which he would pass to a higher existence. He came to save Cokeville's children from the corrupt influence of their parents and teachers. He loved them.

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO



HORROR

The philosophy didn't matter. That it came out of the barrel of his gun was compelling enough. In Young, the secret dread of every American law-enforcement agent was realised. A random terrorist attack is unstoppable. Who knew better? Young had been a Cokeville policeman in 1977. College educated, a police academy graduate, he had also worked as a law officer in Nebraska, Idaho and Wyoming.

In Cokeville, Young had seemed more clown than killer. Hired by Mayor John Dayton to police the tiny ranching town, population 550, Young liked to strut down Main Street wearing a flat-brimmed Stetson and two pearl-handled, long barrelled revolvers strapped to his legs. "Wyatt Earp," decided the old-timers. Giggling, the children called him "Dudley Doright", after the bumbling cartoon Mountie. He lasted five months. Dayton remembers David Young as a "kook who couldn't look you in the eye. You couldn't pin him down." Says Dayton: "He'd stand there at the old Stockman Hotel spinning those guns. He didn't spin them for long. I fired him."

Though married, Young spent much of his time in Cokeville pursuing a fading country-and-western singer named Dorris Waters, known as Dorsie. Her dreams of fame and fortune had soured into an occasional gig at Cokeville's Red Dog Cafe and Saloon. Talented, but unstable and insecure, Dorsie found the strong-willed, confident lawman irresistible. For the second time in her unhappy life, she abandoned her five children. They left together on his motorcycle—the desperate, doomed housewife and the skinny hawk-nosed stranger who promised her a brave new world.

Young and Dorsie were married in 1978. Somehow, Young won custody of his two teenage daughters from a previous marriage, Princess and Angela. Dorsie got to play mother a third time. Guilt-ridden, she also tried to patch things up with her own family; David, demanding total loyalty, objected. At times, it was a normal, seemingly happy household — with kids and pets, Dorsie's home-cooking, travel and camping trips. Young, an avid gun collector and trader, had like-minded friends all over the country. He was an enthusiastic photographer and naturalist, more at home with wildlife than with the second-rate human beings he saw all around him.

"He was the first to admit he was terribly intelligent," says Dorsie's daughter, Bernie Peterson, a Cokeville resident. "He had his own ideas about how the world should work. He could run the government, get the best gas mileage, shoot a gun with the greatest accuracy. Only he knew right from wrong. In his mind, he was all-important. People would listen just to humor him. He'd get angry: 'I have so much to tell you and you're not listening!' "

Nobody listened. The anger turned inward, inflamed by a diagnosis of diabetes. The *Ubermensch* ("I am God" is scrawled inch-high in one of his diaries) was proving sadly mortal. "He was frustrated," says Peterson. "Day-to-day things got him. If the phone wouldn't work right, he'd tear it apart. It wasn't that he could put it together. He'd just leave it there. Leave the phone in pieces."

He put in seven bitter years in the phosphate mines near Soda Springs, Idaho, as a heavy-equipment operator. A man who, in his own mind, walked with Socrates and Plato, and had scawled "philosopher" as his occupation on the mining-job application, deserved more than this. It was there, in the choking dust and heat, that the Cokeville horror began to crystallise in Young's brain. He called it the "Biggie." The word appears again and again in Young's writings. It becomes a constant nagging refrain in his conversations. Details are always kept hidden, but the Biggie will be Young's redemption—and his revenge. A cataclysmic act that will shock the world into recognising his soaring genius. The first reference appears in 1981; he will be famous in just a few years.

On the surface, he appeared normal—working, attending gun shows, reading, travelling. The arrogant, manipulative braggart who boasted of having an IQ of 180 could also be charming and considerate—provided you didn't disagree with him. "You could have 20 facts and you couldn't convince him," says Bernie's husband, Brent Peterson.

Young revealed himself only in his writings—and even there, sparingly. He was a compulsive diarist. Investigators have turned up dozens of notebooks, trip logs, journals — thousands of pages — running back to 1959. Everything — Young's philosophical meanderings, his gas mileage, the food he ate, his bowel movements, the number of times he had sex, with whom and how — is painstakingly recorded in his tight scrawl. Among the papers: a plastic bag containing a used condomed labelled: "Margaret 1963."

In 1982, Young dropped out. The family moved to Tucson, Arizona. Dorsie supported her husband working as a housekeeper. David, bearded and unkempt, spent his days wandering in the desert scavenging for brass cartridges he'd reload to shoot or sell. The call from the White House or the UN asking him to sort out the world's problems never came. So he focused on the Biggie.

His first choice was an assault on a 747. A 1979 journal reveals Young wanted to attack a commercial airliner—a "747 . . . by myself . . . with a few good people," he wrote. The plan was dropped, perhaps because of security and logistical problems.

It was then that David Gary Young, 40, fell desperately in love. The object was a blue steel .45 revolver customised especially for him by United Sporting Arms, the serial number of which, DGY-1, contained his initials. As a child, Young was rarely photographed without a weapon in his hand. He had owned hundreds of guns, each with its serial number recorded as carefully as a lover's phone number. Like Young, DGY-1 was special: brutal, blunt, and deadly. In the diaries, the gun is sometimes Young's alter ego. Or his penis. Othertimes, it is a companion, a confidant. Young talks to it. DGY-1 answers, its roar echoing through desert canyons.

Dorsie was not to be trusted. In her mid-40s, she could still turn a few heads in honky-tonks and saloons. She liked to drink. She had stepped out on him a few times. Young forced her to make amends by bringing him two girls for each transgression. He worked her hard. He raged if she gained a pound. She was tired. The Biggie scared her. She didn't like the way Young sometimes looked at his maturing daughters. "She'd swear 'I'm gonna leave that man,' " remembers daughter Bernie. "But there was always a new excuse. 'He's sick. The girls.' She knew if she left David, he'd get control of his daughters. She didn't want that."

Young's 1986 diary is titled "Year of the Biggie." It is a year of changes. In January, his 16-year-old daughter Angelina moves out; Princess announces she is getting married. Young spends more and more time in the desert working out details of the Biggie. *Improvised Munitions*, a how-to book on explosives, gives him precise instructions for making a bomb "ideal for the destruction of enclosed areas such as rooms or buildings." A trial detonation works perfectly. Fixated, he reads the Sixties counterculture classic *Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance* again and again. He can't sleep. Nothingness and his brave new world beckon.

On January 22, he writes that the Biggie is an "awesome responsibility," but his diary records a terrifying normalcy—an endless round of yard sales and social calls, hunting for cheap gas, and "yummy" salad bars. Dorsie writes postcards; David scans the heavens for Halley's Comet. Things begin to accelerate; his entries become rushed and breathless. "I'm down on everything . . . in this culture," he writes. "I must go where I'm going."

In March, they leave on what Young calls the "CC & BB," a coast-to-coast, border-to-border farewell trip. He brags to relatives and friends about the money and fame the Biggie will bring. "I knew he was capable of something horrid — maybe rob a bank," says Bernie Peterson. "But not a terrorist act."

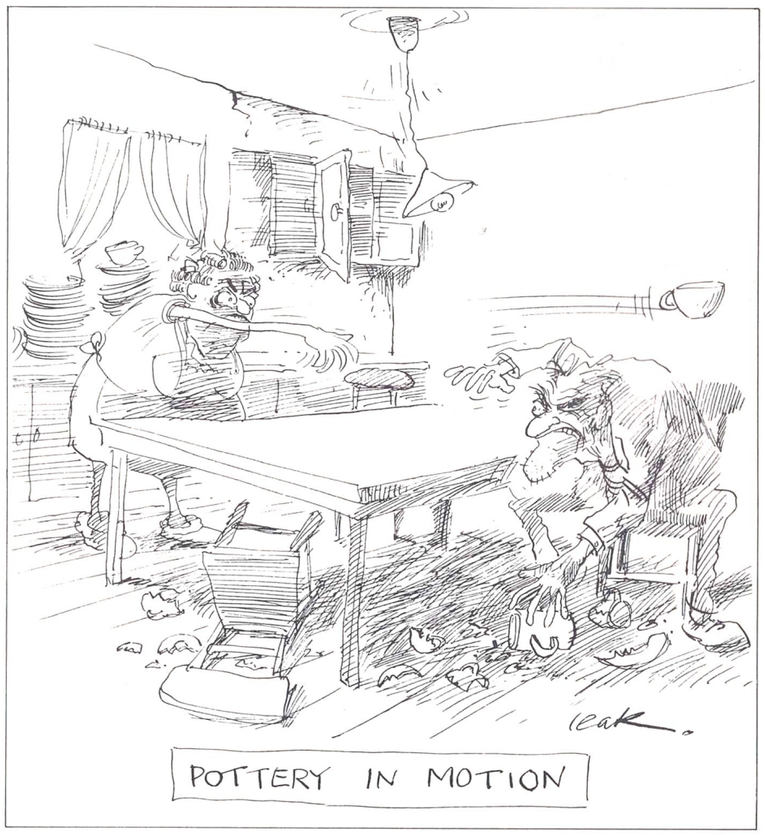
Without mentioning details, David convinces three friends — Doyle Mendenhall, Gerald Deppe, and Bob Harrison—to join him. On April 29, he awakes screaming. Voices are telling him to "get on with it." On May 5, he rents a Toyota van to use in the attack. Young is suddenly nervous. "Probably I'd have backed out . . . but Dorsie's calm insistence that I keep my shit together saved the day."

On May 7, Dorsie writes, "D & I made love last time as husband and wife. Friends from now on. Changes." Young is having similar thoughts: "This is the end of our marriage and our contract and it is sad, too. I look at house and things, knowing some I'll never see again."

A target for the Biggie is finally selected: Cokeville Elementary School.

On Tuesday, May 13, Young and his assault team — Dorsie, Princess, Mendenhall, Deppe, and Harrison, still in the dark about exactly what Young's plan entails, arrive at the Red Dog Cafe. Watches are synchronised. His last entry is May 14: "And the plot thickens . . ."

Friday, May 16, 1:15 pm. Rocky Moore's mind was concentrated more on the bright spring sunshine and the weekend ahead than the small cluster of people outside the principal's office. His class was at band practice. He was hurrying, moving audiovisual equipment down the corridor of Cokeville's modern elementary school. He nodded to school secretary Tina Cook and figured the other folks were parents. The shopping cart loaded with boxes probably belonged to the UPS driver standing



there.

"Some guy, some boxes," shrugs Moore. "I didn't think anything about it. I got six steps past him when he says, 'Rocky, get over here.' I said, 'You gotta be kidding.' I wanted to go to my classroom. No dip was gonna tell me what to do." David Young, dressed in Levi's, a work shirt, and a black vest, waved a .22-calibre pistol. Moore saw two other guns, a .44 and DGY-1, cradled in a shoulder holster. "He said, 'Rocky, this is a revolution. I'll kill you right here.'"

Two plastic containers filled with gasoline were in the shopping cart. Blasting caps wired into tins of gunpowder and aluminium powder were connected to a clothespin and six-volt battery. The clothespin was the trigger. A stick wedged between its "jaws" was tied to Young's wrist. A "dead man's switch." Should he be shot or assaulted, his fall would pull the stick free, snapping the clothespin shut. Two screws in its tip would make contact, detonating the bomb. Young had done his homework. The simple device could blow the roof off the school. He could not be stopped.

The group, including principal Max Excell, the UPS driver, and a luckless job applicant, moved to Jean Mitchell's first-grade classroom. Young wheeled the cart into the centre of the room. Desks were pushed into the corridor. Dorsie rounded up the rest of the students. The kids were excited, crowding into the room, expecting a hunter-safety demonstration. Seeing their teachers' faces, they grew confused, then frightened. "You've got enough kids in here," challenged Moore. "Who are you? What do you want?" Young calmly cocked the .22 and put it between Moore's eyes. "He said, 'We don't need any dead teachers.' I knew then that we were definitely in trouble—especially me."

Minutes earlier, Princess had fled in the van. "Get the hell out of here," Young snarled. "I don't need you anymore." He didn't need anybody. Bob Harrison had left two days before. Mendenhall and Deppe, finally learning the details of the Biggie, refused to have any part in it. Pointing a gun at their heads, Young handcuffed them in the back of the van. No getaway car was necessary;Young wasn't going anywhere. A brave new world awaited him.

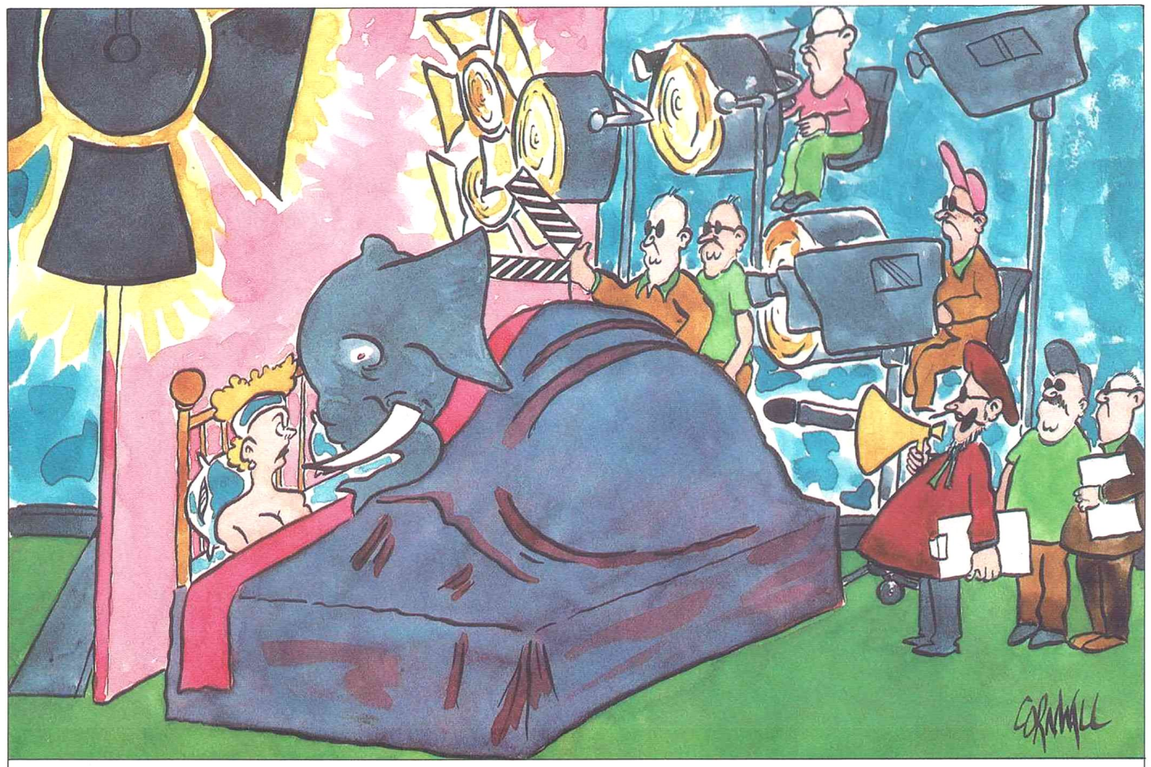
Hysterical, Princess drove two blocks to Cokeville's town hall. "Where's the cop? I need a cop," she screamed. Town clerk NaDene Dana looked at the spare, distraught teenager, thinking drug overdose. "My dad has taken the school hostage. He's got bombs!" Dana walked outside and saw the two whimpering men. She ran gasping to the phone.

Seventy kilometres away in the Lincoln County Sheriff's office, Earl Carroll took the first garbled call. A hard-boiled, experienced lawman, Caroll assumed the "man-and-wife dispute at the school" was another custody quarrel. The second call—hostage situation—pumped ice water through his guts. He drove to Cokeville in 18 minutes.

Local radio stations intercepted the police transmissions. Terror crackled through the community. A mob of parents rushed to the school; Carroll struggled to hold them back. SWAT and emergency medical teams were scrambled. Bernie and Brent Peterson were in a nearby town picking up a load of hay when Bernie heard the radio reports. She knew Young was in Cokeville. "Oh no, he wouldn't!" she moaned. Word flashed to the networks and wire services. The world was becoming aware of the Biggie.

An hour had gone by. More than 160 students and teachers were packed into the classroom. The heat was stifling. Gasoline was leaking from the containers. "The smell was overpowering," says Moore. "Kids were crying . . . shaking uncontrollably. Some were throwing up. A lot were asking, 'Why is he doing this? What's going to happen?'"

Young taped a square on the floor in the centre of the room. He sat on a table inside the box, the bomb next to him. "Think of it as a magic square," he told the children. "If you cross the lines, I'll kill you." He wouldn't talk to negotiators. He'd been a cop. He knew how they talked and bargained and spoiled things. He forced principal Excell to communicate his demands to the mayor's office: $300 million plus a direct line to President Reagan.



"Just act naturally."

At the town hall, Earl Carroll was growing desperate: "There was no way to get him out of there. No way to stop him. He said if anybody approached the school, he'd start shooting kids . . . Grown-ups didn't have any aesthetic value to him at all."

Dorsie handed out coloring books to Fawna Eastman and the other first-graduates sitting on the floor near the bomb. She moved around the room; David never left his table. He sat back, checking his weapons, admiring what he had wrought. Waiting, Dorsie and the kids sang "Happy Birthday" to one of the students. "Think of this as a great adventure you'll tell your grandchildren," she suggested. Rocky Moore wondered. Young kept mentioning an island . . . he was taking the kids to teach them the right values.

The Biggie entered its second hour. Young allowed the first-floor classroom's two windows to be opened. Students were gagging on the gasoline fumes. "The kids were crying, 'Where's the police?' " says Moore. " 'My momma's gonna come. He'll get my momma!' " The younger children hoped the stranger would leave when the school bus came to take them home.

Dorsie was frazzled. The exhilaration of the first moments had worn off. The kids were noisy. They cried. They stood staring at her. Young rose to use the bathroom. He handed Dorsie the string attached to the bomb's detonator. As he entered the tiny room near the rear door of the classroom, teacher Jean Mitchell attempted a nervous joke: "You'll die when you get in there."

Dorsie ordered "quiet time." She was having trouble concentrating. She turned to speak and, in that motion, jerked the string. The bomb ignited. Earl Carroll heard the whoosh of the explosion through the telephone. Carroll raced for his car, one thought in his mind: kill David Young.

Orange flame roared to the ceiling. The room filled with choking black smoke. Teachers drove the children, screaming and stumbling, through the doors. Moore and kindergarten teacher Kim Kasper were shoving students out the windows. "Kids were jammed into the window frame," says Moore. "I had to pull them back in to clear it. Shells were going off. I thought, Jesus, he's shooting the kids . . . I know he's got a slug for me."

It never came. David Young burst out of the toilet, a pistol in each hand. Calmly, he shot and wounded teacher John Miller, then went to find his wife. Dorsie, burned and blackened by the flames, staggered across the room. Young reached for her, putting the barrel of the .44 behind her right ear. He fired, blowing her brains on to the ceiling tiles.

Carroll reached the school as the children, many with their hair and clothes smouldering, streamed into the roadblocks. "I remember their faces were all black, except for white tear marks," he says. Fawna Eastman ran right past the police and medical teams to her home. She thought Young was behind her.

Carroll and another officer dived into the building, crab-crawling through the smoke to the classroom. Small-calibre ammunition in the shopping cart kept popping. Carroll didn't hear the deeper boom of the .45. He found David Young sprawled by the toilet in a pool of congealing blood. DGY-1 was clutched in his hand. The bullet entered under his chin and knocked out a three-inch piece of his skull. He didn't die instantly.

More than 75 students were rushed to hospitals; 35 were treated for burns and smoke inhalation. Five, including seven-year-old Fawna, who suffered severe burns on her arm, back and neck, were seriously injured. Fawna spent two weeks at the University of Utah International Burn Clinic in Salt Lake City undergoing skin grafts. Young still pursues Fawna in her dreams.

The bomb squad found two of the blasting caps intact. Leaking gasoline had soaked the aluminium powder, preventing the device from detonating properly. "The bomb didn't explode; it ignited," says Hartley. "Had it exploded, it would have taken the walls down." A devout Mormon, he sees a higher presence at work. "All that gas . . . 150 kids packed in that room, and only burns? The only two that die are the perpetrators? That's got to tell you something."

Burns and bruises heal; psychological scars are deep and enduring. At town meetings, parents, children, and teachers, supported by friends and neighbors, struggled to control the rage and terror. They prayed together in their churches. "These feelings were legitimate," says psychologist Nohl Sandall. "We wanted them to know people were on their side."

Sandall went a step further. Just days after the blast, he led the victims back into the ruined classroom. Smoke and flame had discolored the walls; Dorsie's blood stained the carpeting. Yet, here and there was a book, bag or lunch box a child could recognise and retrieve. "They came out in a state of panic," he says. "It was important to go back in and re-establish ownership. The fact that there were still things in there that could be used began to replace the horror."

David and Dorsie were cremated. "Paranoid, schizophrenic; delusional systems," pronounced the psychologists, trying to explain Young away. "Terrorist," say the townspeople. "Monster."

Though warped, Young was a creature of his age. He wanted fame. He was bored. "We come to do this," he wrote, "for something to do in nothing and infinity."

A hot-air balloon takes hang-gliding bravado to new heights

HIGH DIVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CRAWFORD

When hotshot Sydney photographer Peter Crawford heard the voice on the other end of the phone, he knew he was in for it. "Meester Crawford," said the voice, laden with thick Brazilian overtones. "Meester Crawford, I have a project for you!"

Peter recognised the voice immediately. It was his South American hang-gliding buddy, Manoel Navarro, in Australia for the world hang-gliding championships at Mt Buffalo in Victoria; and if Peter knew anything of Manoel, this "project" would be a serious doozy.

Little did he know about the photos he'd be bagging — shots that many in the hang-gliding fraternity have been calling world firsts.

Manoel had rolled into Australia with the Brazilian hang-gliding team, but he hadn't stayed with them for long. Captain Pepe Lopes had shoved the former architecture student with the wealthy engineer father way down the list of flyers, and Manoel was less than impressed. He took his gliders and walked out of Mount Buffalo, other plans already hatching in his head.

Peter calls Manoel "very down to earth, very cool and calculating, not like your run-of-the-mill Brazilian." For what Manoel had planned, he needed all the calculating cool he could get.

The world championships had been only one of Manoel's reasons for an Australian visit. As far as he was concerned, he had a more important scheme — the "project" he'd called Crawford about. It involved Manoel perfecting a gliding technique known as balloon launching, in which the glider and pilot are attached to the underside of a hot-air balloon and hauled way into the sky before a gut-wrenching re-

lease. In this way, the glider can begin his glide from thousands of feet up, breaking glider height records as he increases his skill, and blowing his own mind with the terrific rush of that initial free-fall charge.

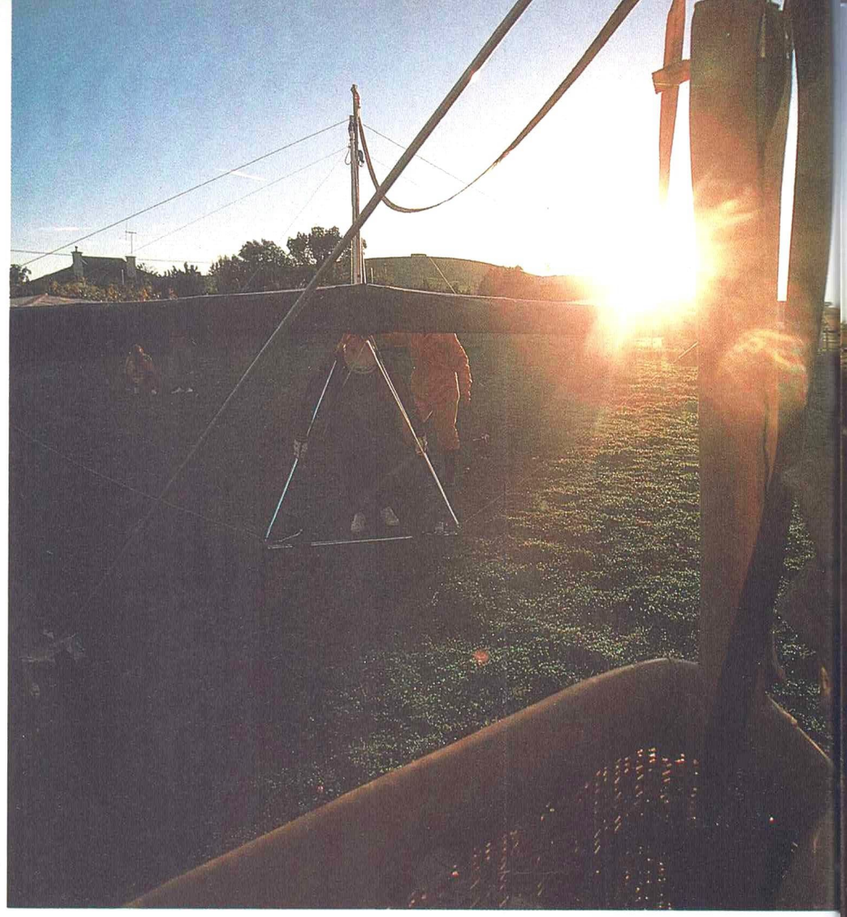
The technique, first developed by the legendary father of hang-gliding, Bill Moyes, sounds simple enough. Deceptively so. First, you have to find the right balloon pilot. Peter and Manoel passed up dud after dud before they found Bob Dixon, of Dixon Airborne Adventures. Bob lives at Canowindra in central NSW, the Aussie ballooning capital thanks to its flat surrounds and marvellous still airs. He is a flight steward with an international air carrier, and is one of only three Aussie balloonists to have sailed over the magic 30,000-foot mark.

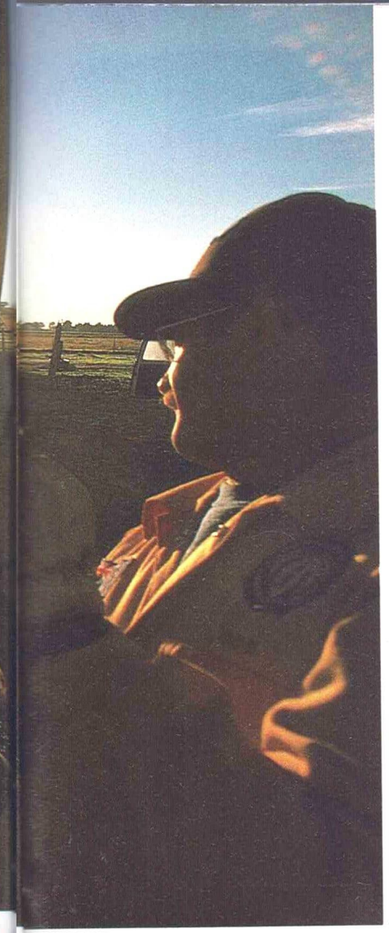
Second, you need to start early, early, early. This is because balloons and hang-gliders are actually a less than compatible combination. Gliders look for the warmth of the day, the thermals and air currents that help them stay up and soaring. But balloons are the opposite.

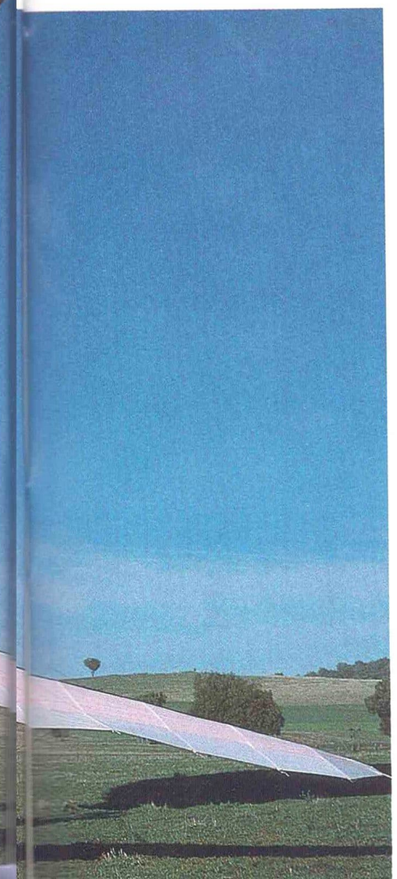
If it gets hot while you're up there in a hot-air balloon, late-morning central NSW-style hot, you run the risk of pressures inside and outside the balloon equalising. Goodbye, lift. Goodbye, balloonists. Invariably, when people die in balloons they do so after nine o'clock in the morning.

Third, for the glider pilot there are new and interesting levels of fear to be faced. Jumping off a cliff face with a nice breeze blowing up under your wings is one thing; dangling helplessly beneath a balloon basket at the mercy of the pilot (even a good one like Bob) and praying for enough height so you can release if something ridiculous happens, is another.

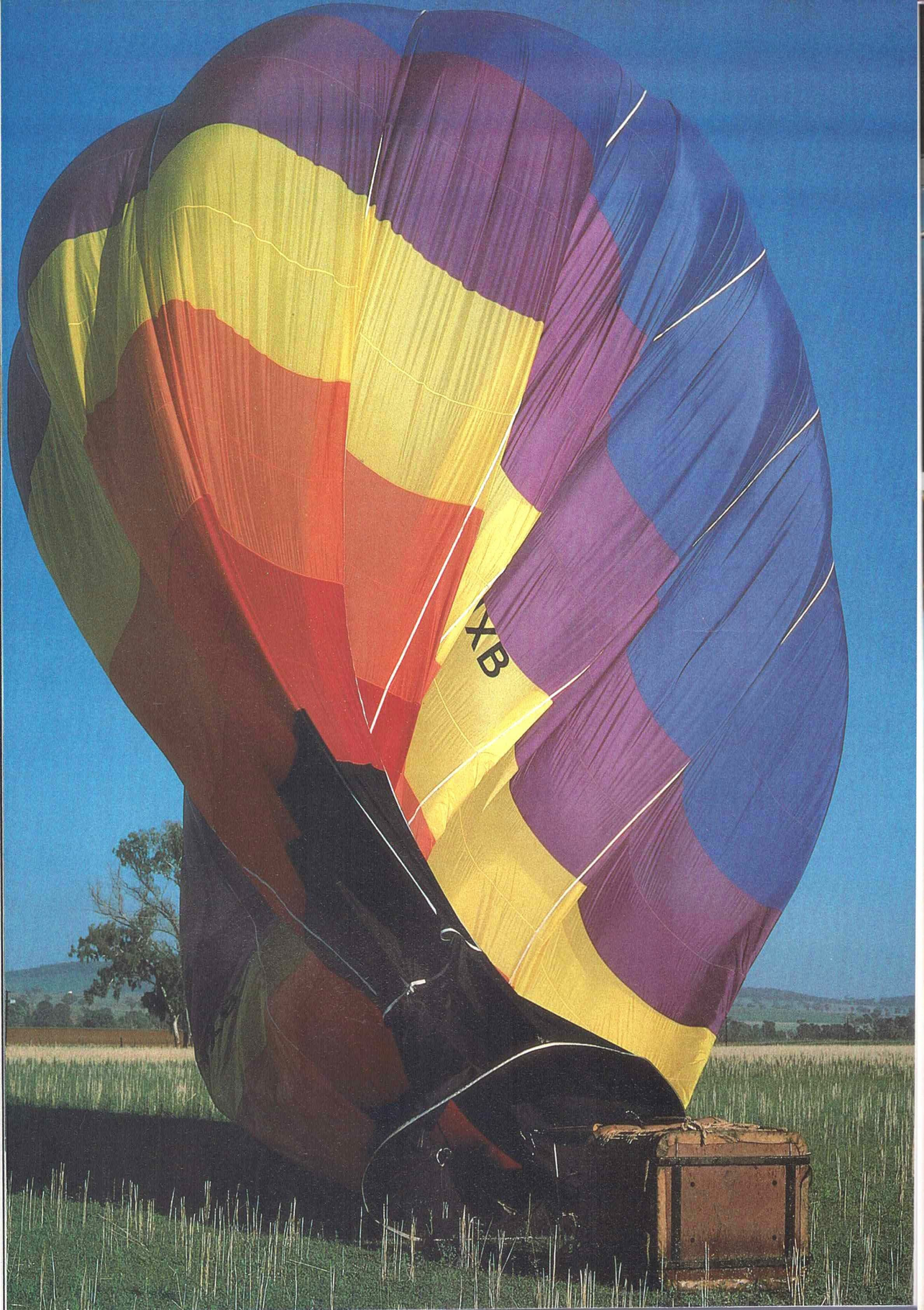
The whole thing was complicated by shutterbug Crawford's creative instincts. Most gliding shots are taken by a control from a mounting in the wing, also operated by the pilot, looking back at the pilot. But Peter wanted something else — a shot from *behind* the pilot, using an extreme 7.5mm fisheye lens mounted on the back of the glider, to pick up the full implications of a headlong dive from the standing start. The team had to set the equipment up at about







Clockwise from top left: Final safety checks between the glider and balloon; With a deafening blast from the balloon burners, the glider is lifted skywards by its umbilical cord; Manoel readies himself for lift-off.



five in the morning to be ready for first light, which meant blundering about by torchlight trying to line up the infra-red remote devices and the special camera mounts, then wrapping the motordrives in warm cloths to save the batteries from the morning chill.

They had plastic bags to protect the cameras themselves from dew, but one time it started raining and the water dripped into one of the bags and totalled a camera, just to make things harder. It was a weird scene, all right — down in a paddock outside Bob's house in the half-light, with Bob blowing up the balloon in a big *sssssshhhhh* and all the sheep gathering around and Manoel clipping on his altimeter and swearing at Peter in choice Portuguese as yet again the batteries failed to fire the motordrives . . . but eventually they were ready to go. The crew had decided on just 7000 feet of altitude for this initial attempt. They had to go carefully — if the ascent is too rapid, the air pressure on top of the glider wings sends the glider and its pilot into a series of sickening oscillations, like some kind of demented mobile. Once or twice they went a little too fast, and it was the turn of the gentle citizens of Canowindra, spread out below like a map, to learn something of Portuguese street lingo. But they made it, and at 7.10am Bob put the balloon into a shallow dive.

Manoel squeezed the release. Jesus! The glider fell away from the balloon like a bomb and he had to hold on to the control bar in a kind of death grip and haul it out of the mad dive in a long slow sweeping arc to the right, Peter shooting away crazily in the balloon with the infra-red remote control. Things happen with insane speed in a balloon launch, but somehow both knew they'd recorded it perfectly. "When I got the shots back they looked incredible, but I had that feeling anyway," says Peter. "I knew I had a real scoop."

The Moyes family agreed. They'd never seen anything like it.

And Manoel? He is looking at an Australian record shot, 25,000 feet, in the near future. In fact, he's already filed for the necessary permits with the Department of Aviation. And after that, if he pulls it off — who knows? Maybe the world.

Previous pages: The two different paths of descent to the Canowindra plains. This page, clockwise from far left: The balloon deflates as the day warms up; Manoel savors the flight down; Crawford and Manoel come back to Earth.

NYMPH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

The way 20-year-old Lisa Mandoki sees it, some days are meant for doing and some days are meant for doing nothing. "Sunny days bring out the little girl in me," she says, though little girl is hardly the phrase that comes to mind when nubile Lisa is at play on a summer lawn. "I like to roam around and play the nymph."

"Sometimes I'm too busy for men," she says, "but when I'm not, I make up for lost time. I like men who can keep up with me, who don't doze off and leave me lying there before I've really even gotten started."

So far, there's only been one long-lasting love affair in Lisa's life, and she says she's just now starting to get over it. "He wanted to marry me, but I felt I was too young."

"Someday, though, I'd like to settle down. I'm always looking for the right guy, one who's a great lover and can take care of me without fencing me in. I know he's out there somewhere," she says, laughing, "probably lying around in the sun waiting for me."

"If civilisation is to survive and go into the next phase of its development, we will have to get out of thinking of violent solutions to our problems"

RAJIV GANDHI

BY RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

At last estimate, India had about 800 million people, and was growing by about 20 million per year. Although population increase has been dramatically cut in recent decades by aggressive family planning, it's likely that by the end of the century, India will overtake China — whose population may stabilise at about one billion. India would be the largest nation in the world.

In a recent interview with this reporter that appeared in *Penthouse*, Henry Kissinger agreed that India was "about a generation" ahead of China in science and technology. This exchange led to a telephone call from the Indian Embassy in Washington, expressing satisfaction at the recognition of this point and suggesting that the matter be pursued for *Penthouse* readers by an interview with Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi himself.

India and Japan — and, to some degree, Malaysia — are the only democracies in Asia. But India is much more than the world's largest multiparty state; it's also the principal "nonaligned" country, and an outspoken opponent of power politics whose pronouncements have often grated on the nerves of Washington's heavyweights.

But mostly, India's problems have been, as Gandhi notes, the result of its image as an ex-colonial dependency. Gandhi frets about the difficulty in getting the United States to accept that India has as much right as China to a mind of its own, and that New Delhi is no more of a mouthpiece for

PHOTO BY PABLO BARTHOLAMEW

Moscow than Beijing is.

It's true, he concedes, that India buys from Moscow some of the weapons which Washington refuses to sell, but for high-tech weaponry New Delhi depends more on Western Europe. India's objective, like Japan's, China's, and South Korea's, is eventual self-sufficiency in this and other technologies.

When Gandhi spoke in his office in the parliament building in New Delhi, he was in the midst of a bruising election campaign in three of India's component states. Ambassadors and correspondents were predicting renewed skirmishing on the Sino-Indian border when the Himalayan snows melted; but the premier had just apparently defused a taut border situation with Pakistan, with both sides agreeing to draw forces back from the frontier.

Problems with Pakistan continue. Gandhi expressed concern at an interview given to the London *Observer* by Abdul Qadeer Khan, Pakistan's brilliant nuclear physicist, saying that Islamabad now possessed the means to produce a nuclear weapon. Above all, he regretted that India's relations with the United States had become hostage to the Cold War, because the Soviet military involvement in Afghanistan has given Pakistan leverage in Washington.

How genuine is Rajiv Gandhi's "nice guy" image? Even his critics recall that he opposed his mother Indira Gandhi's use of emergency measures — and the support his late brother Sanjay gave to them — as well as opposing his mother's rigid devotion to socialist economics. As a pilot for Indian Airlines, a government corporation, he knew the drawbacks of the public sector.

This is not the only Indian political canon law that he questions. He says both his grandfather, Jawaharlal Nehru, and the British were wrong to set up states on language lines, since this encourages primitive loyalties and leads to demands for yet smaller states, which he abhors.

But if he differs from his forebears on some things, he shares their distaste for the Cold War and the "balance of power" mentality, which he says makes the world "dangerous and unstable." Leading a country that indulges in more domestic political violence than any other, he sees the need for a peaceful negotiated solution to all problems.

He has largely practised what he preaches, making substantial concessions to the militant Sikh community, despite their slaying of his mother and despite their "small states" mentality. He sees India's principal long-term problem as being China, part of a cultural abyss that divides South and East Asia. China, moreover, remains a contestant with India for influence in Bhutan, Nepal, and India's own northeast provinces, and even in less "Oriental" places like Sri Lanka, Pakistan, and the Indian Ocean islands.

Gandhi, however, sees the world ripe for considerable change, and India poised for economic takeoff, its under-utilised power grid ready for industrial expansion, although its transportation needs upgrading and the telephone system deserves a total overhaul. Because Western visitors habitually flatter him for promoting the private sector of the economy, he cites figures to show that public sector investment has never been higher. India's mixed public-private economy will, he says, remain centrally directed.

Although independent India will be 40 years old on August 15, it is still marked everywhere by the raj. Like his mother, Rajiv is as culturally British as he is Indian. Born in 1944 in Bombay, he grew up in the house of his famous grandfather, after his mother and father, a Parsi journalist, separated. At first acquaintance, he seems to possess more of his late father's reputed gentleness than his mother's steel. Although he treasures his father's favorite hunting gun, his main pastimes are music and photography.

> In October 1986, Rajiv himself narrowly escaped assassination when a gunman's bullets went wide

He was raised by a Danish nanny and went to the fashionable Doon School at Dehra Dun, in the hills. Doon is modelled on elite British private schools, and there was as much emphasis on sport as on studies. He later dropped out of both Cambridge and London universities without getting his degree in mechanical engineering. He subsequently became a commercial pilot, serving with Indian, the domestic carrier, rather than Air India, because he already had clear kidnap potential. He married Sonia Maino of Italy, whom he had met at Cambridge, in 1968. Although living, for security reasons, in his mother's official residence, the couple managed to maintain a happy family life.

Their daughter, Priyanka, is said to be more interested in politics than her younger brother, Rahul. For their safety, both are educated at home, somewhat cut off from the "real India."

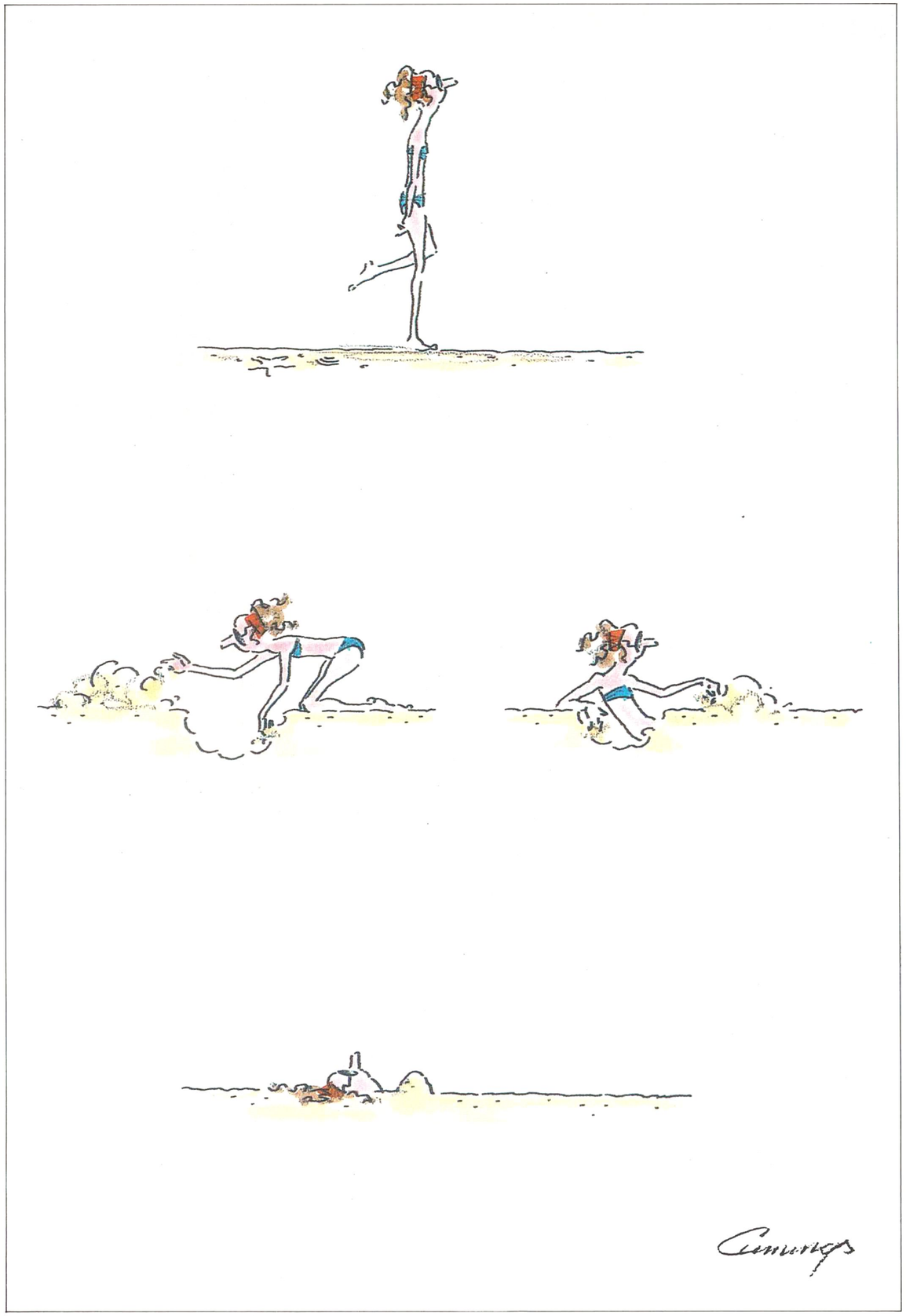
The concern with safety is, of course, anything but academic. Gandhi's mother was gunned down, in 1984, by her own Sikh bodyguards — thus making him her successor in place of his much more political brother, Sanjay, killed earlier in a private air accident. In October 1986, Rajiv himself narrowly escaped assassination when a gunman's bullets went wide.

One senses that a part of Gandhi empathises with the virulent negativisms about India of such brilliant writers as V.S. Naipaul and Salman Rushdie. But another part is a character out of Shakespeare: because power came to him as a sort of royal chore rather than by choice, he seems more conscious of his own shortcomings and the burdens of office than most politicians. In fact, shortly after this interview was conducted, Gandhi had to accept the resignation of a close political friend, Defense Minister Vishwanath Pratap Singh, in a scandal resulting from Singh's investigation into possible kickbacks.

On the campaign stump, he appears to identify with the almost changeless rural India, where human existences are often as nasty and brutish as they are short. In private, his soft features project an image of shyness as he sits in a spotless *dhoti* and speaks gently with a patrician economy of gesture. He is the portrait of the young manager, the yuppie whose friends from school and airline days are more likely to be in business, medicine, or law than in government service. The son and grandson of prime ministers, he seems most at ease when talking about his country's amorphous, challenging economy.

He is a man at home in Western clothes, and he shares his wife's tastes for European cuisine. He usually eschews the old Congress party symbols, from accepting flower garlands from sycophants to wearing his grandfather's "Nehru cap." Although he has cleaned out a lot of dead wood from the administration, he is respectful toward elders. Indeed, he has the politeness one associates with princes rather than elected "leaders." When the ink in a reporter's pen, bought in the snows of North Asia, expands and leaks in sweltering New Delhi, he notices the tiny drip on the writer's finger as soon as the writer himself and orders an aide to bring a tissue. The voice, which can be petulant in party meetings and rhetorical on the stump, is modulated in private discourse, almost unaccented, and he laughs easily and genuinely.

Behind Gandhi, in his large but Spartan office, maps of pre-British Moghul India are a reminder that there is nothing new in India's patchwork quilt of language, religion, and enmity. From another wall, a portrait of his murdered mother looks on quizzically. It's a reminder that the job he has taken on as a sort of patriotic duty has a poor life-insurance rating, and that he is at the mercy of any impassioned lunatic.



INTERVIEW

Security in New Delhi is now so great that even some establishment journalists have been given government bodyguards.

Penthouse knew that its readers would like to learn more about this young and often fascinating modern leader of the world's second-largest nation and agreed that international journalist Russell Warren Howe interview him. Howe's comments:

"Being an historian by training and inclination, I began the interview by pointing out that if the United Nations were being founded today, Germany and Japan would have the same permanent-membership-of-the-Security-Council status as France and Britain, and India would have the same status as China. This led to my first question."

Penthouse: Since the end of World War II, India has been viewed as the largest of the small developing nations. But you can't go on being the largest of the small. What is the future role of India?

Gandhi: Well, the role not only of India but of everyone must change from what it was at the end of the Second World War. Basically, after that war and perhaps after any major war, there's a search for some sort of balance; what really emerged was what was described as the balance of power, with the victors in the war wielding influence by dividing the world between two groups, each group feeling that it is absolutely correct in its thinking and the other is totally wrong. But each group based its authority on military power. Slowly, that has changed to economic power, but military power still plays a major role.

We feel that this is very dangerous and not a stable situation; to put it more broadly, if civilisation is to survive and go into the next phase of its development, we will have to get out of thinking of violent solutions to our problems. We must think of non-violent, negotiated solutions which means that attitudes in the UN will have to be quite different.

Penthouse: In what way?

Gandhi: The attitudes are still too defensive. If India speaks against a particular issue, or on a particular point, it is not accepted that India can have a viewpoint. It is seen as being "against us" or "for us." In today's non-colonial world, we don't find that acceptable. We have the right to our own view. You can argue with it, but we have a right to it.

This basic difference in thinking has to come about — and it is coming about, but it's not translating yet into actual action. And that really has to be the next step in the UN system — accepting countries having their own viewpoint, accepting negotiated and discussed settlements, as opposed to violence.

Penthouse: How much of a nuisance is the postwar division between the victors that we call the Cold War? How do you see the future of India's relations with the superpowers for as long as the Cold War continues?

Gandhi: It is a terrible nuisance in every way, mostly because of induced tensions. In our own area, Pakistan is, from our point of view, the most visible tool of Cold War tension.

We have a situation there where sophisticated weapons in large numbers are being brought in. We have a situation in which their nuclear program is being totally ignored. It is very clear to the whole world that this is a nuclear weapon program, yet it is still being ignored.

Their whole nuclear program is based on — to put it crudely — stolen technology. So the whole program could have been prevented, but it has not, and the only reason we can see that it has not been prevented is because of Cold War power interests.

> Pakistan is, from our point of view, the most visible tool of Cold War tension

Penthouse: The United States plays Pakistan and China off against the Soviet Union. Doesn't India, in a sense, play the Soviet Union off against China and Pakistan?

Gandhi: [laughing] Well, we try not to play anyone off against anyone.

Penthouse: If the Cold War did not exist, would your relations with China and Pakistan be easier or more difficult?

Gandhi: I think they would be very different. With Pakistan, I think there would be no problem at all. With China, it's very difficult to say. [The Sino-Indian War of] 1962 was a very major turning point in our relations. How much 1962 relates to the Cold War is difficult to say. Perhaps '62 would have happened with or without the Cold War.

Penthouse: You say that without the Cold War, you and Pakistan could probably settle your differences. Do you mean that Pakistan would not be able to exploit the Washington link in its dealings with you?

Gandhi: Yes.

Penthouse: If there was no conflict between Russia and the United States, would China's attitude be different toward the world?

Gandhi: Everyone's attitude would be different. It would be much easier to solve problems.

Penthouse: I wondered if you might think that in some cases it could be more difficult, because the rules would be changed. Beijing, after all, has more in common with Moscow than with Washington.

Gandhi: Yes, but the rules would be changed, hopefully, away from violent situations. Because we are still looking at violent solutions! The Cold War, by definition, speaks to an ultimate violent solution, which you [superpowers] are trying to stave off.

Penthouse: The superpowers are nuclearly paralysed. Without the Cold War, would there be more conflict, of a less than nuclear but still of a deadly nature, all around the world?

Gandhi: Well, we have conflict all around the world continuously. I don't think there has been a year when there has been no conflict. There's the war in the Gulf. South Africa is no less than a major [civil] war. There's Afghanistan and the *mujahedeen* [guerillas], whom Pakistan supports because it's the key to aid from Washington. In Nicaragua, we've got a major uprising.

Penthouse: So why do you think there would be less conflict if the Cold War ended?

Gandhi: Because our attitude to solutions might change. It's not just the Cold War. Our attitude to solutions must change across the board. If we only ended the Cold War and we still kept violent options as our basic solutions, as we do today, things would get worse. What is required is a change in this basic attitude.

Penthouse: So, how do you see India's future relations over the next few years with the United States? It's seemed as though defence supplies have been the touchstone, but you're saying that this is not really all that important.

Gandhi: Well, defence supplies to Pakistan!

Penthouse: Hasn't the United States also provided defence supplies to India?

Gandhi: We're not really asking [now] for American defence supplies. President Reagan and I talked about this when I was in the United States in June 1985, and what we decided was that after such a long period of differences and suspicion we needed a period of getting to know each other better, and building confidence in each other, before we did something very concrete. The last two years in our relations have been very much in that direction, although we have not had any defence purchases. We have had a lot of high-tech exchange, which has been very good.

Penthouse: Including defence or "dual-use" technology?

Gandhi: Well, defence-related, perhaps. Some [new] raw materials, some components which could go into defence. But no real hardware. Defence is going to be the area in which it will take some time for us to get into with the United States, because on earlier occasions we have had the feeling that the United States has not stood by us at times of tension, and this has caused problems.

I think it is also necessary for us to clarify that our defence is not totally based on Soviet equipment — which is very much the view in the United States. Our really high-tech stuff is mostly from Western Europe — France, Great Britain, Switzerland, Sweden, West Germany, Italy. Most of our really sophisticated [defence] equipment comes from those countries.

Penthouse: As potentially the largest nation in the world, aren't you also going for a greater level of self-sufficiency from the superpowers and Europe?

Gandhi: A very high level of self-sufficiency, and of course it will take time to do that. In the really frontline areas, we are not able to get the equipment either from the Soviets or from Europe and we have to develop our own — and we *are* developing our own.

Penthouse: In the long run, wouldn't it be a healthy development anyway, even if there were no problems about supplies?

Gandhi: Absolutely. Except that we have a policy of no export of weapons, which makes it very expensive for us to develop everything, so we can't do all the little things that make up a military system. There's a lobby in India that wants us to abandon our ban on arms exports; but we feel that India's the last bastion that is really sticking to certain principles, as opposed to financial or monetary or economic returns and putting financial values on everything.

Yes, we have to have a defence. We can't be absolutely hopeless in that domain. But the basic thrust toward reducing the importance of defence is more important than building that defence up.

Penthouse: Dr Kissinger agreed with me recently that India was about a generation ahead of China in science and technology. Do you see any hope of co-operation between China and India?

Gandhi: It's very difficult to say at the moment, because the border problem vitiates all our talks.

Penthouse: Are the Chinese still involved with supporting secessionist and anti-government movements in Assam and elsewhere?

Gandhi: It's very difficult to say how strong the links are, and it's equally difficult to say there aren't any. [Staff aide laughs at this evasion.] Okay, there are links, there are!

Penthouse: Haven't you also said that Nepal is supporting factionalism in the northeast?

Gandhi: I didn't make that statement personally. We have some indications, but we're not sure whether the government of Nepal is involved. But whether that comes from sources other than the government — let's say, we've nothing to link the Nepalese government to it.

Penthouse: Pakistan definitely plays a role in the Muslim-Hindu faction fighting in Gujarat and in the Sikh mayhem in the Punjab. If they would give up their role in internal Indian politics in those areas, could friction between India and Pakistan be reduced?

Gandhi: Well, it would be easier to have very good relations with them. Now [the disputed border area of] Kashmir is a problem but we don't think Kashmir itself is the source of the problem any longer. It's only part of the problem. The source of the problem is the strategic interest of the various countries in the zone. If that [element] could be removed, I have no doubt that we could solve our problem.

Penthouse: What effect does Pakistan's nuclear capability have in the conflict?

Gandhi: Well, it's difficult to say what they really wanted, with going to the press [about the Pakistani bomb]. It's one more bit of information. But the fact is that we have known for a long time that they are close to a weapon.

Penthouse: Your own bomb capacity is a reaction to the Chinese bomb. The incipient Pakistani bomb is a reaction to your bomb capacity and to Israel's nuclear inventory. Aren't you all equally responsible for world tensions over the bomb?

Gandhi: Except that we have not made one. We have not progressed. We've demonstrated that it's possible to have the capacity [to do so] and [yet] not make a weapon, which few other countries have. In fact, we're the only one not to have gone any further. We really froze it in 1974.

Penthouse: Doesn't the nuclear world's understandable unwillingness to use "the bomb" except as a form of bluster increase the risk of minor proxy conflicts?

Gandhi: There'll never be a shortage of minor conflicts.

Penthouse: Would you agree that chemical warfare could be almost as bad as nuclear warfare? It's cheaper. It's low-tech, low-skill.

Gandhi: Everyone will have it. That's why I don't talk [just] about nuclear disarmament. Nuclear disarmament is only one aspect. What's required is a change in the way we think. Basically, we need more democratic thinking. If we can solve our internal problems across the table, we should be able to solve our international problems in a similar fashion.

The world is growing toward that. If you look at the countries now and compare them to the countries 500 years ago or 1000 years ago, by and large they are growing bigger. There's a tendency to have larger countries or larger groupings, in the sense that the European Economic Community is a group which works together in one field at the moment, but which is shifting into political areas as well. So what we're working toward is

FLASHING OUTSIDE OFF STUMP WAS ALWAYS MY DOWNFALL.
EXPOSING MIDDLE AND LEG INSIDE PUBLIC TOILETS USUALLY BOUGHT ME UNDONE!
CRICKETERS CLUB
greenfield

non-military solutions to our problems. But in the final analysis we're still thinking in terms of violent solutions.

Penthouse: Surely this is because there's so much violence on the minimal scale — for instance, factional dissidence in India, compared for instance with factional dissidence in South Korea. I was in South Korea when 100,000 people demonstrated across the country, but only a handful were injured and no-one was killed. Here, you lose more people in one riot than we lost in a week in Vietnam. Can you explain why?

Gandhi: We've got to learn the Korean technology.

Penthouse: Isn't it more in the culture than the technology?

Gandhi: Well, their society is much more tightly knit than ours, more homogeneous. We have a very heterogeneous society. Traditionally, it's always been a very diverse society.

Penthouse: And it's poorer — don't the poor take more risks with violence than the less poor?

Gandhi: Yes.

Penthouse: Do you really think that democracy can last here?

Gandhi: Oh, democracy will definitely last here. There's no question of any other way. It would be chaos.

Penthouse: But it's gone to dictatorship in Pakistan.

Gandhi: Well, democracy was never there to begin with! [Laughs] Just bits and pieces, here and there.

Penthouse: So you don't think there'll ever be any secessions from India?

Gandhi: There won't be.

Penthouse: I'd like to talk to you about economics. Am I correct in saying that since you came to office, the changes you have introduced are an attempt at a balance between socialist humanism on the one hand and free-market competition and efficiency on the other?

Gandhi: That's true. Except that it's not I who started this off. It was my grandfather. We call it a mixed economy. I don't see either an American formula or a Soviet formula or a Chinese formula or for that matter anybody else's formula as totally valid for India.

What we need is an Indian formula. If the formula for the US works fine, that's good. But our conditions are totally different. The US formula cannot work here. It has to be a formula which suits our conditions. Also, it will vary as the country develops economically, and as the manpower develops.

Penthouse: Unlike the Soviet Union, you're self-sufficient in agriculture and food.

Gandhi: Exactly. I think you can say that India is an example to the developing world. Today, it looks as though agriculture needs a bit of a push or a thrust from government, and we're trying to do that, but by and large we leave farming to farmers.

Penthouse: What is the situation in the industrial area?

Gandhi: On the industrial side, the situation is totally different, mainly because we accepted from the start that we were very, very low in actual know-how. We had one or two steel mills. We had a textile industry. Very low technology, and these industries were being killed off to a very great extent. If we had left it to the private sector, the technology would not have been acquired for development.

Now the technology is available, and what is required is for the public sector to concentrate on certain thrust areas and, as the spin-offs start coming, to let those go to the private sector, let the private sector develop them. The public sector has certain very big advantages. You can put the cutting edge where you want it. With the private sector, it is very difficult to do that.

> Our people are just so much more democratic and outspoken. You can't put a lid on them

They're looking for profit. They're not looking for return [simply] in terms of know-how and technology, or developing manpower, or developing certain fields of activity which we might feel necessary for the country. They will react only on economic return.

The public sector must be able to move on, remaining in critical areas and not getting caught up in all sorts of non-specific and redundant things. I see no reason why we should be making cornflakes and tomato sauce in the public sector. That's totally a waste of energy and a waste of investment in money.

And because I see the public sector as the cutting edge and as a necessity at times, you can't ask them to be completely economically viable. If you make a factory in an area where there is no infrastructure, you can't tell them at the same time, "You have got to give us ten percent return on investment."

Penthouse: But aren't you going more into the development of the private sector than in your mother's or your grandfather's time?

Gandhi: Very much more.

Penthouse: What about co-operation with Japan or Korea?

Gandhi: We're having problems with Japan because their yen goes up so fast. All the companies that are co-operating with Japan are in trouble, because all the imported components cost more.

Penthouse: What about technology sharing over the long haul?

Gandhi: This is another problem. Japan really has very good production technology, manufacturing technology, [but] they're not very good at frontline stuff. If we want really cutting-edge technology in certain areas . . .

Penthouse: Computers?

Gandhi: Computers, for example, even electronics — it's not available from Japan. The United States and Western Europe are much more advanced.

Penthouse: You've spoken admiringly of Japan and South Korea as models of economic development. Both of those economies are almost as centrally directed as the Soviet Union's. Is this the solution — a sort of controlled free market?

Gandhi: We need some control in India. But we're not disciplined like the Soviet Union or South Korea or Japan. Our people are just so much more democratic and outspoken. You can't put a lid on them. Our character is much more like the American [character] in that sense. If somebody wants to do his thing, he will do his thing. You can't tell him: "Look that's not on, old chap."

Penthouse: Can't you do it by law, state-directed free enterprise?

Gandhi: Well, we've been doing it by law. For instance, we have been licensing car manufacturers, and it hasn't worked. And now we're going to have to give them an open market and let some of them kill each other off, until a few are left standing, instead of the government killing them [by refusing licenses].

Penthouse: At the Congress Party's centenary recently, you delivered a somewhat spirited attack on its abuses and corruption. Could these abuses be due to the fact that, apart from a brief interregnum, your party has been in power for half a century?

Gandhi: Well, vested interests develop, so there's an interest there.

I think it would be very necessary and good for the country to have a proper opposition party, as opposed to 23 opposition parties with no serious standing in the House.

Penthouse: Are the "new rich" a problem here — the widening gap between the business elite and the poor mass of Indians?

Gandhi: Not really, because the numbers of the relatively rich are getting larger all the time.

It only affects society in the sense that there is a lot of conspicuous consumption, which we are trying to curtail, but it's difficult. This is, alas, a democracy!

BUNDERA AND DRY

DFS/THI/145LHP

The sweeping, endless plains of the desert. Out here you discover what freedom's all about. And freedom is something that comes naturally when you own Bundera. Because with Bundera you have all the go-anywhere toughness and ability of Landcruiser blended into a light, sporty package that's ready for you to kick off the dust.

While you're chasing the horizon, you'll be urged on by a 2.4 litre Super Responsive petrol engine or 2.4 litre diesel turbo power that combines advanced technology with typical Toyota reliability. Fuel stops are rare as desert rainstorms thanks to Bundera's frugal economy of operation and cavernous 90 litre fuel tank.

And whether you're crossing a dry lake bed or cruising down the highway you'll run smooth on all coil suspension. Creature comforts don't take a back seat in the mix: there's a light and easy five-speed gearbox, AM/FM radio, door pockets, fabric covered seats and digital clock/stopwatch.

For the fresh-air freaks, Bundera comes in cool convertible configuration, or, if you want to keep a lid on it, in Standard or De Luxe Hard Top specifications.

We can all use a little more freedom in our lives – and freedom starts with a stirring test drive at your Toyota dealer. Looking out for you has made Toyota Number One.

What A Feeling!

TOYOTA

BUNDERA

DFS/THI/145RHP

4WD

Continued from page 53

porter Ateco Holdings: "The soft-top Sierra is the cheapest cabriolet on the market." Most Sierras go to young city folk, many to females. The gals don't appear to be too worried by the rough ride. A Sydney Suzuki salesman reckons the firm ride could be a selling point.

Given the buyer profile of Suzuki 4WD owners, it would not surprise if the majority of Sierra owners supported the greenies' push to save the environment. The reality is that few Sierras go off-road, even though the little machines are surprisingly capable in rugged conditions.

Chariot of the upwardly mobile is the Range Rover. It, too, has leapt upwards in price. But demand has not slowed much; high rollers are not going to baulk at forking over money in order to secure the best.

Range Rover importer JRA has noted significant shifts in the market, in particular the more assertive role played by women. JRA's John Crawford believes the women are the new enemy of 4WDs, joining other factors such as price, the greenies' campaign and loss of performance in the switch to ULP: "When recreational four-wheel-driving took off a few years ago, there was a rash of passenger car substitution. Families bought a 4WD instead of a car for the wife.

"It was only then that the Little Lady discovered that the majority of 4WDs fell far short of acceptable passenger car standards of ride, comfort, steering and braking. Consequently lots of women are rightly coming forth and bluntly telling their menfolk they're not going to ride around in a bumpy shitbox," says Crawford, immediately emphasising the refined Range Rover's suitability for those of the female persuasion. And with the prices ever on the move it is becoming increasingly difficult to justify owning a 4WD for casual off-road usage of perhaps one weekend in eight.

"The overall market has certainly contracted savagely because of price," agrees Crawford. "It's in the process of finding its true level."

Like Toyota's Johnstone, Crawford cautiously predicts the market will pull out of its current desperate situation. "The market should grow as people gradually overcome sticker shock."

Though sales have eased slightly, demand for Range Rover still outstrips supply. It's a situation rival importers envy. The Range Rover survival package is working brilliantly. It's the only 4WD with, as Crawford puts it, "definable prestige", plus a remarkably effective genuine off-road capability.

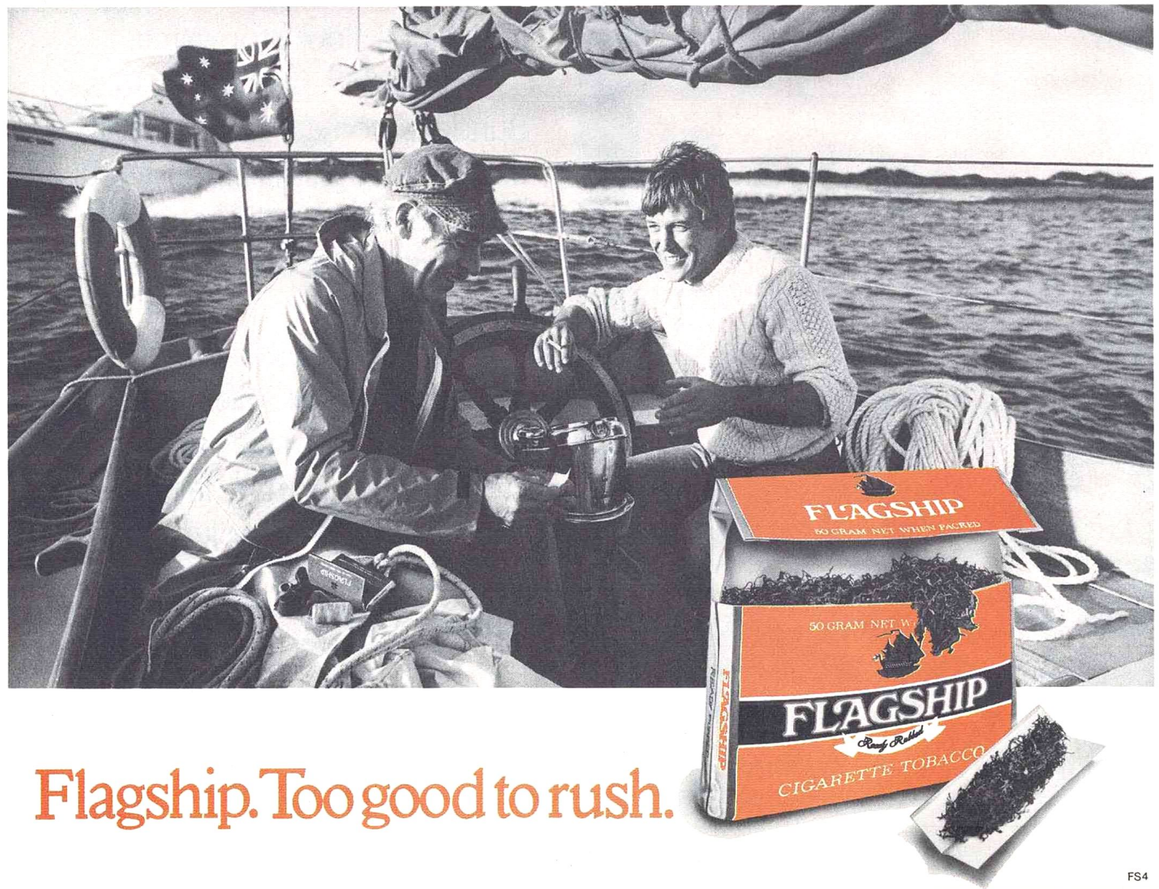
And now the high-line Japanese 4WDs have all but lost their price advantage. The Range Rover is a 60 grand-plus ask. Obviously it hasn't scared off those who want it.

The Pajero, with performance and durability underscored by its successes in the last two Wynns Sydney-to-Darwin Safaris, is one Japanese off-roader with pleasant around-town driveability. But with a price pushing $40,000, customer queues are rare.

Likewise the LandCruiser and Patrol, ruggedly handsome and dependable, no longer sell up a storm.

More than a commercial vehicle-derivative, Nissan's good looking Pathfinder 4WD has lured back a few missing customers. Conceived in California as a scaled-down Chevy Blazer, but aimed at those who will use it primarily as a town car, the Pathfinder does offer passenger car comfort. Its engine is no powerhouse, but this is the vehicle's only negative. At around $25,000, the smooth-riding Pathfinder is a better vehicle (though not off-road) than its more expensive Toyota 4Runner rival.

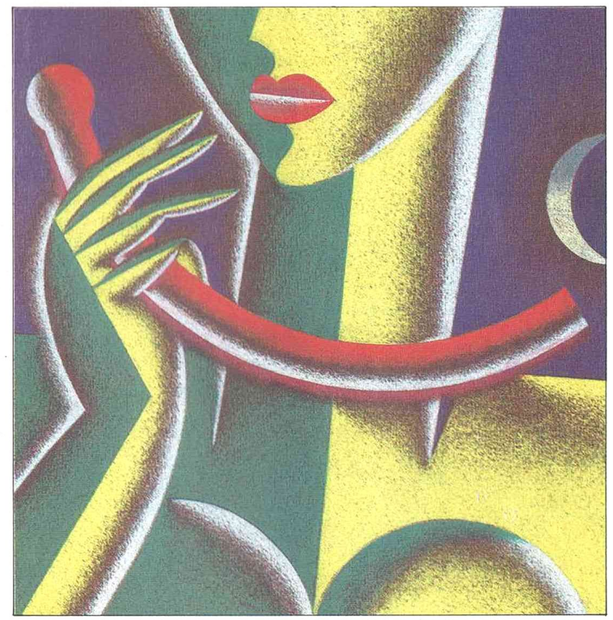
If there is already sufficient reason to be depressed over the skyrocketing prices of 4WDs, then ponder this. Most of the Japanese vehicle companies have been reluctant to pass currency-influenced price rises of imports on to a sticker-shocked market. They have temporarily carried the cost burden. One day soon, though, 4WD vehicle prices will reflect the stark reality of the lopsided yen-Oz dollar relationship. That'll freak us all out. ○



"Stop wondering what women want from you, and decide what you want from them"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



Shy boy

I am a 23-year-old male who is still fairly new at meeting women. I don't know if this is relevant, but my penis size is six or eight inches in length.

I do not know what women want, and I have trouble relating to the singles scene. The only sex that I have had is with prostitutes, as I have never had a regular girlfriend (and would love to have one).

Of course I am attracted to women, but when I try to get to know them, they give me the brush-off. I don't understand why. I consider myself quite attractive, so that cannot be the reason.

Maybe I have a confidence problem and it projects itself out to other people? I'm quite obsessed with all this, and would appreciate it if you could help me, or at least give me some solid advice on the subject. — *P.G.*

This is a problem that not only applies to your age group, but is shared by most males between the ages of 16 and 60. "How do I meet girls?" or "What do I talk about when I meet them?" are the vital questions to which every man needs the answer. These inquiries are the content of many letters that are sent to me every month. Countless books and short stories have been written on the subject (several by me), and film stars from Charlie Chaplin to Woody Allen have covered every aspect of this problem. It's a pity that there are still men out there who haven't the foggiest idea of how a woman's mind works.

"Why?" you ask. "Why don't women tell men what they want?" Well, there are many reasons. Some of us have given up trying, while others really aren't sure of what they want. The real answer is that you are supposed to know.

As far as confidence is concerned, you have to be very positive. Women are contrary creatures, but we all have one thing in common — we cannot help playing hard to get. Remember that when a woman says no, she probably means yes. Watch out when she says maybe — that may well mean never.

There is no substitute for experience, so what you need is practice. But how can you chat up a girl in the first place if she chooses not to speak with you? To explain, I'll say this: You can't get a job unless you are a member of the union, and you can't join the union until you get a job. By the age of 23 you are expected to have found all this out for yourself.

When you are asking a girl for a date, it's no use saying something like, "I was, er . . . wondering if you'd like to, er . . . go out with me on, er . . . Thursday maybe?" The girl will say no to this kind of proposition on principle, even if she has been secretly in love with you for many years.

What a young man like you should come out and say is something like this: "I've managed to get the last two tickets for Madonna [or the Rolling Stones, whatever you or she prefers — it's good to pick something you both can enjoy] concert this Thursday. I knew that you'd enjoy it, and I hope you're free for that evening." That's the kind of invitation that is hard to refuse, and if the lady is dumb enough to turn you down, you have probably done well out of it anyway.

Now we get to the crotch of the problem. You say you have a six or eight-inch penis. Make up your mind! Six inches is a good average-sized cock, but eight inches is definitely in the major leagues. Does it get longer in hot weather? Or maybe you have forgotten what it looks like? You have got to be a hell of a lot more positive. Stop wondering what women want from you, and decide

XAVIERA

what you want from them (clearly it's not just to fuck, because you've already had that with hookers) — and remember that most women hate being treated as sex objects.

You must have something interesting to talk about, and whatever it is, sooner or later you will find a girl who is interested in the same thing. If you are not interested in anything, no-one will be interested in you.

Instead of going to prostitutes, why not save up your pennies and call an escort service for an evening on the town. Choose a girl whose photo you like the looks of, and see how entertaining you can be to her. Work at giving the young lady a good time, and see where it gets you. It may be an expensive way to find out — but from an educational point of view, it would be money well spent.

Problem pecker

I am writing to you with a problem I've never heard about before, but which I suffer from. I am a male, aged 24, with a normal, or perhaps above-normal, sex drive (it depends on whom you ask, I suppose). My response to orgasm is the same as that of other men, I'm told, but for some reason I don't ejaculate. I've never had the courage to see a doctor about this because of its embarrassing nature, and only one woman has ever known about it (my first and last lover, after a period of seven years). I know this isn't the type of thing that is an everyday problem among men, and it has me sad and slightly depressed because I can't have children.

Once, when I was younger, a girlfriend sat on my abdomen and rubbed her hands over my prick through my pants. When I went to the bathroom later , I saw a black substance that had been expelled from my testicles. I don't know what it was, but to date, it and a clear fluid (I don't think it's semen, because it appears sometimes half an hour after orgasm) are the only things to ever come from my penis except urine.

I had an operation to remove a hernia when I was three. Is it possible my vas deferens was damaged during the operation? If you can please reply, I would appreciate it very much. I may be the only man in the world with this problem.

I have always been a great fan of your column, and you have helped many people in the past with their problems. Whatever you suggest, Xaviera, I will follow your advice (even if you say to see a doctor). What really hurts is that I have concealed this dilemma from not only my family, but also my fiancee. Please, Xaviera, I really need your help. I do not want to live with this problem any longer. — *S.D.*

It is a sad reflection on the prudishness of our Western civilisation that a presumably intelligent adult is ashamed to consult a doctor because there is something wrong with his sexual equipment. If you want to go through life with a physical ailment because you are too chickenshit to talk about it, that is your business; but to conceal your disability from your intended wife is an act of criminal deceit that makes me sick. A marriage that starts off with a falsehood is doomed to disaster.

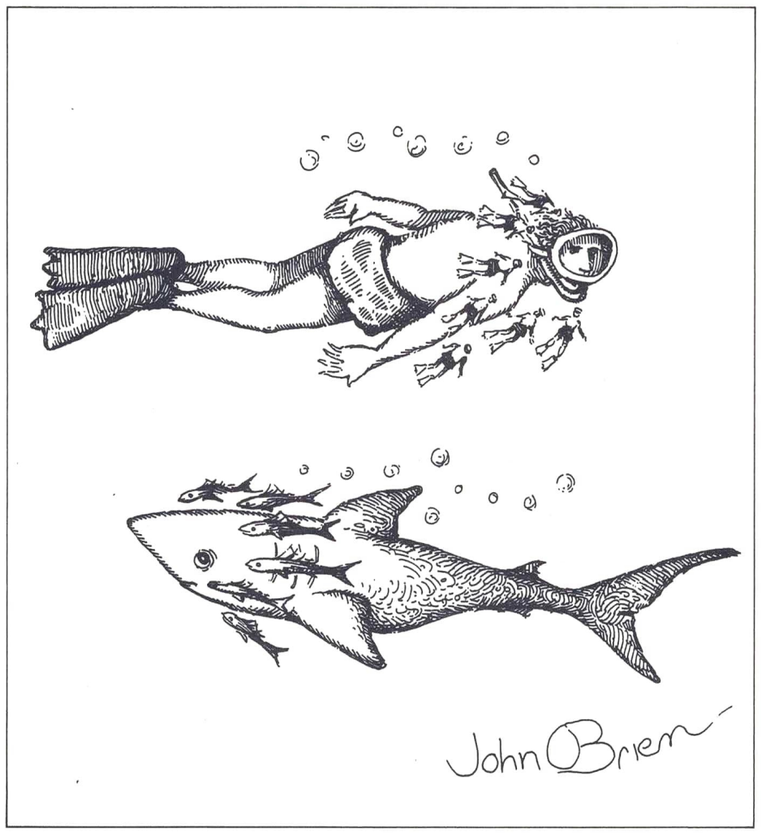
Those in the medical profession have had long and expensive training in order to be able to repair most parts of the human body, and there will certainly be a number of doctors in your area who specialise in the male organs of reproduction. If women thought it was shameful to visit their gynaecologists, the world would have come to an end long ago. So please, before you get married, find yourself a specialist and tell him all about it. It may be complicated and difficult to cure, but on the other hand it may be something very simple. So don't hesitate; see a doctor.

Squeeze box

I have been dating Samantha for more than a month, and she is the first girl I have met who really enjoys sex as much as I do. She has what may be a very unique gift, which you might be able to explain.

Samantha has the ability to flex her vaginal passage from a tightness that makes it difficult to remove my little finger, to a size that easily accommodates her five-centimetre diameter vibrator. She performs her pussy contractions at will.

Although Samantha is in tip-top shape, and very conscious of her sexy 22-year-old body, she is not overly muscular. Through your experience, Xaviera, have you ever heard of any women with this unique talent? Samantha thinks that it is a common phenomenon among women. — *L.O.*



There is an enormous variation in the control that different women have over their vaginal muscles.

In a bordello in Mexico, which was famous for the best cabaret in town, I witnessed an amazing display of vaginal virtuosity. The woman's main attraction was to play a recognisable version of "La Cucaracha" on the harmonica with her pussy lips. My boyfriend was bursting his brains thinking up names for it, such as "music box" and "sexual organ." "Truly," he said, "her breath comes in short pants."

There is also a sexual dysfunction known as vaginitis, which is an involuntary contraction of the vaginal muscles. It makes penis entry impossible, and in some cases it makes penis exit difficult too.

Samantha's skill therefore is not unique, but neither is it a common phenomenon. The technique can certainly be improved with practice, and as long as the muscular contraction is voluntary and under control, it is a valuable sexual accomplishment. You, my friend, are a lucky man.

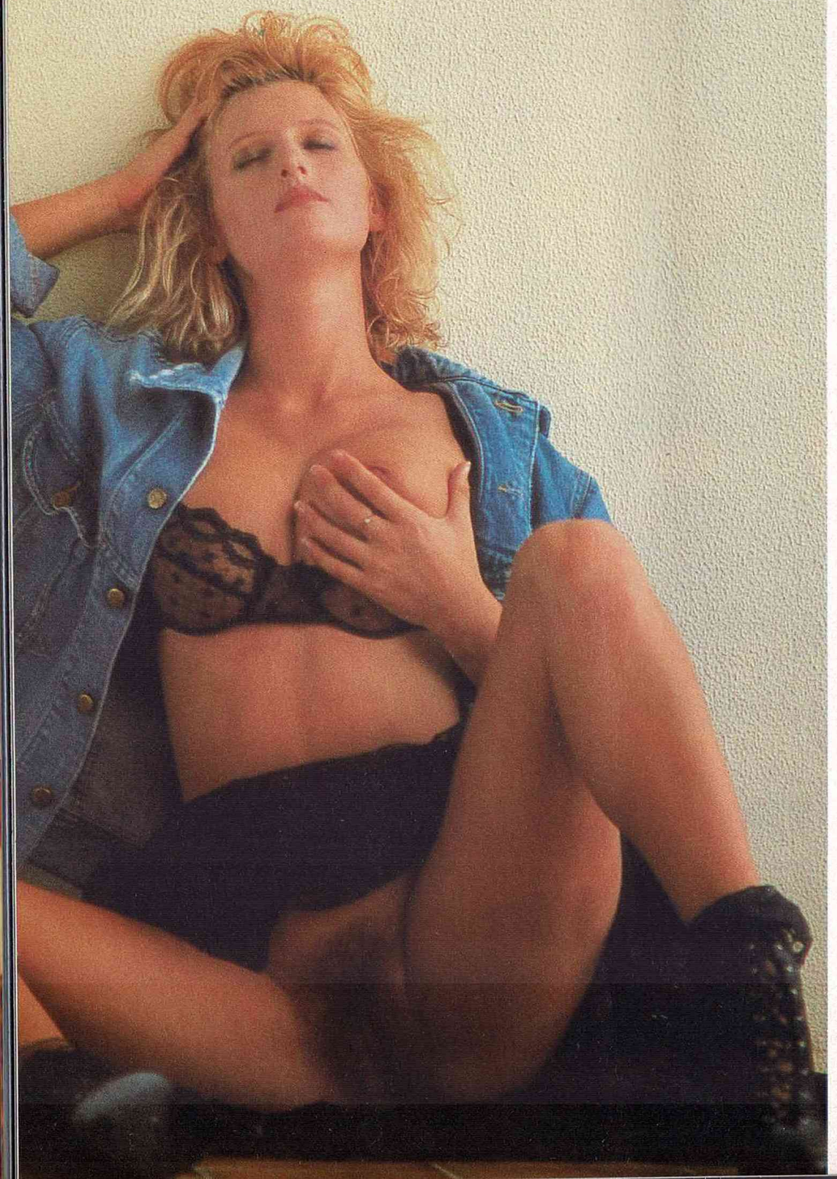
DEBBIE

Shot on location at Cairns Colonial Club

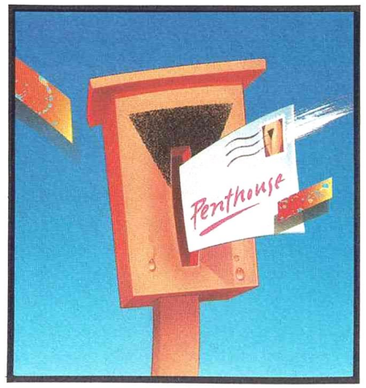
HOME TURF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

Now there's a face. *Australian Penthouse* readers might recognise the sunny features of one of the most popular girls to ever appear in these pages, the lovely Debbie Davies. She's still been setting her native Cairns alight since being crowned Pet Of The Year Runner-Up in 1985. Nick Brokensha visited Cairns to track her down for a much-awaited curtain call.



Since you last saw her, Debbie's seen the world from cover to cover. Only quite recently has she settled back into the tropical atmosphere of her hometown. "I loved California, especially," she says, "but the beaches up around here are my home turf, and it's great to be back."



FORUM

Continued from page 16

and receiving were too much and we both had earth-shattering orgasms. The sights and sounds of our simultaneous orgasms just turned both of us on even more, and we were immediately ready for some serious lovemaking. I placed her legs over my shoulders and entered her, slowly taking time to completely immerse myself in the intense feelings of her wetness. I then began slow, deliberate thrusting, starting at the very outer lips. I kept this up for some time until the moans and gyrations from Sarah's hips told me that I couldn't hold back any longer. I picked up speed until we were slamming full force into each other, sweat pouring down our faces. Sarah's back arched and her body stiffened suddenly. This caused me to go over the edge and I came with an urgency I had never before experienced. I continued pumping, and Sarah let out a moan of orgasmic pleasure as her entire body began shaking with convulsions. This lasted for what seemed like forever before we collapsed into each other's arms, exhausted and fulfilled.

With the realisation that Jack and Drew would return at any moment, we dressed, gave each other one last kiss, and walked back to the front office. It completely shook us up to find that Drew had been sitting there, for how long we had no idea. I asked him how long he'd been back and was answered by an ear-splitting grin. He never mentioned it again, and Sarah and I have been seeing each other on a regular basis ever since. We always volunteer for the overnight shift. — *Name and address withheld*

Bottoms up!

I would like to share an unusual experience that happened the other night. There was a full moon and I felt something warmer than the weather in the breeze. I was not disappointed.

It was the last night of the week to have fun, Saturday night. But it turned out to be boring and I decided to go to a late night snack bar — a refuge for the frustrated.

I sat at the counter and ordered a hamburger. All of a sudden, a gorgeous girl sat down next to me. She was about five feet six inches, with brown hair, blue eyes, and nice large tits. She had a formal gown on that not only accentuated her chest but also her small, tight waist. I asked her what she was doing out alone so late. Pamela explained that she had just come from a boring cocktail party, all the while stealing glances at my enlarging cock. I decided my hamburger could wait so I invited her to my place for a drink. My answer came when she massaged my dick with her masterful fingers.

When we got home she went straight for the bar. As she bent over to see what she could have, I grabbed her waist from behind and she giggled. I spun her around and shot my tongue into her mouth. She met the challenge by almost choking me with hers.

Pamela dropped to her knees and quickly unzipped my fly. She deftly pulled out my throbbing penis and licked my nuts, putting the left one in her mouth and sucking on it. She did this to the other, then started licking at the base of my cock with a little moan for each inch. I reached down and started massaging her breasts under the gown, feeling her nipples hardening under my thumbs. I unzipped her frock, while she stepped out of it, not missing a

"That can't be the governor calling. This guy is the governor."

lick of my prick! After I got out of my pants we went into the bedroom, but not before I grabbed a bottle of cognac. I had a little idea.

She took my shirt off and I had her lie back. Pamela eased herself on to the floor, spreading her limbs in all directions while smiling. As I bent down admiring her pussy, I noticed a pool of moisture in her crotch. I took the bottle of cognac and poured some in her creamy slit. Now before me was a fleshy cup of pleasure. I repeatedly attacked her clit with my tongue, which caused her to grab my hair and push her cunt into my face. Soon Pamela cried, "Fuck me, fuck me with that big mother of a cock." She groaned as I plunged into those gates of paradise. After pumping away a few times, she wrapped her legs around my waist, allowing me to reach new depths. I slowed the rhythm down, then worked faster as I neared my climax. I shot the biggest load of my life into her cognac-flavored cunt. The mixture of the fine brandy and Pamela's love juice made the best cocktail I've ever had. — *Name and address withheld*

Hair-raising experience

I am not the best-built person in the world (I guess you could say I'm pudgy) but I have a great smile and my penis is enormous when erect. I am not a virgin by any means, but I would like to share an experience that I had last week.

My hair had been getting long, and there is a girl who lives in my block who used to cut hair. She offered to cut mine for me, but at a price that I'd never have imagined. It was on a Thursday night when she came by my room. Lauren, a beautiful blonde with large mounds of joy and a great smile, was standing in front of my door. She was wearing a tight white jumper and had a perfect pair of legs that emerged from a tiny denim miniskirt. She had a small bag in her right hand. I was to find out that these were her tools of pleasure. I closed the door behind me and she instructed me to sit in the chair by my desk. She started to cut my hair, and I noticed that she began to make remarks regarding the silkiness of my golden locks. I guess it turned her on, because as she passed in front of me I gasped to see her nipples jutting through her jumper. After having finished with my hair, she asked if I would like a massage. I answered in the affirmative.

Lauren's magic fingers began to massage my neck and shoulders. She told me that she couldn't massage me in the chair and asked me to remove my shirt and lie on the bed. As I lay down on the bed, Lauren bent over me to massage my back. Her firm breasts rubbed ever so gently on my naked flesh, and I could feel her erect nipples rubbing against me. I nearly came in my pants. Suddenly, she started to kiss my back. Her hot tongue was flicking all over the back of my neck. Instinctively, I rolled over and kissed her passionately. She pulled away and said, "I have a surprise for you." Lauren peeled off her clothes, and before I knew it she was tearing my clothes off my body. She had a beautiful arse and her breasts were beyond my imagination. Her pubic mound was perfectly trimmed and her lips were swollen with excitement. My massive organ stood at attention immediately. Without a word she mounted my mammoth member, and I slid deep into her Pandora's box of ecstasy. She began to ride, but then suddenly she stopped. She leaned back and pulled something out of the bag she brought with her.

With a devilish smile she turned on an electric razor. Still mounted on my veined monument to masculinity, she started to shave off all her golden curls. Next, Lauren shaved off all my pubes, too. I shot my load deep within her naked orifice of love, and simultaneously I could feel her lips tighten around my shaft. She moaned as she came, collapsing on my chest. I felt our combined post-copulatory fluids trickling out of her snatch on to my thighs. With a look of contentment in her eyes, she slid off my shiny shaft but her body was still begging for more.

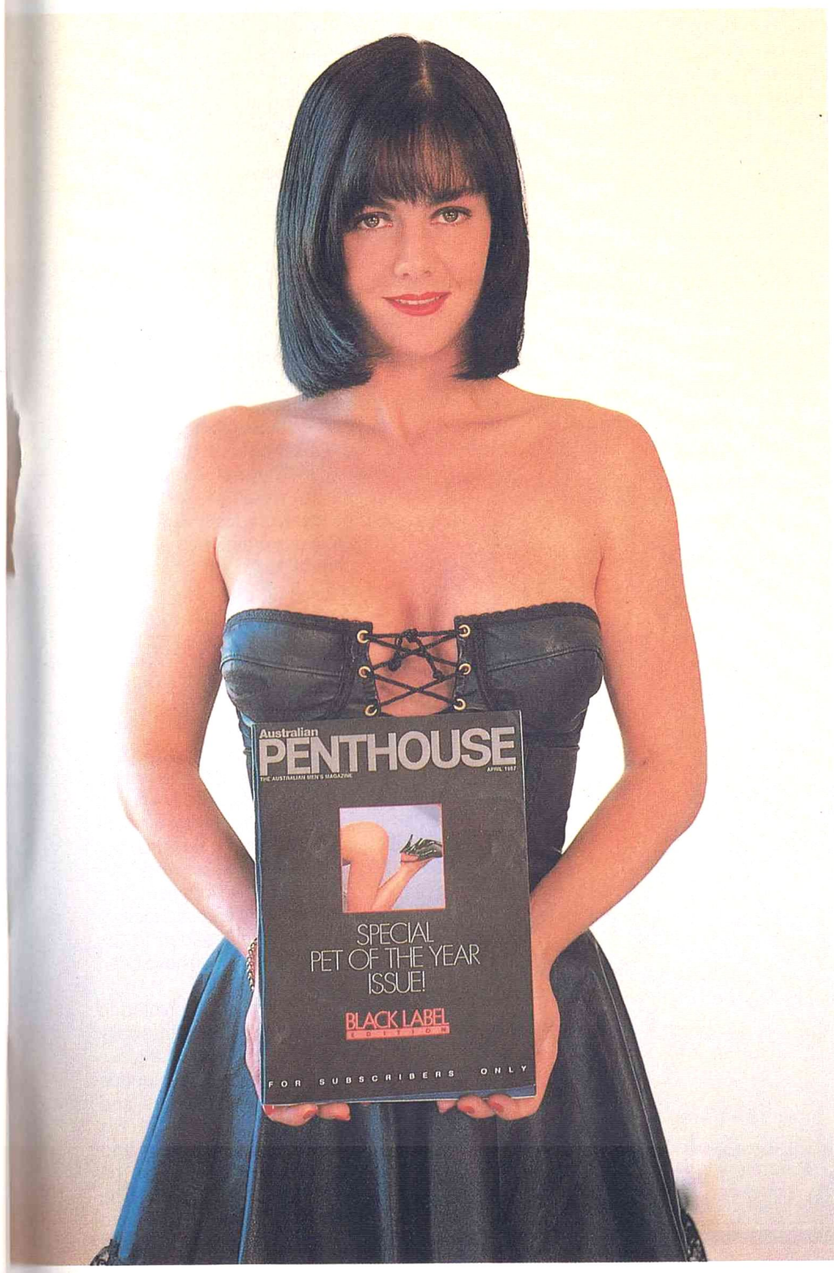
I swung her legs around my face so that her bare pussy lips, glistening with our juices, were begging to have the kiss of their lives. My tongue leaped out to meet her quivering love button. She squirmed in ecstasy and let out a low primal grunt. Lauren moaned loudly and I almost drowned in her creamy flow. Lauren could clearly see my mast was ready for action and full of power. She gave me a look and dove, her mouth engulfing my proud stiff member. She blew me wildly, and I came within 30 seconds in an earth-shattering orgasm. My jism filled her cheeks to the point of bursting, but she swallowed every drop. We relaxed for a while, and she got dressed and left. I hope that the next time I need either the hair on my head or elsewhere trimmed, Lauren will come and do the job. — *Name and address withheld*

Brand-new friend

Being avid readers of Forum, my wife Betty and I would like to tell your readers about our first experience of a threesome. Like a lot of men, I have been turned on by fantasising about Betty making it with another man. We discussed this many times while reading this type of letter in Forum. This fantasising would send us to new heights of passion every time. We decided we would fulfil our dreams by answering an ad in a swingers magazine. After first deciding on an individual quite close by, we wrote a letter describing ourselves to him. We told him that this would be our first time in a threesome and asked him to call us if he was interested in a possible meeting. The call was not long in coming, as we had included a nude picture of Betty, who is a knockout, in our letter.

The caller's name was Harry, and from our conversation we knew we had a lot in common. We met Harry at a prearranged restaurant and had a great time at dinner. Betty was enjoying all the attention while anticipating going to bed with this newfound friend. We were still nervous and didn't know how to handle the situation when we arrived at Harry's home.

THE BLACK TIE PENTHOUSE.



This is your invitation to a very exclusive Australian Penthouse.

Our Black Label edition.

It's different from our regular Penthouse because it contains some very exclusive editorial and pictorial content.

This is why Black Label is the fastest growing subscription men's magazine.

Indeed, some 30,000 people have joined us in this exclusive club already.

The only way you can get Black Label is privately, through the mail.

Please R.S.V.P. quickly.

We're looking forward to the pleasure of your company.

— — — R. S. V. P. — — —

I wish to receive 12 issues of your Black Label edition at $58 __ or 24 issues at $116 __. I enclose a cheque/money order. Please debit my
☐ Bankcard ☐ Amex ☐ Diners
☐ Mastercard Exp Date __/__/__

No__

Name __

Address __

__

__ P/Code __

Signature __

Send to: Australian Penthouse Magazine, P.O. Box 32, Cammeray, NSW 2062.

Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy. Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age.

PENTHOUSE BLACK LABEL EDITION

FORUM

Harry eased the situation when after some small talk and jokes, he suggested that Betty might want to go upstairs to shower and freshen up. Betty used this opportunity to put on a new and provocative gown purchased for the occasion. Leaving the matching panties at home had been my idea! She looked like a vision as she came into the den where Harry and I were watching an adult film on TV. When Harry suggested we continue the film on the TV in the bedroom, Betty and I agreed without hesitation.

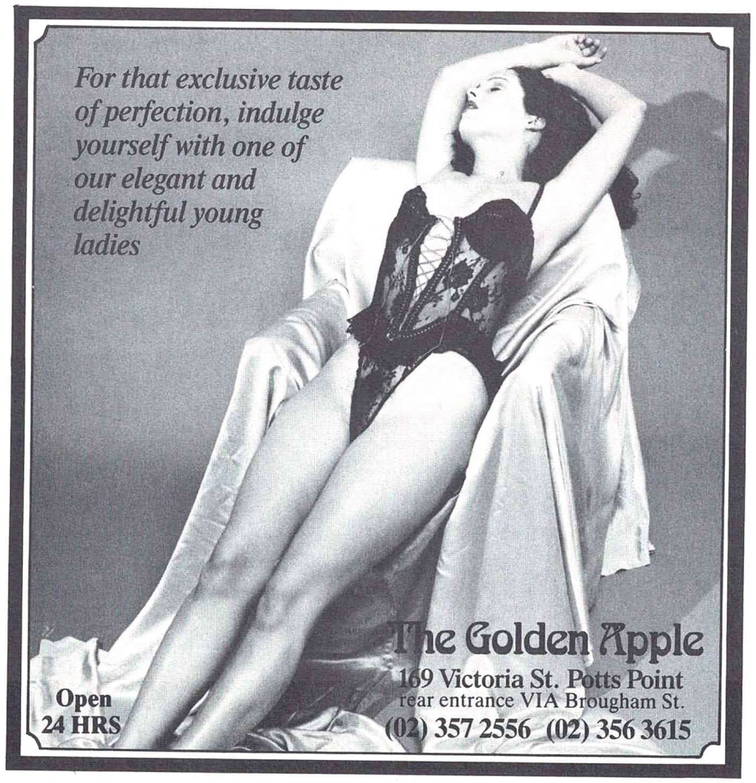
We all lay on the bed with Betty in the middle, then Harry started rubbing her thigh with his hand. I used this opportunity to rub her other thigh, and when I touched Harry's hand I pushed it to Betty's pussy.

My heart was racing with excitement as Harry stroked my wife's steaming pussy, pushing his finger into her wetness. He began kissing Betty, and I lay back to enjoy what was happening on the bed next to me. It wasn't long before Harry's head was buried between Betty's thighs. Her breathing told me she was enjoying it. Harry moved up on to Betty, and although I had not yet seen the size of his member, I could tell by Betty's gasps that it was much larger than she had been accustomed to. I became so excited lying on the bed beside them, Harry rising and falling on top of my wife, that with no help at all, come started running out of my dick. I began to jerk off, really letting the jism fly. Betty and Harry were oblivious to what I was doing, and I could tell my wife was enjoying every inch of her newfound toy.

After spending myself all over my hand. I got up and went downstairs to get a glass of water to cool myself off. When I arrived back in the bedroom, I sat at the foot of the bed; from my front-row seat I watched Harry's cock slide in and out of my wife's arching pussy. I could tell Harry was about to come, as he began to shove his cock deeper, his balls becoming tighter with each stroke. With a mighty shove and groan, he began emptying his load into my wife's waiting pussy. Betty was coming herself and was groaning, "Fuck me. Fuck me harder. Fuck me. Fill me full." It was truly a beautiful sight.

As Harry rolled off, his sperm running down Betty's arse and on to the bed, Betty asked if I would like sloppy seconds. Boy, did I! It only took a few strokes for me to refill her box. As I rolled off we all laughed, talking and enjoying our newfound freedom. We fucked and sucked that night until, exhausted, we all fell asleep. The next morning I was awakened to the sound of Harry getting a morning piece from my wife. After we all showered and had breakfast, Betty and I left for home, the three of us promising to see each other again.

We have continued to see Harry, as well as several others, for adult fun and games. We have enjoyed every episode and plan to continue. Betty now wants to find an American negro to service her. She wants to find out for herself if all the stories she has heard about their size and staying power are true. That answer, and more, later! — *Name and address withheld*


For that exclusive taste of perfection, indulge yourself with one of our elegant and delightful young ladies
The Golden Apple
169 Victoria St. Potts Point
rear entrance VIA Brougham St.
(02) 357 2556 (02) 356 3615
Open 24 HRS

Five easy pieces

The evening began like many other Friday nights, with me, Bill, his girlfriend Stacey, and my girl Fran getting together for some wine drinking and card playing. The only thing different about this night was that Bill's friend Kelli had joined us. Since she was a neophyte card player, we decided to begin the evening playing Uno.

We sat on the floor on my place playing cards, drinking wine, and having lots of fun. A muted stereo played rock while I suggested that we switch from playing Uno to Indian Poker. Indian Poker is when everyone puts a single card on their forehead without looking at it and tries to decide if they have the winning card by reading the other players' faces. It's an interesting game, usually played for money, but that night we decided to play for clothing.

When we were almost naked, I upped the ante. I got a can of chocolate syrup from the kitchen and grabbed an empty bottle of wine. "Let's play spin the bottle," I said. "If the bottle points to you, and you have no clothes to remove, you have to kiss chocolate syrup off the person who spun the bottle. Then it's your turn to spin and pour syrup on yourself.

This new game started slowly. I was the first one naked and Fran and Stacey were down to their bras. They sat carefully so as not to expose their naked pussies. As the game wore on, everyone lost their clothes. When Kelli's turn came around I had to lick chocolate syrup off her body. She poured the syrup on her belly, and I licked and kissed it off. I managed to chase a trickle of chocolate down her leg, earning me a delicious noseful of her sweet twat. On my spin of the bottle, Stacey raised the stakes again with her bold kiss to remove that drop.

Our breaths caught in our throats, full of sexual tension, as Stacey spun the bottle once more. I was disappointed when it pointed to Fran. Stacey poured chocolate on her breasts, and Fran got down on her knees, her steaming cunt erotically exposed and glistening with excitement. She brushed her large breasts across Stacey's hairy blonde bush and proceeded to lick the syrup off her breasts. It must have been delicious torture for them both.

When Fran spun the bottle it pointed to Bill. She lay back on a pillow and practically covered herself in chocolate. With a glowing smile Bill eagerly attacked his sundae by crawling between Fran's legs and licking the chocolate from her navel. His hard-on twitched in anticipation and seemed to get larger and larger as he worked his tongue toward Fran's tits. She spread her legs wide to give hime more room. As she did so, her cunt changed from a mere slit to a beautiful pink, moist pleasure hole. She twitched and strained, pushing her aching breasts in his mouth. Bill made her wait. His tongue thoroughly cleaned the chocolate from her belly first. As Bill's tongue licked toward Fran's hard nipples, his cock inched ever closer to her dripping cunt. Bill moaned loudly when he sucked first one nipple, then the other, deep into his mouth. I looked at Fran's cunt, and I'll never forget the sight of Bill's swollen dick throbbing right at the entrance to her hungry hole, her cunt lips straining to swallow the head of his enormous tool.

Fran bucked and squirmed, wanting to impale herself on his raging rod. The head of his cock was still barely rubbing between the dripping lips of her pussy as he continued to clean the syrup from her flesh. Bill's cock took on a damp sheen as it slid from the entrance of her lusting cunt, tickling the curly ends of her pubic hair, then working its way back down over her clit.

Bill was stalling, afraid that when the chocolate was gone his turn would be over. Fran was growing frantic in her need, and she was breathing hard, practically panting. She spread her legs even wider and trapped Bill's dick at her passion's door. He rocked back and forth at the entrance, pretending to lick chocolate. Fran desperately wanted his six inches, but she only got a millimetre while his tongue and lips continued to tease her breasts.

I looked at Kelli to see if she was watching. Her jaw hung slightly open and her eyes were unfocused. She was slowly rocking in rhythm to Bill's hard dick. The fingers of her right hand gently rubbed up and down over her clit. Her left arm pressed hard across her body and crushed her tits. The inner lips of her cunt were exposed, and her long pink fingernail moved in and out of sight between them. It was just about all I could take! I looked back at Fran's gaping pussy. Bill's cock was still throbbing back and forth over her entrance. With a dry tongue I croaked, "No need to keep knockin', her door's wide open."

With that cue, Bill plunged in hard and slowly withdrew a glistening juicy cock. Fran came immediately in a fit of loud moaning and wild thrashing. She locked her legs around Bill. Stacey, also highly excited, moved to suck Fran's breasts as they danced in writhing rhythm to Bill's hard cock, pistoning in and out of Fran's love hole. Bill's balls rubbed against her luscious arse as Fran's cunt lips caressed his shining tool. Stacey was slurping and sucking Fran's tits deep into her mouth. One of Stacey's hands toyed with Fran's other nipple, her other hand rubbing her own clit. Bill fucked Fran in long endless strokes. The room reeked with the smell of love juices, and without touching myself I shot a load all over the carpet in throbbing spasms. My orgasm brought little relief to the need in my loins.

While I looked at Stacey's dripping pussy and Kelli's urgent moaning, my tool sprang for action. Kelli cried, "Fuck me hard!" I mounted her in one stroke as Stacey lunged for Kelli's breasts. With that first plunge into Kelli's sweet velvet pussy, my body spasmed in pleasure knowing this was the only means of satisfying the lust within me. We obviously both needed a hard fuck, because Kelli grabbed her ankles and spread her legs high and wide, allowing me better access to drive deep within her. It was then that I heard Bill give out an enormous groan. He rolled off Fran, spent and exhausted.

Consumed with pleasure, Kelli made a loud noise that started deep within her and ended in loud screaming. Her arms and legs clamped hard around me, pinning my hard hot cock even deeper into her cunt. God, it felt good! The smell, the passion, the noise, and the memory of Bill's throbbing cock twitching at the entrance of Fran's glistening gash made this one of the best fucks in my life. — *Name and address withheld*

Dressed to thrill

It's been a longtime fantasy of mine for my wife Brenda to spread her legs for other men, but she would never go for it. Brenda's attractive and very sexy when she wants to be. She has medium-sized

"And what's worse, you're mother thinks it was me!"

but firm tits with bulletlike nipples. Her arse is round and tight and her cunt has known many men before me.

Our sex life has been great for the past six years, but I always wanted excitement, something different — and I never missed a chance to tell her I would like her to fuck other men. She admitted she liked the idea but didn't think it was right now that she was married.

About a year ago she must have changed her mind. I didn't know it, but she had taken out a personal ad in a local newspaper looking for a short-term male companionship. The address in the ad was a post-office box. That meant she would get replies without anyone knowing about it. From there, she could contact the potential lovers and set up times and meeting places.

The first I found out about it was one day when I got home from work and found come-stained panties in the bedroom. Brenda was just ready to step in the shower when I discovered them, so I asked her to wait. I pretended I wanted her to help me find my keys so I could run out and get some groceries. She had a towel wrapped around her, and I playfully flirted with her as we searched. When she bent over I had to look at her cunt. Little gobs of come were stuck to her inner thigh and her cunt lips were red and swollen.

The thought of Brenda having sex with other men made me very horny, and later that evening I finally got to fuck her. After eating her hot, swollen pussy, I rammed my hard cock into her slit. After we both came, I confronted her with the come-stained panties, and she confessed that she had met a man at his home and they had fucked for several hours that afternoon. I wanted to hear the details, but she wouldn't say anything more.

She did tell me about the ad and showed me a stack of letters she had received. I counted 23 — and that was just for the first day the ad ran. Almost every day she would answer two letters and make appointments for the next morning and afternoon. To make a long story short, while I was at work, she was all over town getting hot cock up her horny, wet pussy.

The first few times she was nervous about it, but the more she did it the more she liked it until it came to the point where that seemed to be all she lived for. She told me she loved to be loved, and the more she fucked, the hornier she got. I was glad of that because our sex life together was at an all-time high.

Along with her sexual escapades, I noticed Brenda had begun to add unusual items to her wardrobe. These clothes were all of the bedroom type: garters, silk and lace teddies, and some of the hottest split-crotch panties I've ever seen. It got me hard just thinking about her trying them on in the store. I offered to accompany her on her next shopping spree, so we went out and bought slit skirts, miniskirts, see-through blouses, tight silk pants, and all kinds of short T-shirts.

From that day on, Brenda dressed to thrill almost all the time. One day, she decided to visit the bar at a local motel. I went with her to see what would happen.

She wore a white silk dress, pointed high heels, white stockings, and a garter belt — nothing else. The dress buttoned down the front and had a deep V-neck. She had opened two of the top buttons and her breasts were visible from the side, as her nipples were only partially covered by the dress. Her dark pussy mound was also visible through the thin material.

She sat at the bar, while I watched from the other side of the room. It only took a few minutes before three men were vying for her. It wasn't long before she was heading toward the lift with all three of them in tow behind her. I crowded in with them. They didn't know me from Adam, and Brenda didn't say anything. They were feeling her all over and had her dress almost unbuttoned when she stopped at the fifth floor. When they disappeared into a room, that was the last I saw of my wife for almost four hours.

When she came back to the bar she was minus the stockings and garter belt, and her dress had lost four of its 12 buttons. She obviously had had a good time.

Brenda and I fuck a lot more than we used to. She gets a lot wetter and juicier than a year ago, and I like the way her cunt responds like it never used to. I'd like to get into fucking other women, but Brenda doesn't go for that idea. I guess I can be content with that just as long as I'm the most important cock to her. She says I am. — *Name and address withheld*

Frequent-flyer plan

As a freelance pilot, I see many strange places and meet lots of interesting people. Recently I landed at a small country airfield, parked the plane, and walked into the office. I hadn't seen Betty, the secretary, for months, but we'd screwed — on and off, so to speak — for years. She was alone and the pleasantries quickly gave way to heavy breathing, moist kissing, and the hope that no-one would see us and interpret the situation correctly.

"Let's test-hop my aircraft," I suggested. We were no sooner airborne when she half-turned to me, smiled provocatively, and pulled her dress slowly up around her waist. She had no panties on. She looked so small, innocent, and petite in the right-hand seat of that 210, I felt two of her could have filled it. But I doubt that I could have filled two of her . . . .

We were soon straight and level at 5000 feet. She spread her legs and twisted to show me her magnificent pussy dripping ambrosia as she slowly massaged her clit. The heady aroma quickly filled the cockpit as she opened my pants, knelt beside me, and placed her soft lips over the head of my throbbing joystick.

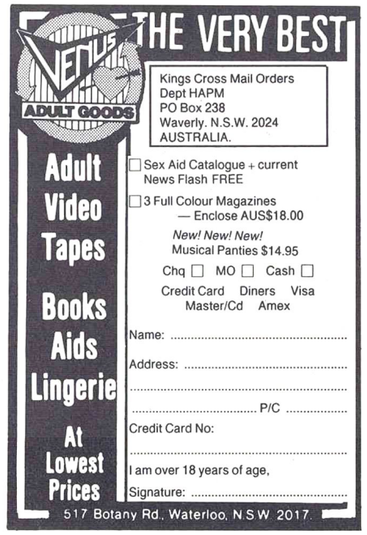
I grabbed her butt to drag her on to me. She leaned forward to kiss me, and I felt her arse move a little higher and backward. I shifted my hand around her front. She had the throttle knob rubbing between the lips of her cunt. She seemed content to stay there, so I slid her off and she jumped on to me and my long, banana-bent cock rose deep up into her belly, stretching her apparatus until her head bent backward. That hot pussy, slipping and sliding around my cock, her heavy breathing and rolling eyes, and that incredible aroma brought on her climax far too soon.

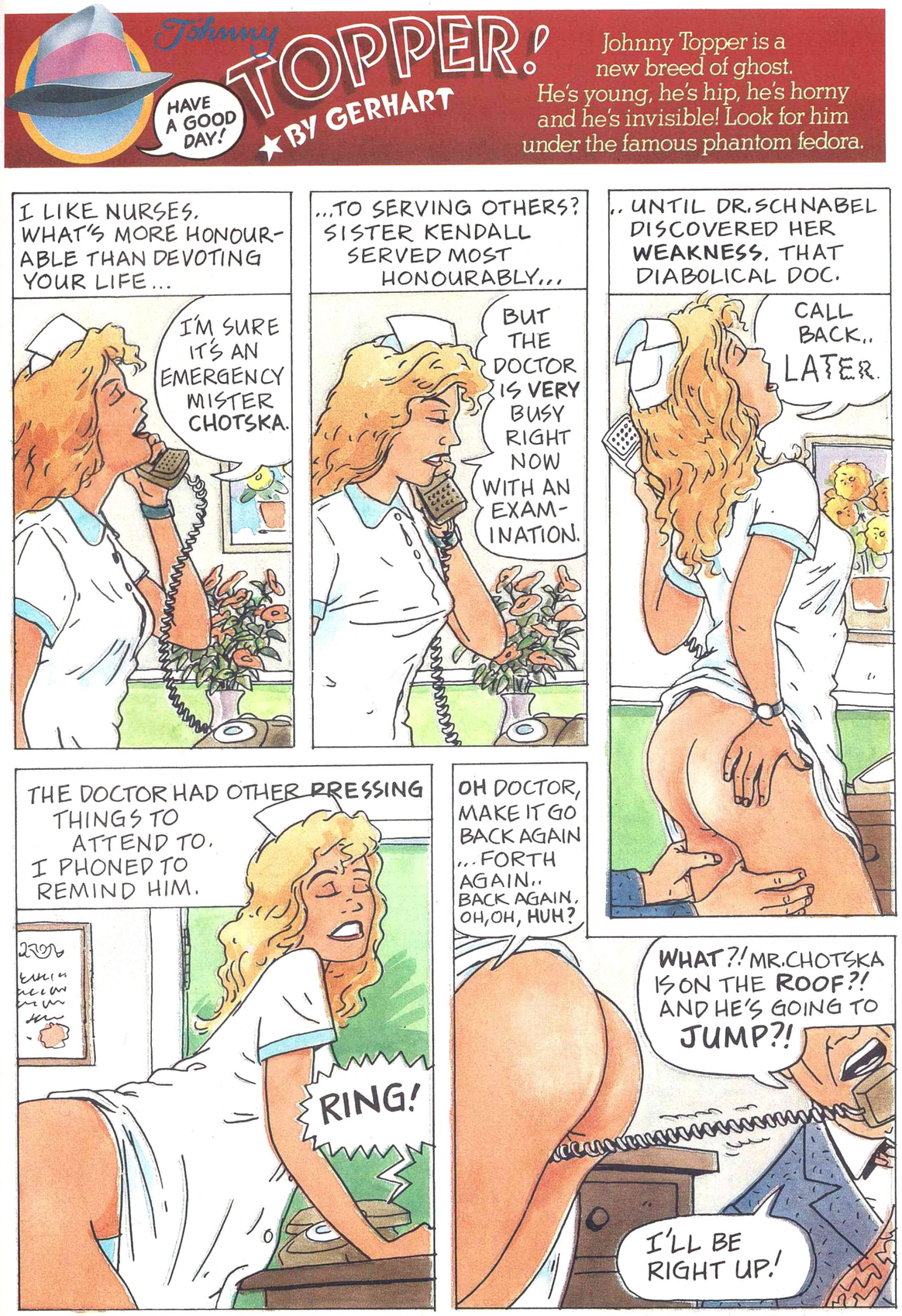
She came with a wild rush, heaving and grunting madly. Her moaning subsided as she slowly collapsed on to me. My cock took over, just as she knew it would. It throbbed madly as its delayed action squirted loads of steaming-hot white come deep inside her pussy. She jerked upright, squirming down hard on to those nine rigid inches as if to savor every centimetre.

As we rode the peak of our orgasm, all hell broke loose. The 210 shuddered, horns blew, and the engine stopped just as if it had picked up our mutual vibes and was joining us in a climax of its own.

It had stalled. And I was just about to settle back in the seat to enjoy the aftermath of our fabulous fuck and gather strength for another. Now I had to raise my depleted energies and recover as soon as possible with Betty's arms around my neck and her cunt caressing my diminished tool. I had forgotten in the heat of fucking even to trim the aircraft, let alone to engage the autopilot.

After I had regained enough energy to see, and enough strength to handle the controls, we approached for landing. The wheels touched down as smoothly as the sides of Betty's cunt, and I felt really good about the flash that got us airborne. — *Name and address withheld*




Johnny TOPPER!
BY GERHART
HAVE A GOOD DAY!
Johnny Topper is a new breed of ghost. He's young, he's hip, he's horny and he's invisible! Look for him under the famous phantom fedora.
I LIKE NURSES. WHAT'S MORE HONOURABLE THAN DEVOTING YOUR LIFE...
I'M SURE IT'S AN EMERGENCY MISTER CHOTSKA.
...TO SERVING OTHERS? SISTER KENDALL SERVED MOST HONOURABLY...
BUT THE DOCTOR IS VERY BUSY RIGHT NOW WITH AN EXAMINATION.
.. UNTIL DR. SCHNABEL DISCOVERED HER WEAKNESS. THAT DIABOLICAL DOC.
CALL BACK.. LATER.
THE DOCTOR HAD OTHER PRESSING THINGS TO ATTEND TO. I PHONED TO REMIND HIM.
RING!
OH DOCTOR, MAKE IT GO BACK AGAIN .. FORTH AGAIN.. BACK AGAIN. OH, OH, HUH?
WHAT?! MR. CHOTSKA IS ON THE ROOF?! AND HE'S GOING TO JUMP?!
I'LL BE RIGHT UP!

OH, WHAT HAVE I **DONE**?

SLAM

SISTER KENDALL

I AM THE **GHOST** OF MR. **CHOTSKA!**

YOU JUMPED?!

I'VE **SHAMED** MY CALLING! MY PAST IS **ALREADY** HAUNTING ME.

I'D DO **ANYTHING** TO 'MAKE IT BETTER', MR. CHOTSKA.

I THOUGHT THE DOC MUST BE ON THE ROOF BY NOW.

IT'S NO FUN BEING DEAD.

DOES THIS HELP?

IT HELPED.. BUT I TOLD HER IF SHE REALLY WANTED TO BRING A MAN BACK TO LIFE SHE SHOULD TURN AROUND AND..

HOLD ON TO YOUR KNEES SISTER.

BUT GHOSTS CAN'T..

CAN'T **WAHH'T**?

CAH!..

CAH CAH CAH CAH..

CAN

MR. CHOTSKA?!

IT'S A **MIRACLE**! I'VE BROUGHT YOU **BACK TO LIFE**!

IT WAS TURNING OUT TO BE A BUSY DAY FOR OUR SISTER KENDALL.

WE'D BETTER MAKE SURE.

DAPHNE!?

DUH.. DOCTOR SCHNABEL

SORRY DOC, IT'S AN EMERGENCY. ...BUT YOU'RE **NEXT.**

ON THE ROCKS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

As nippers, they'd squeal with delight as they explored their secret beach. As teenagers, their attention moved from the foreshore to foreplay. Now that each is separated from their partners, their marriages on the rocks, they meet at their secret place . . . and get their rocks off.

Here they are able to remember that life's a beach.

"I suppose there's plenty of fish in the sea," huffs Jessica. "That's true," says Jim soothingly. "Just remember that if you ever need to land a groper, I think I'm just the man for the job."

LIFE

Continued from page 60

ations no-one else wanted to do. We were all very sad the day we had to bury him. Sad, and exhausted, because the bastard wouldn't keep still.

When it was all over and I got back to Australia I discovered I was an Agent Orange victim. It was bloody terrible. For a start you couldn't keep lettuce in the house. Within a week of me coming home, all the pot plants had died.

Mind you, there were some compensations. I don't need a reading lamp any more. I just turn out the light, settle down with a good book and glow in the dark.

Sydney wasn't the same place when I got back. Times had changed. It was a much tougher town. Mugging was on the increase. You always ran the risk of getting mugged in Sydney, only now it happened *after* you got to the police station.

I'd gotten into drugs in 'Nam, and now I found I couldn't break the habit. Still, I wasn't as bad as some of my old mates. A few of them had gotten really desperate. They used to crush up Remembrance Day poppies and mainline.

I had one friend called Mark. His father had made it big as a director in Los Angeles, and that's how young Mark got on to coke. The real thing. You could say he was born with a silver spoon up his nose.

I went over to see him. He lived in Darlinghurst. Lovely place, Darlinghurst. They don't bury anyone there. They just prop them up in doorways with rolled up Daily Mirrors in their hands.

Parts of it are quite trendy now. It's a very alternative scene. They knit their own mung beans. Grow free range poppadoms, that sort of thing. These days it's a nuclear free zone. There are signs everywhere saying "Nuclear Free Zone." Won't do any good, of course. Not unless they print the bloody things in Russian.

And then there's the sex shops for the kinkies. SS caps and handbags with silver studs. The masochists are well catered for — there's vaseline with added sand and exploding suppositories . . . some with added menthol.

Anyway, like I said, I went to meet this mate of mine, Mark. He's bi. He likes men *and* drugs. He used to work at the sperm bank but he got sacked for drinking on the job.

It was really crowded in the pub. You know what the hotels are like down Oxford Street. Four gays share one stool between them. They turn it upside down.

I went into the lavatory. There were two old queens in there standing side by side at the urinal. One of them looked down at the other one and gasped, "Oh, Sheldon — you've been circumcised!"

"Yes," Sheldon said proudly. "Had it done last week. Do you like it?"

"Oh yes," his friend said. "It makes you look ten years younger!"

I couldn't stand it any more. I told Mark I was leaving and he asked me if I wanted to go to a birthday party with him. One of his friends. On the way we had to stop off and buy a present. What do you get for a junkie on his birthday? We ended up buying him a cutlery set. All spoons.

When we arrived at the flat a lot of the people there were hitting up already. It wasn't good smack. In fact, it was really rough. Whoever had diluted the stuff hadn't even bothered to crush up the sugar cubes, and the Ajax was still in the tin.

Despite that, it wasn't long before everyone was right out of it. They all decided to go on the "Legalise Drugs" march down to Martin Place. It wasn't much of a march really. A couple of blokes tried to get up out of the beanbag, and someone started to sing the druggies' protest song: "We Shall Overdose Some Day."

I ended up at Martin Place on my own. All the major minority groups were there. There was the Hells Angels' Peace Lobby, and the Festival Of Light Gay Chapter. Plus a few splinter groups. Like the Herpes Sufferers For Nuclear Disarmament. Well, they weren't so much a splinter group, as a blister group.

The Gay Rights Movement was there too. There were about a hundred of them, but only a few of them actually marched. The rest just stood on the pavement shouting: "Ooooh, don't they look *gorgeous*!"

Anyway, the march got a bit out of hand. The mounted police were called in. Someone gave one of the horses some crack. It bolted, lost its rider and ended up at a fancy dress party in Paddington. There it was, mixing with all these solicitors and property developers in gorilla suits.

An investment consultant tried to get it to put 20 grand in a new high-yield property trust, and it got propositioned by two women in Chanel frocks.

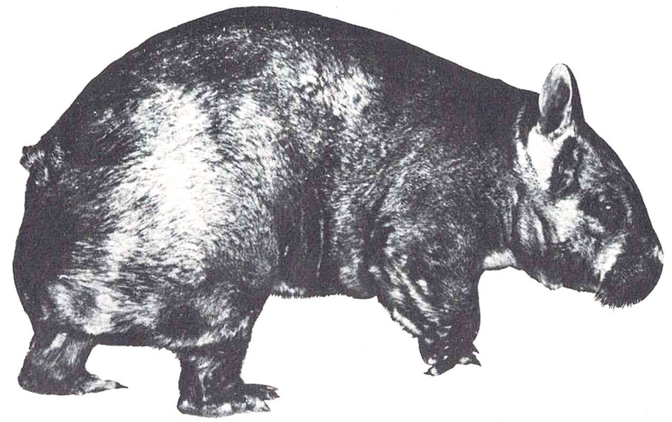
It got so frightened it ran off leaving a pile of manure six foot high in the kitchen. One woman talked to it all night — she thought it was a divorce lawyer.

That was all years ago. As I sit here now, looking back on it all, it's hard to make any sense of it. Nothing seems to have worked out somehow. I was married for a while but it didn't last. One night we went to a wife swapping party together, and I exchanged her for a toaster and an electric blanket.

Sydney isn't what it used to be. These days it's all smog and joggers. I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm too old and sick to work and I'm too tired to care much about anything any more.

I guess I'll have to take the only alternative left and go into politics. ○

This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



Take a long, last look,

The hairy-nosed wombat is one of the most endangered mammals in the world.

As yet, we don't know why.

Even the populations living in national parks need special protection. And numbers continue to remain alarmingly low.

Saving this wombat is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries. Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.

To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
Level 17 St Martins Tower,
Sydney, NSW 2000,
GPO Box 528,
SYDNEY NSW 2001.

Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:

Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for $25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for $1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate $ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost $5.00 per year and the Club member will receive a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme T.V. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs – 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with $ _____

☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐

Bankcard Expiry Date __ /__ / 19__

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode: _____

51 Ogilvy MWW 0045.

Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

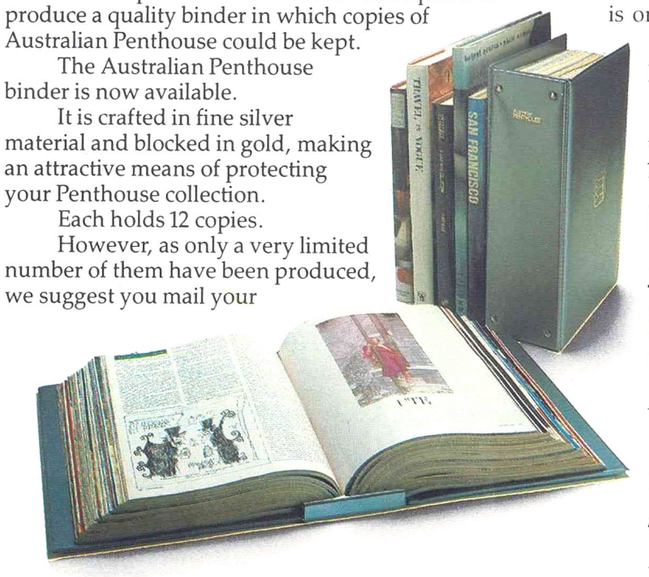
However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder is only $11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.



Australian
PENTHOUSE

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.

Please find attached cheque/money order for

_____Penthouse binders at $11.50 ea. $_____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode_____

Jacka 943

LOOSE ENDS

MEN ARE A WORRY

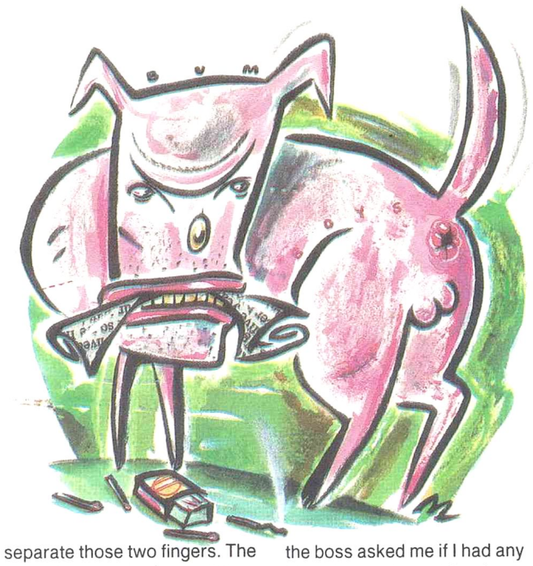


Illustration by Mark Tremlett

Ever heard of a game called Flaming Arseholes? It is beloved, so I'm told, of the surfing fraternity. In true gladiatorial spirit, it is a test of courage, agility and endurance in the face of grave personal risk. It involves getting powerfully drunk on the beach with your mates, then tightly rolling a couple of sheets of newspaper and inserting one end in the anus of a willing competitor. The other end of the taper is then ignited and the contestant must hightail it down to the surf before yesterday's news burns his blurter. I am informed that what this pursuit lacks in intellectualism it more than makes up for in aerobic benefits.

Now let's play the Elephant Walk. I have it on dubious authority that this is a locker room game favored in rugby union circles. To play, participants must swill copious amounts of lager. Then, when all involved have difficulty walking a straight line, they lower their strides and form a straight line. Bending slightly at the waist, each player then moistens his right index finger and inserts it up the anus of the player in front of him. He then inserts his left index finger in the mouth of the player behind him. When the link-up is complete, the line begins to move slowly around the locker room. Sounds too easy, doesn't it? Ah, but here's the rub. At a given signal the line must reverse direction. Fingers out, lads. About face. Fingers in. They say that in the heat of the drunken moment it gets confusing as to which finger goes in what orifice. Hahahahahaha.

What is this obsession that young, fit, red-blooded and to all outward intents and purposes heterosexual men seem to have with their sphincters? My quest for an answer has been rewarded, not with an answer, but with further examples of the fun blokes have devised around their fundaments. I feel as if I had slipped into some sort of rectal Twilight Zone.

Let me go back to the beginning. It's Friday now, and it began on Tuesday when I went to the local chemist to pick up some photos. I'd been looking forward to seeing those snaps. I had forgotten, hadn't I, that about a month before I had loaned my camera to a male friend so he could take it on a bushwalk with a bunch of buddies and capture forever the majesty of the Blue Mountains clad in their misty autumn livery.

Well, I found some pictures of me, but not before I'd waded through half a dozen pictures of drunken men chucking browneyes around a campfire. No towering gums, just hairy bums with anuses winking like flashlight orgies of funnelwebs. And those anuses belonged to young professional men, responsible individuals, useful cogs in the great machine.

Back at work I showed the photos to a colleague. He thought they were funny. He told me about Flaming Arseholes. I retired to my office to chew it over. A man's obsession with his dick I can grasp. Up until the other day I viewed penis anxiety as a matter of status quo. Women worry about their tits, men about their dicks. Amen. Then from out of left field comes my new awareness of male freckle fascination, something completely alien to my own sex. A black hole has appeared in my universe.

Pondering it over dinner that night, my companion asked, "What's eating you?"

"Arseholes," I replied, and explained. He didn't enlighten me beyond the old homosexuality masquerading as mateship theory, but he did tell me about the Elephant Walk.

Wednesday was ugly. An old workmate stopped by to shoot the breeze. It was from him I heard about Windows. He said that this convivial pursuit was invented by miners on Groot Eylandt not so many years ago. Many was the night in that lonely outpost that the fellows would sit around in circles and shove two fingers up their bums, draw them out, then slowly and artfully separate those two fingers. The man who could achieve a little sticky window of gunk between his fingers was the winner. The losers had to suck their fingers. The story sounds as apocryphal as it is appalling.

Then there was yesterday. That was when I phoned a sportswriter who let me know about an incident involving Australian rugby league representatives high above the Tasman about a decade ago. He said that for a bit of a punt and a bit of a lark the squad chucked twenties into a hat to see a particular player eat a turd. He said that the player came good and pocketed the money. He added that the player involved died tragically not long ago while swimming in the surf. I wonder if he had a copy of *The Australian* up his quoit at the time.

And so to this morning when the boss asked me if I had any ideas for a column. "I've been kicking the idea of men's arseholes around," I told him, and gave him the rundown.

"Jesus, you're gullible," he announced.

"What do you mean," I asked. "Have I been sucked in?"

"Too right," he said. "That's not how you play Elephant Walk. You're supposed to grab the *dick* of the guy in front and pull it back between his legs. Then your dick gets pulled back by the guy behind and so on down the line. You got it all wrong."

"But doesn't it seem just a little . . . poofy?" I ventured.

"Nah, not at all," he said. "You're only a poofter if, when the guy behind you grabs your dork, you crack a fat."

I have a feeling I'm never going to get to the bottom of this. — *C.J. Mackay.*

SOUNDS

GONNA HAVE A PARTY

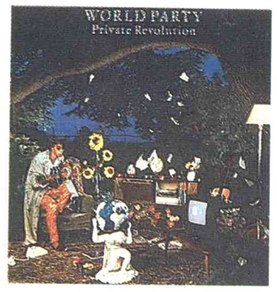
It comes as no surprise when **World Party** launch into Dylan's "All I Really Want To Do" as part of their *Private Revolution* (Chrysalis). Karl Wallinger split from the Waterboys when their single "The Whole Of The Moon" was making waves on the charts. He lobbed in on some English rural splendor to write and record several hours of his own music. A large pair of hedge-trimmers were employed to make this a more album-length body of work. Wallinger's light tenor to falsetto vocals sometimes descend to animate growls as he lyrically explores the gap between real life grey and fantasyland pink. Hardly escapist love songs, Wallinger doesn't let his preoccupation with reality get in the way of uplifting strumming sounds — clean-driving guitar augmented by well arranged contributions from friends on synths, sax, violin, and backing vocals.

British trio **Swing Out Sister** comes on as "the worst kept secret in the best dressed world" for their debut piece of advice — *It's Better To Travel* (Mercury). You can almost hear the drink shakers swishing in time. Funkier than the cocktail Latin ooze of Sadé, they also layer arrangements with richly voiced keyboard, string and brass washes. The results are often of epic proportions, as in the instrumental "Theme" which would sit comfortably under the titles of any Hollywood Roman classic starring Victor Mature. Corrine Drewery's "optimistic alto flute" — or "voice", as they say in the trade — does much to soothe and little to rouse. "Breakout" sounds more like an account of badly timed acne than any great call for personal or social revolution. What the hell, this is cool get-down with only pre-ordained hairs out of place.

From the potentially meaningful and atmospheric side of funk, more stylish young Britons in berets, collectively known as **Curiosity Killed The Cat**, advise to *Keep Your Distance* (Mercury). Languid swaying feels with tasteful interjections from brass and keyboards. These feline proponents of funky soul straddle a middle ground between their jazzy swung out Sisters and the (by now) great uncles of English pop funk Level 42. Looking like a denimed Devo, **Level 42**, powered by the bionic thumb of bassist singer Mark Evans, lays some very slick grooves whilst *Running In The Family* (Polydor). Nice young lads, as Aunt Madge would call them, who are probably very good with small domestic animals. Their funky chug has been organised into some strong singles in the past. This album is one continous pop journey, even managing a good impersonation of Toto ("Two Solitudes") — albeit with their own distinctive percussive hiccup.

Gung-ho guitar thrash comes from pavement crawlers **Concrete Blonde** as they unleash their own *True* (IRS) stories. The trio includes singer/guitarist Johnette Napolitano, who prowls the same cafeteria that Chrissie Hynde used to work. She has less feel for the song as a radio entity but aligns herself strongly with the solid rock sound of her associates.

The Pogues had a fine time in their dirty old town. Melbourne quintet **Weddings Parties Anything** have had a similar love-hate relationship with our urban core. On *Scorn Of The Women* (WEA) they champion the notion that just to get through life is a major achievement — wars, infanticide and unemployment being just some of the complications thrown our way. The accordian gives their folk leanings a sense of Irish working class struggle (deemed an historical perspective, given the subsequent persecution of southern European and Asian migrants).

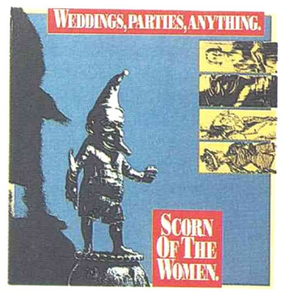


Championing the victims of more internationally visible persecution is exiled South African trumpeter **Hugh Masekala** — seen on these shores a few months ago with the Paul Simon cultural exchange entourage. *Tomorrow* (WEA) begins with a plea in favor of once active human being, now vaguely living symbol of the victims of oppression, Nelson Mandela ("Bring Him Back Home"). Masekala's spirited trumpet and singing push this spicy mix of rhythms and voices out of the exotic tribal corner of the musical ring.

The flurry and excitement of Flamenco music — like a rodent in a blender — is brilliantly executed by **Paco de Lucia** on *Siroco* (Mercury). Spanish guitars are answered by intricate clapping many more times complex than the lowly applause button. It lurches at you, beaming, like a quality sangria.

From the Americas with her own brand of extravagant coif comes **Nona Hendryx** promising *Female Trouble* (EMI). This is machine funk programmed by studio whizzes of the ilk that made Janet Jackson's last epic such a technical tour-de-force. Amidst the dance floor posturing there are larger sentiments attempted.

The oft-copied and much trivialised (thanks Clubland!) songs of **Jackie Wilson** are celebrated on *The Classic Jackie Wilson* (Powderworks). His sweet soul sounds had their way with the pop charts for the best part of a decade till a girlfriend shot and seriously wounded him in 1961. This disc finds him in healthier and happier days. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from the top: World Party do their uplifting; Spirited Hugh Masekala; The folk leanings of Weddings Parties Anything; The funky chug of Level 42.

FILM

COPS, DRUGS, SEX AND STUFF

From the top: Quaid and Barkin kiss and make up in The Big Easy; Our man Arnie Schwarzenegger displays military macho in Predator; Paul McGann and Richard E. Grant in the moody and mucky Withnail And I.

As incentive to get behinds on cinema seats to preview **The Big Easy** publicists went to some trouble to assure that the movie was "hot." Did that mean hot as in it contains sex scenes that are likely to melt the elastic in your undies? Apparently so. *The Big Easy* is being sold on the basis that it contains, you know, sex and stuff. *The Big Hard.*

As they say in the classics, one swallow doesn't make a summer, and the way I see it, one measly sex scene doesn't make an Eighties moviegoer produce and swallow copious libidinal saliva. The one sex scene in *The Big Easy* is pretty good, though, in a sort of pre-coitally interrupted way. The film around it is eminently more satisfying, delivering the goods in the form of a mystery with elements of police corruption, dope dealing, lots of deaduns, a smidgin of voodoo and splashes of rakish humor. It all takes place in New Orleans, the "in" location for movies lately, and the action is well complemented by the jarring, haunted carousel evocations of cajun music.

Dennis McQuaid stars as Lt Remy McSwain, a second generation cop who's a willing party to entrenched corruption in the form of protection kickbacks. His routine investigation of an apparent mafia hit leads to his involvement with Assistant District Attorney Anne Osborne (Ellen Barkin), a corruption investigator who suspects police involvement in the murder. The pair are warily attracted to one another and go out together, only to wind up arguing about "acceptable" levels of police corruption. A subsequent meeting sees McSwain offering to assist Osborne in her investigations and so excited do they become as they uncover major discrepancies in police files that they wind up in the sack (the almost sex scene), but McSwain is called away at the crucial moment to the scene of the murder of three mafia henchmen.

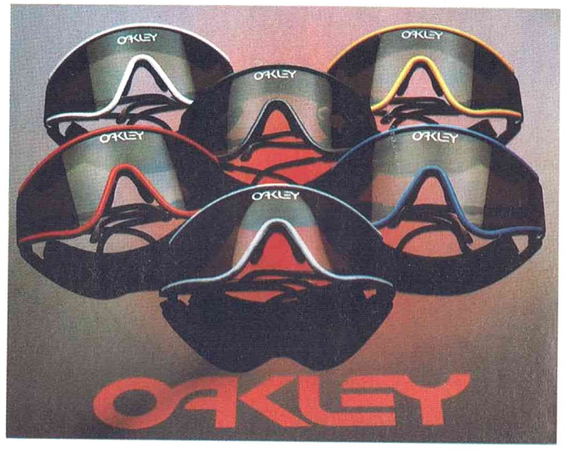
From here the intrigue begins to coagulate nicely. The mystery is resolved in a tense action climax (I love that kind of talk) which involves the good cop, the bad cops, the girl, a lot of guns and a boatload of smack. It's riveting stuff which is unfortunately followed by a script conclusion that wouldn't have been out of place in an episode of *The Brady Brides.*

The Big Easy was directed by Jim McBride (who also directed *Breathless*) from a screenplay by Daniel Petrie Jr (*Beverly Hills Cop.*) Quaid and Barkin are enormously appealing and they are ably supported by such good ol' boys as Ned Beatty and John Goodman. The film is fast, stylish and witty. It won't poach your pants, but it will keep you interested. Recommended.

You might expect that a loving homage to swingin' Sixties London would feature at least a couple of mini skirts, a bit of Carnaby St and a handful of Beatles references. Not so in **Withnail And I**, but a loving homage to that time it is all the same. Set in 1969, it's the seedy celebration of a friendship between two out of work actors, recounting their last grotty and queerly amusing adventure together before one goes on to "make something of himself." The end of their five-year partnership of drugs, booze and debauchery parallels the fag end of the decade when London swung like a pendulum did. It's semi-autobiographical stuff from writer/director Bruce Robinson and it stars Paul McGann, Richard E. Grant and Richard Griffiths. It is atmospherically cinematographed and very amusing in an alcohol swilling, phlegm-gurgling, acid-dropping, grubby manner. A small film with cult potential, it beckons you to suck on a few scoobs, groove to its Sixties soundtrack and relive those heady days that drugs have long since obliterated from your frontal lobes.

Duet For One is the screen adaptation of Tom Kempinski's very successful stageplay about the emotional degeneration of a concert violinist stricken with multiple sclerosis. Got the picture? It was directed by Andrei Konchalovsky and stars Julie Andrews, Alan Bates, Max Von Sydow and Rupert Everett. Andrews delivers a noteworthy performance in this heavy going film, though after-screening chat centred not so much on her acting as the admirable preservation of her naked bosoms, which receive a considerable amount of airtime. Two points of dubious appeal for fans of celebrity skin.

More impressive pecs feature prominently in **Predator**. They belong to none other than Arnold Schwarzenegger and they're pumped up beautifully for his role as major Alan "Dutch" Schaeffer, leader of a military rescue unit looking for allies captured by guerillas in the Latin American jungles. One by one the guys get picked off by a mystery adversary, leaving Arnie to battle the baddie on his patma, with only the jungle and rat cunning on his side. John McTiernan directs the screenplay by James E. Thomas. So, so gung-ho. — *C.J. Mackay*



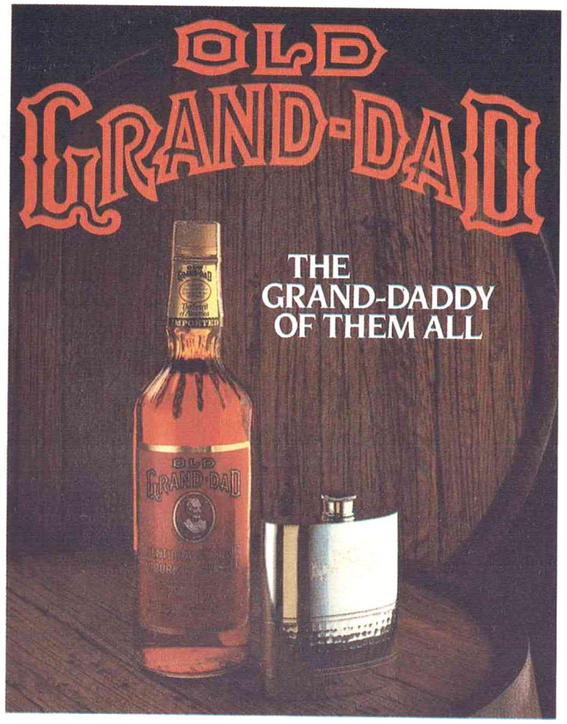
TOP STYLE

The Oakley brand of eye protection with top sporting style has been the rage in the States for some time. Now they're making waves here among Australian sportsmen and those with an eye for style. These Oakley Eyeshades feature scratch-resistant optical quality lenses that block out 100 percent of ultraviolet and blue light. Lenses are also interchangeable in bronze, clear, grey and high intensity yellow. The wrap around designs offer greater eye protection and allow peripheral vision — and look mighty snappy into the bargain. A strip of foam across the top seals the eyeshades to the face and absorbs sweat. The light nylon frames are unbreakable and are available in black, grey, red and white. Other features set Oakley apart in the realm of comfort, safety and style. Find out more by contacting Australian distributor Steve Cramer Products on (03) 587 1466.

IN SIGHT

JVC are quite rightly chuffed with their new GR-C9EA, which ranks as the smallest VHS camera recorder in the world. Featuring one-button recording, a focus-free Pan-focus system, picture improvement, Zero Frame editing for noise-free, smooth scene transitions, and low light sensitivity — with a rrp of $2099 — it's all set to corner the market where portability and reliability are the keywords. JVC products are found in smart outlets.

OLD GRAND-DAD GIVEAWAY



Ask for a "bourbon" stateside, and you'll get a quizzical look from the bartender if you don't stipulate exactly which brand you're after. And in the land where consumer choice is king, the choice most often made is for an Old Grand-dad, the largest selling bourbon whiskey in the entire US of A — for no small reason. But of course the only way to find out that reason is to kick back and cut the phlegm with a drop or three. UDL, importers of numerous firewaters, have plans for Australians to become equally choosy about their preferred tipple. To get you inspired, they've conspired with *Australian Penthouse* and come up with 20 of these magnificent, genuine 6oz House Of York pewter hip flasks to give away, all bearing the Old Grand-dad logo. To become the proud owner, simply answer this question: what is your name and address? Then all you've got to do is tell us which brand of Kentucky bourbon whiskey is the "Grand-daddy of them all." The 20 neatest, correct entries received by the last mail on Friday, October 2, and drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*, will receive one of these hip flasks. The only other proviso is that you must promise yourself to find out why Old Grand-dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey is the finest imported whiskey from Kentucky, and how ageing it to maturity in charred white oak is the master stroke in producing this magnificent drop. Address your entries to *Penthouse*/Old Grand-dad Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Try and add a phone-number, too, please. Winners will be announced if you watch these pages . . .

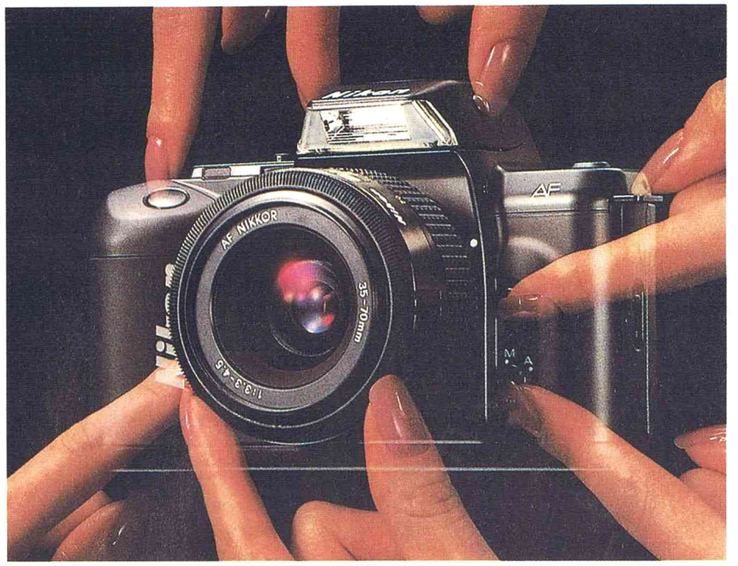


IMAGE MASTER

When Nikon unveils its latest model, you can be sure that the rest of the camera world will be sitting up and begging to have a close inspection to see what catching up they have to do. Now that's not taking anything away from the other name brands, but rather a simple testimony to the well-founded reputation Nikon have for excellence and pioneering technology. No surprise, then, that the F-401 is claimed to be the most advanced autofocus SLR ever made. No doubt, it's true. For the beginner, it's just a matter of pointing and shooting — it does *everything* else, including a balanced flash-fill capacity — while for advanced amateurs, it functions as full support for their own creativity. Ask for a demo to fully appreciate this marvellous camera's capabilities.

EYES RIGHT

Kangarucci sunglasses combine sporty sophistication with a comfortable lightweight fit for men and women on the look-out for style and top protection. The distinctive men's sunnies pictured here sell for $44.95 and are available in blue, black, burgundy, red, grey, orange and yellow. Hers are a modified cat's eye design featuring a mosaic pattern in pearlised pastel shades of light blue, grey and white. They also sell for $44.95. Kangarucci sunglasses for men and women are available at selected boutiques, department stores, pharmacies and selected optical shops including OPSM Australia-wide.

Photo by Geoff Howden

THE ORIGINAL SWISS ARMY KNIFE

Victorinox, the company which gave the world the famous Swiss Army Officer's Knife, has released a new multi-bladed, multi-functional knife. The new model is the Victorinox Ultima Swiss Champ and it boasts 29 functions — just the one for the person who likes to have the right tool at the right time. The Ultima Swiss Champ has all the original features that have made Victorinox famous, plus pliers, wire cutter, chisel, mini screwdriver and ballpoint pen. It weighs less than 200 grams and retails for around $85. With the introduction of the Champ, Victorinox has also acted on the demand for survival kits by providing a survival belt pouch which contains 11 items. The knife and kit sell together for around $137 at leading camping, department, sporting and duty free stores. Personalised Victorinox knives featuring your name or company logo can be arranged by contacting Sheldon And Hammond on (02) 477 6566. They'll tell you to beware of imitations as Victorinox are the original and finest Swiss Army Knives since 1884.

CLUB MEGA

No doubt your perusal of Cairns livewire Debbie Davies' appearance a few pages back got you fired up to jump on a plane to the sunny north — among other things . . . Just remember your next step is to book your stay at the Cairns Colonial Club, who generously provided the location for the shoot. Though on the mainland, you'll feel like you're miles from the world's hassles in its lush surroundings. Thoughtfully, there's a wide range of accommodation choices you can make, from low cost motel-style rooms to deluxe suites of international standard — as well as conference room, restaurants, bars, cafe, tennis court and pools and gardens — *gardens* — like you wouldn't believe. Highly recommended. Ring (070) 53 5111 for bookings or more information if you're not yet sold.

EASY RIDER

More than the sums add up for the commuter who wants to sidestep traffic snarls, parking probs and petrol pricing fluctuations astride a motorised two-wheeler. The convenience factor is a big plus, as is the easy ride. For those who'd like to take the terrorise out of motorise, a scooter is a fine choice, particularly the Yamaha XC 200. With push-button start, auto choke and fully automatic gearbox, all you have to do is enjoy the ride and decide when to go or stop. If it's grunt you're after, best think about going up the Yamaha market, but if it's ease and practicality — and a ton of fun — it's a thought.

COLD COMFORT

All down sleeping bags are not created equal. The Downia 1100 Glacier is considered the sleeping bag for ski touriers on the Great Divide, trekkers in the world's major ranges or anyone fool enough to find themselves hiking and sleeping out in severe conditions. Advanced slant-walled compartments are filled with a massive 1100 grams of 550 loft superdown. A contoured hood and pillow is secured around the head with a locking draw-cord. Even when the hood is flat, the 1100 Glacier's continuous draught excluder (sealing the three-quarter length double ended zip) and collar round the neck and shoulders protects completely. This is a sleeping bag featuring tough construction, highest quality down and high performance practical design. Downia sleeping bags are available at better camping stores. For distributors and brochures phone Outdoor Life Pty Ltd on (02) 476 5566.

MAKING WATER

With springtime comes renewed thirsts for long, cool drinks and a bit of sparkling soda water in the fridge never goes astray. You'll never run out of the bubbly stuff with a Sparklets soda syphon. Sparklets, syphon makers since 1896, is now fielding three new color choices to bring its range to five. New in the Australian marketplace are black, white and gold models from the world-famous West German manufacturer. With a syphon, a packet of Sparklets charging bulbs and a small container of Sodamaster soda tablets, you'll be able to dispense coolers and European spritzers, liven up punch and cocktails, make your own soft drinks and add sparkle to your favorite spirits. They also lighten your supermarket load of lots of bottles. Available nationally from David Jones, Myer and leading giftware kitchen and gourmet shops for around $98.

WALK A COUNTRY MILE

Escalating costs of imported hiking boots have seen many bushwalkers making tracks to Bunyip Boots, one of the very few local specialists in rugged outdoor footwear. Bunyip, third-generation leather merchants based in Victoria, make a range of walking and ski touring boots to international standards for Australian conditions. All boots are leather-lined, with full grain leather uppers thoroughly impregnated with water repellant. Full-grain leather insoles mould to fit your feet and steel shanks ensure strength with flex. Bunyips are crafted for comfort and longevity. Prices start from around $120 at Mountain Designs, Paddy Pallin, Sam Bear and Scout Outdoor Centres, or contact the Bunyip Boot Company on (03) 417 6092.

VIDEO VERITY

Now, here are a couple of novelty items that slot nicely into the realms of the divinely kitsch. They're neat, compact, practically useless and are selling like hotcakes at major retailers and video brokers. Behold The Burning Log and The Fish Tank video cassette, hour-long capsules of soothing, easy on the eye entertainment. The Burning Log Video allows you all the mesmerising eye-appeal of an open log fire without the mess, the fuss or indeed the warmth. Bask instead in the flickering cathode glow of your TV set and turn on the heater. Why not roll around on a bear skin rug in front of it with a special friend? Just turn it on to turn her on! The more sedate, but just as therapeutic Fish Tank video features colorful tropical fish swimming back and forth for a full 60 minutes — sort of incidental scenes from *Seahunt*. Get one to annoy your cat today! Australian distributors Direct Video say that copies of these blockbusters have been spotted in some of the best homes, and that they make nice little mood setters for intimate dinner parties. Yours for $29.95.

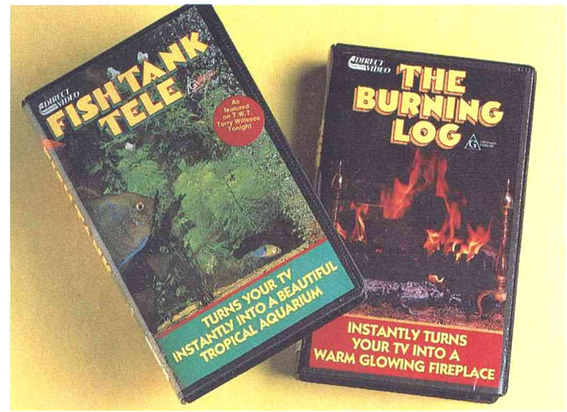

DIRECT VIDEO
FISH TANK TELE
TURNS YOUR TV INSTANTLY INTO A BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL AQUARIUM
DIRECT VIDEO
THE BURNING LOG
INSTANTLY TURNS YOUR TV INTO A WARM GLOWING FIREPLACE

Photo by Geoff Howden

POCKETPHONE

The Mobiletronics Pocketphone may be the smallest and lightest (500g) of the cellular mobile phones on the market, but it's a heavyweight in the features department. It can remember and store 99 telephone numbers, it has display illumination, call diversion, an alert and burglar alarm function, and even a timer on the calls. It needs only 90 minutes to charge to gain 55 minutes of continuous yarning time or to be on standby for up to seven hours. With this device, you can feel comfortable that people will be able to ring you up and annoy you no matter where you are. There's more info for you if you pick up your cumbersome old rap rod and dial (03) 529 5811.

Sydney's Gaelle James

COMING IN OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Corporate Crime Inc. — Corporate crime is Australia's boom industry. In 1987 the white collar criminal is no small-time conman. He's much more likely to be hatching his latest rip-off scheme in a boardroom than a back bar in a Kings Cross pub. This investigation points out that the successful corporate thug probably has bureaucrats and politicians in his pocket, there's little the law can do to stop him, and his next victim could be you.

Matse Magic — The primitive Matse indians, whose home is the depths of the Peruvian jungle, use a variety of strange drugs to enhance their strength and vision — special medicines whose powers are difficult to comprehend for those of us who are not a part of their world. This is an astonishing adventure with a tribe for whom magic is a mundane, everyday occurrence.

Wendy Bacon Interview — One of the few household names in Australian print journalism, Wendy Bacon was responsible for many of the disclosures that rocked the establishment during the heyday of the National Times. Bacon talks candidly about the demise of the Times, the pressure brought to bear by some of the most powerful people in the land, and the state of the criminal justice system in NSW. Don't miss this important interview in October *Penthouse*.

Dream Theme — Nineteen-year-old Gaelle James warmed to the thematic mood of her photo session for October *Australian Penthouse*; in it she's young, liberated and very rich, and searching for ways to fill her time and part with her money . . . Gaelle's appearance is the steamiest reason to pick up next month's issue.

SERVICES

Continued from page 57

away tension or aggression or whatever is great. But you have to recognise its limitations as well as its benefits. I don't think it reflects 'liberation' or 'greater self-awareness.' The fantasy represents a fixation that the client is in most cases unable to overcome. I'm not suggesting that it's a bad thing — but I am suggesting that if they're getting locked in on that fantasy time and time again, they are hardly progressing with what their anxiety-fixation is all about and what it *means*. If, for instance, a man has always lived under the fear of authority — especially the fear of a mother who was obsessed with cleanliness — and now lives a regimented lifestyle except for a soiled nappy fantasy that he indulges in once a week, then he needs to change his *mentality* rather than give up his nappy habit, which is only a manifestation of his problem."

Does this mean that Mr McDonald, with his harmless schoolgirl fixation, is a sick man?

"Now, Mr McDonald, you're going to get what you came for."

The wicked smile as she approaches, straddles my rigid member and guides it home at last. "Ooh" and "aarrggh" and she rides courageously through the rupture of her hymen, wide-eyed again at the joy of it. I've been on the brink for so long now I'm on a short fuse but so is little Angela, and we're locked in a desperate razzle-dazzle dance to the death . . .

"You won't tell on me, will you Angela?"

"No way. I wouldn't dream of it. But there's one more thing I want you to do for me."

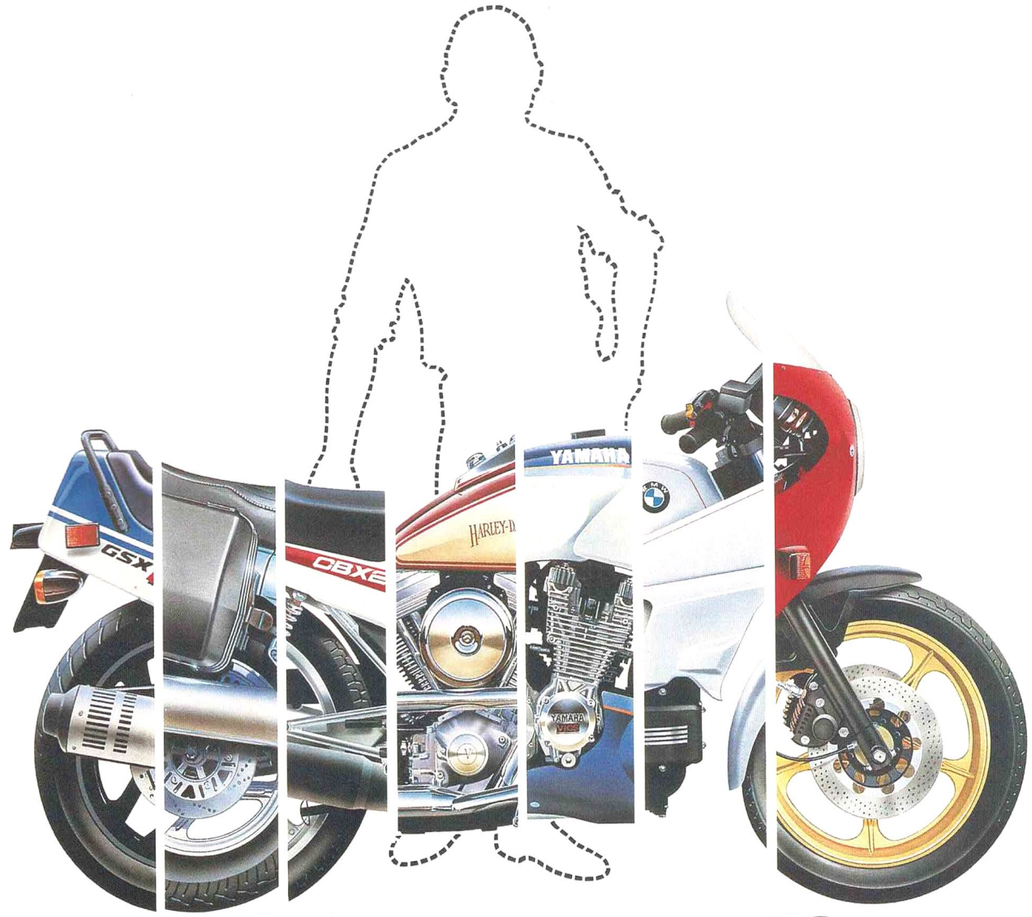
"Anything."

"What are you like at Simultaneous Equations?"

The bottom line at Salon Kitty's is the size of your wallet. You don't come cheap at this end of the market. One client who wanted to be tried for his sins in a court of law parted with close on $1000 for the privilege. His was an elaborate fantasy involving a cast of mistresses — and that means big bucks.

Mr McDonald's schoolgirl fantasy — a very straight affair in this neck of the woods — cost me $180. Prices start at $120 for basic bondage and tease, no sex. From there, the sky's the limit.

Whether you emerge from the experience elated or disappointed will depend on two factors: your ability to exercise your imagination (since no fantasy can be recreated *exactly* as you'd pictured it) and your ability to overcome your inhibitions and cut loose. It isn't easy — but if you can surmount those barriers you'll find that acting out a sexual fantasy can be more fun than a barrel of monkeys. OH



Treat yourself to Castrol and we'll treat you to a new bike.

Buy Castrol and you could win the bike of your choice.

If you've been hanging out for that really special bike, here's your chance to win it with Castrol.

Choose the machine you've always dreamt of!

All you have to do is buy any Castrol motorcycle product and pick up an entry form at your participating Castrol Motorcycle Dealer for full details.

Buy the bike and you could win the cash.

Perhaps you're ready to invest in the bike of your dreams. Don't wait! Buy your bike now, and you could be riding high on a winning deal with Castrol and your dealer. By entering the competition you could win a full refund on the price of your new bike. Just buy your bike between 15th June 1987 and 1st October 1987, and include the rego number on the entry form.

So get into your local dealership, pick up some Castrol and win the bike of your dreams!

Win a $100 voucher to hot up your act!

Castrol is also giving away 40 prizes of $100 vouchers to spend at the dealership of your choice, so check out the accessories as well as the bikes!

Castrol

Oils ain't oils

"I can see 4 milds."

"What a Sterling idea."

STERLING 25s

Australia's First Family of Milds

P742

WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

APB 4372-C